Collier's

FEBRUARY 16, 1946 TEN CENTS

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LINDBERGH IN BATTLE

BY COL. CHARLES MACDONALD

PAGE 11

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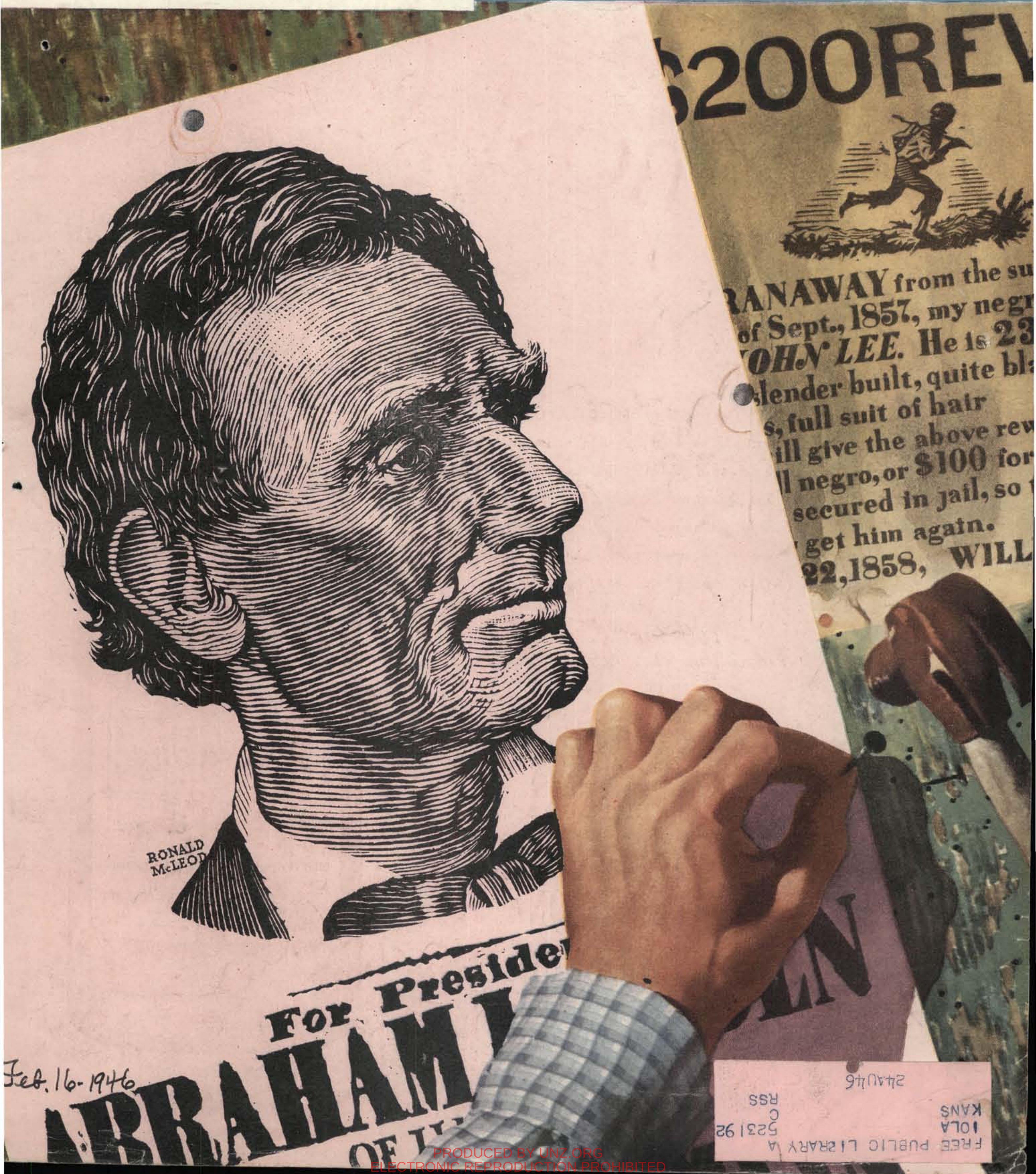
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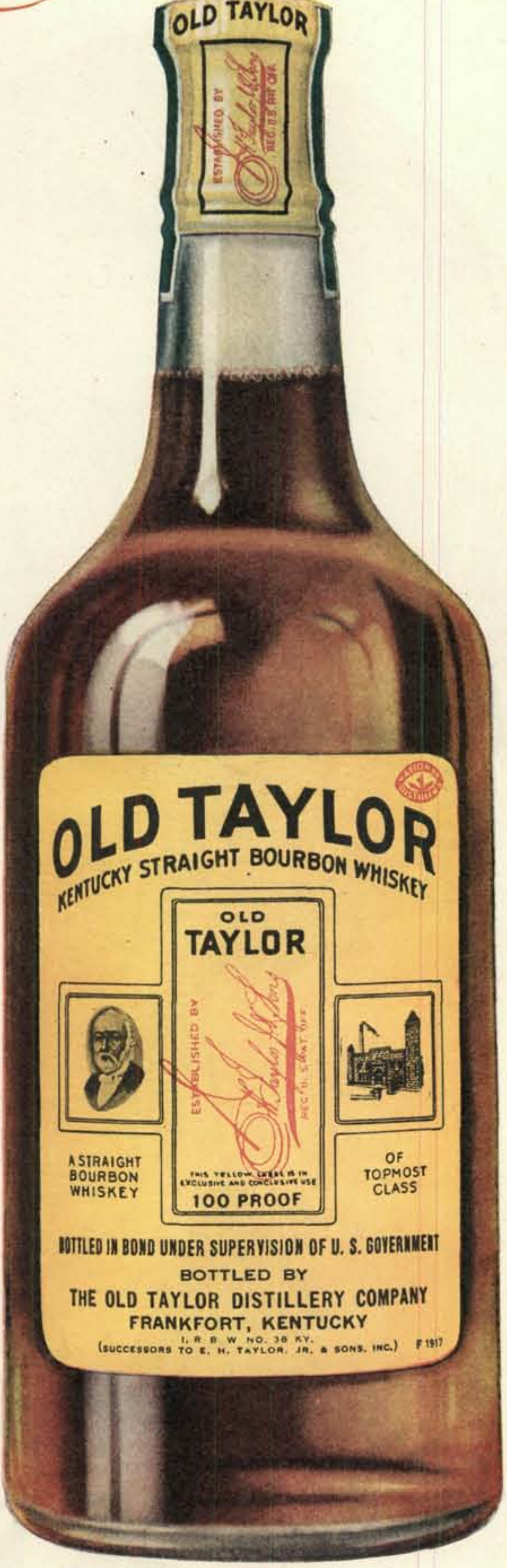
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BOTTLED BY
THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY COMPANY
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY
I. R. B. W. NO. 38 KY.
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F 1917

The traditions of **OLD TAYLOR** are those of Kentucky's golden age—a leisurely time when men sought the richest of golden grains, the purest of limestone springs, the highest distilling skill. Now the rewards are yours—a mellow, full-bodied whiskey, rich in bouquet and good grainy flavor—all priceless qualities that place **OLD TAYLOR** among bourbons *of topmost choice* the world over.

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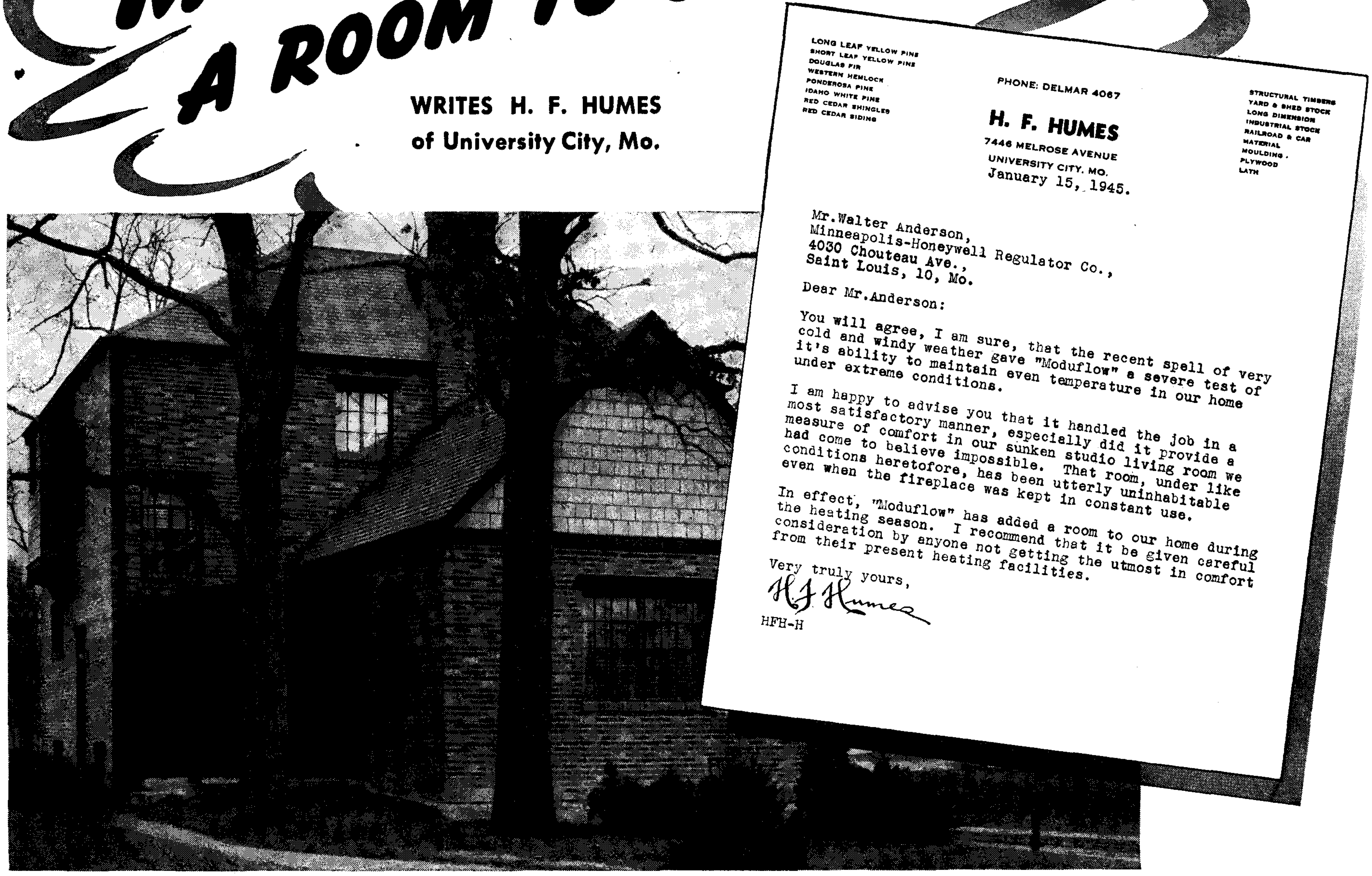
KENTUCKY
STRAIGHT
BOURBON
WHISKEY

Bottled in Bond
100 Proof

"MODUFLOW* HAS ADDED A ROOM TO OUR HOME"

WRITES H. F. HUMES
of University City, Mo.



LONG LEAF YELLOW PINE
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STRUCTURAL TIMBERS
YARD & SHED STOCK
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January 15, 1945.

Mr.Walter Anderson,
Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Co.,
4030 Chouteau Ave.,
Saint Louis, 10, Mo.

Dear Mr.Anderson:

You will agree, I am sure, that the recent spell of very cold and windy weather gave "Moduflow" a severe test of it's ability to maintain even temperature in our home under extreme conditions.

I am happy to advise you that it handled the job in a most satisfactory manner, especially did it provide a measure of comfort in our sunken studio living room we had come to believe impossible. That room, under like conditions heretofore, has been utterly uninhabitable even when the fireplace was kept in constant use.

In effect, "Moduflow" has added a room to our home during the heating season. I recommend that it be given careful consideration by anyone not getting the utmost in comfort from their present heating facilities.

Very truly yours,

H F Humes

HFH-H

PERHAPS YOU, like the Humes, have one or more rooms that you can't live in comfortably in cold weather. Is one end of *your* living room uninhabitable? Is your bedroom too cold to dress in with comfort on winter mornings? Is your bathroom as warm as you would like it for that morning shower? Are you wasting fuel because of inefficient heat distribution?

If your answer to one or more of these questions is "yes"— you, too, need MODUFLOW. For Moduflow has been especially developed by Honeywell engineers to eliminate just such discomfort. And hundreds of letters, like the Humes', from owners of homes where Moduflow has been installed, prove that it really does the trick.

FOR YOUR PRESENT HOME

Best news of all is that Moduflow can be simply and inexpensively installed in practically any type of automatic heating plant. You don't have to wait until you build or remodel.

FOR YOUR NEW HOME

If you are planning to build as soon as materials are again available, then Moduflow is a "must" if you want your home to be *really* modern and the last word in heating comfort. Before completing your plans to build or modernize, be sure to learn all about Moduflow. Mail the coupon today for your free copy of "Heating and Air Conditioning the Postwar Home," the booklet that tells how Moduflow has "evolutionized" home heating.

* MODUFLOW is the name given to Honeywell's newest heating control system for homes. It means heat *modulated* to just the right comfort temperature, with a uniform and continuous *flow*. Moduflow will eliminate "up-and-down" temperatures and the drafts and cool periods caused by ordinary intermittent heat supply.

MODUFLOW

The New HONEYWELL Heating Control System

Tomorrow's Apartment will have Personalized Heat Control . . . with Moduflow

MINNEAPOLIS-HONEYWELL REGULATOR COMPANY
2833 Fourth Avenue South - Minneapolis 8, Minn.

Please send my free copy of "Heating and Air Conditioning the Postwar Home."

Name____________________

Address____________________

City____________________ State____________________

Heating and Air Conditioning
THE POSTWAR HOME

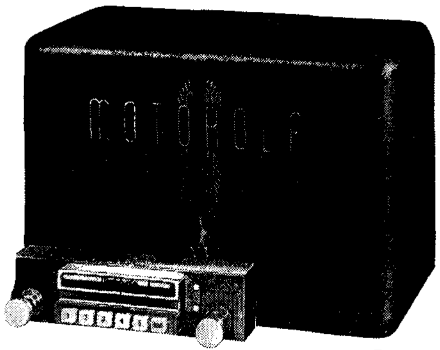
FREE!

the **TONE**

tells you this is the

FINEST AUTO RADIO

that money can buy!



FITS and MATCHES

the car you're driving

You don't have to look for gadgets and gimcracks to discover the superiority of the new Motorola Auto Radio—just turn it on and let the radiant brilliance of its tone sing its way into your heart. And this is important—only Motorola brings you this concert-quality tone no matter how fast or how far you drive.

Of course the Motorola will exactly fit and match the car you're driving or the new car you will drive—regardless of make or model. Be sure to see, hear and own this newest, finest of all auto radios.

ORIGINATORS OF THE FAMOUS "HANDIE TALKIE"

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GALVIN MFG. CORPORATION
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Collier's
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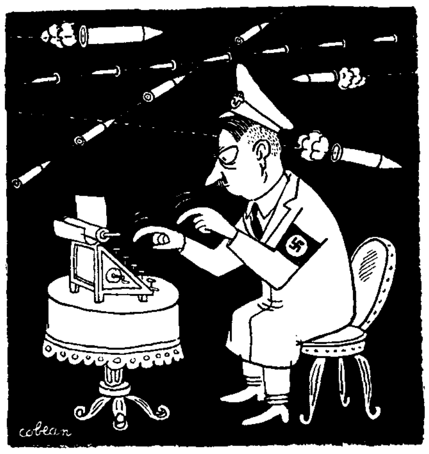
any week

A GREAT deal has been written on this particular subject, all of it unsatisfactory. Therefore perhaps Miss Mary T. Cowpitt of Reno, Nevada, has the answer we've all been waiting for. There is, says Miss Cowpitt, a noticeable absence of male beauty in these recurring Foreign Minister meetings. "Maybe," says she, "Mr. Ed Stettinius was no diplomatic genius but he had most of us women with him. We were talking it over in my club—thirty-six girls—and it was unanimously decided that if these meetings like Moscow, Berlin and recently at London want the confidence of the women of the world the papers had better stop publishing the pictures of Molotov, Byrnes and Bevin. These gentlemen haven't the faces to win us girls over to whatever they're trying to do. We want Stettinius."

AND a warning to generals and admirals gone postwar literary is hereby sounded by Mr. Dave Genewich of Detroit, Michigan. "They better lay off," says Mr. Genewich. "Look what happened to Hitler. He seems to have spent the last year of the war writing wills, last testaments, alibis and additional chapters to Mein Kampf."



TO THOSE who will inevitably write bitter criticism of this and that found in this department we suggest that the trouble may lie in the fact that we've become, alas, a sage sniffer. We have done so innocently. How were we to know that that sniffer filled with Idaho sage—the most habit forming—sent to us by Mr. Frank Avery of Jerome, Idaho, was to addle our brain and make us its slave. Almost everybody in this office comes in frequently for a sniff. Some of them have taken to wearing chaps and ten-gallon hats and threaten to come to work on broncos.

AFTER looking over the national scene carefully, Mr. Tamerlane Jones of Los Angeles, California, has arrived at the

(Continued on page 53)

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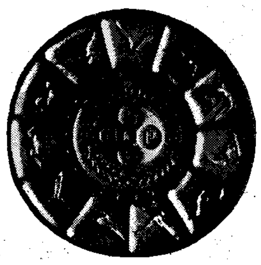
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FOUR NATIONAL SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES

Medals AND Milestones

More than 50 awards from learned and professional societies have been presented to staff members of Bell Telephone Laboratories for their scientific discoveries and inventions.

Awards include the Nobel Prize in Physics, the Hughes Medal of the Royal Society, London, the Willard Gibbs Medal, the Franklin Gold Medal, and the John Scott Medal.

Bell Laboratories scientists and their associates explore every scientific field which offers hope of bettering communications. That is why Bell System research is so important to the future of sound and television broadcasting, as well as to the ever-improving standards of telephone service.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

HE LOVES ME! EVEN IF MY BRISTLES AREN'T AS GOOD AS PROLON!
To My Valentine
Pro-phy-lac-tic Prolon
EXCLUSIVE ROUND-END PROLON BRISTLES
PROLON "ROUND END"
ORDINARY BRISTLE
Actual Photomicrographs
For years only hog bristle made fine tooth brushes . . . Then science made round-end PROLON

Far and away the best of the new synthetic tooth brush bristles, being marketed under various trade names, are those made by duPont.

"Prolon" is *our* trade name for the very finest grade of this duPont synthetic bristle.

PROLON—no finer bristle made

So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: *How can the same duPont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush?* You know the answer . . . it can't!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big *plus* is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

It's a fact! *Under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every bristle in the Pro-phy-lac-tic Prolon Tooth Brush.* See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

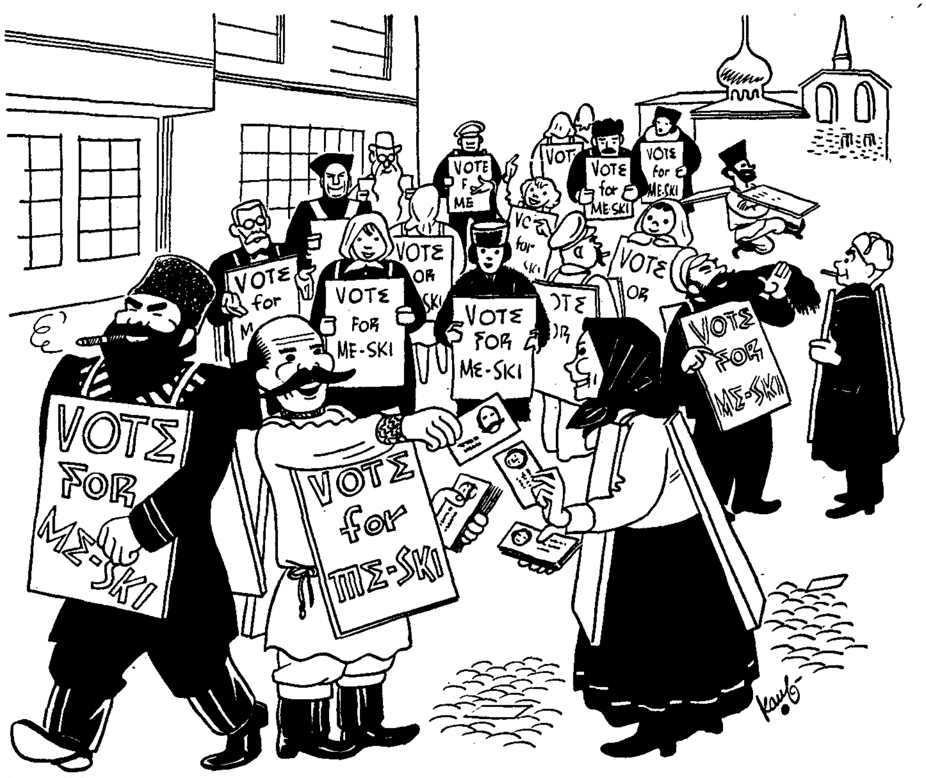
And with PROLON these other "extras"

In addition to round-end bristles, the Pro-phy-lac-tic Prolon Tooth Brush gives you these three important "extras": **1.** The famous Pro-phy-lac-tic end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-get-at back teeth. **2.** Scientific grouping of bristles to permit thorough cleansing of brush after using. **3.** Guaranteed for 12 full months of use.

Next time, get the *most* for your money!

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., *Florence, Mass.*

Pro-phy-lac-tic
PROLON BRUSHES
REGULAR 50¢ PROFESSIONAL



Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

The election in Russia on February 10, 1946, in which 1,360 persons will be chosen by direct, secret ballot as deputies to the two branches of the Supreme Soviet, will be conducted in conformity with the Constitution of the U.S.S.R. which provides that any organization may enter a candidate and that any sane citizen, 23 years of age or over, may be nominated, irrespective of race, sex, religion or social origin.

For nearly 300 years, European and American gem craftsmen have cut 98 per cent of their diamonds in the "brilliant" form, convinced that its 58-facet design reflected a greater amount of light than any larger or smaller number of surfaces. Recently, however, three New York firms created and patented new designs of their own—the King Cut with 86 facets, the Multi-Facet Cut with 98 and the Magna-Facet Cut with 102—all three of which give a diamond much more fire and brilliance.

Among the greatest anatomists in history was the Italian, Marcello Malpighi (1628-1694), who was one of the first to use the microscope in the study of plant and animal life. Consequently, he made so many discoveries that his name was given to a score of them, including a family of trees known as the Malpighiaceae, and several parts of the human body such as the Malpighian corpuscle in the spleen and the Malpighian layer of the skin.

A new type of therapy for mental patients known as psychodrama is helping many veterans at St. Elizabeth's, a government psychiatric hospital in Washington, D. C. On the stage of a small theater, servicemen are relieved of the fear of facing certain future situations by enacting them spontaneously before an audience of other patients.

Owing to its height and unusual design, the Empire State Building in New York has 32 per cent of its interior space occupied by utilities—elevators, stairways, washrooms and plumbing and heating systems.

The megaparsec, largest unit of measurement for interstellar space, represents a distance of 3,258,000 light years which is nearly 80,400 billion times as far as the moon is from the earth.

During the war, the Allied and Axis nations sowed a total of approximately 500,000 mines in various seas and oceans, about 50,000 of which have so far been located and destroyed by some 2,000 mine sweepers of Great Britain, Russia and the United States. Most of the mines still to be found are in the waters around Japan and northern Europe.

Among the few books of its kind on record was a directory published in Venice in the 16th century for the guidance of foreign visitors. It contained the names and addresses of the city's 12,000 courtesans who constituted one fifth of its adult female population.

Although most portrait artists have long preferred to work by the light of the north sky, this light not only varies in intensity from hour to hour but also has a slight bluish tinge which tends to exaggerate blues and minimize reds and yellows.

In the United States between 1935 and 1940, only 15 per cent of the student pilots receiving a permit to fly a plane alone later applied for a private license, while 50 per cent of those purchasing a private plane sold it within two years.

The automatic brake system now widely used on the freight trains of this country acts so quickly that, in an emergency, it can apply the brakes throughout a mile-long train of 120 average-size freight cars in less than six seconds.

The United States now has 22 book clubs, or organizations that select and mail books to their members monthly. Nearly all have been founded within the past ten years, and several specialize in certain subjects such as religion, science, sociology and detective fiction. Today, it is estimated that these clubs combined have 1,800,000 members to whom they will distribute approximately 20,000,000 books during 1946.

Of the 15,000,000 members of American labor unions today, 3,000,000 are women.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted, and none of its items may be reproduced without written permission

You just can't keep people from talking

—particularly when they discover something exceptional!

Whether it's an automobile, a cigarette or a tire—people like to share the plus satisfaction of a better product by telling their friends and neighbors about it.

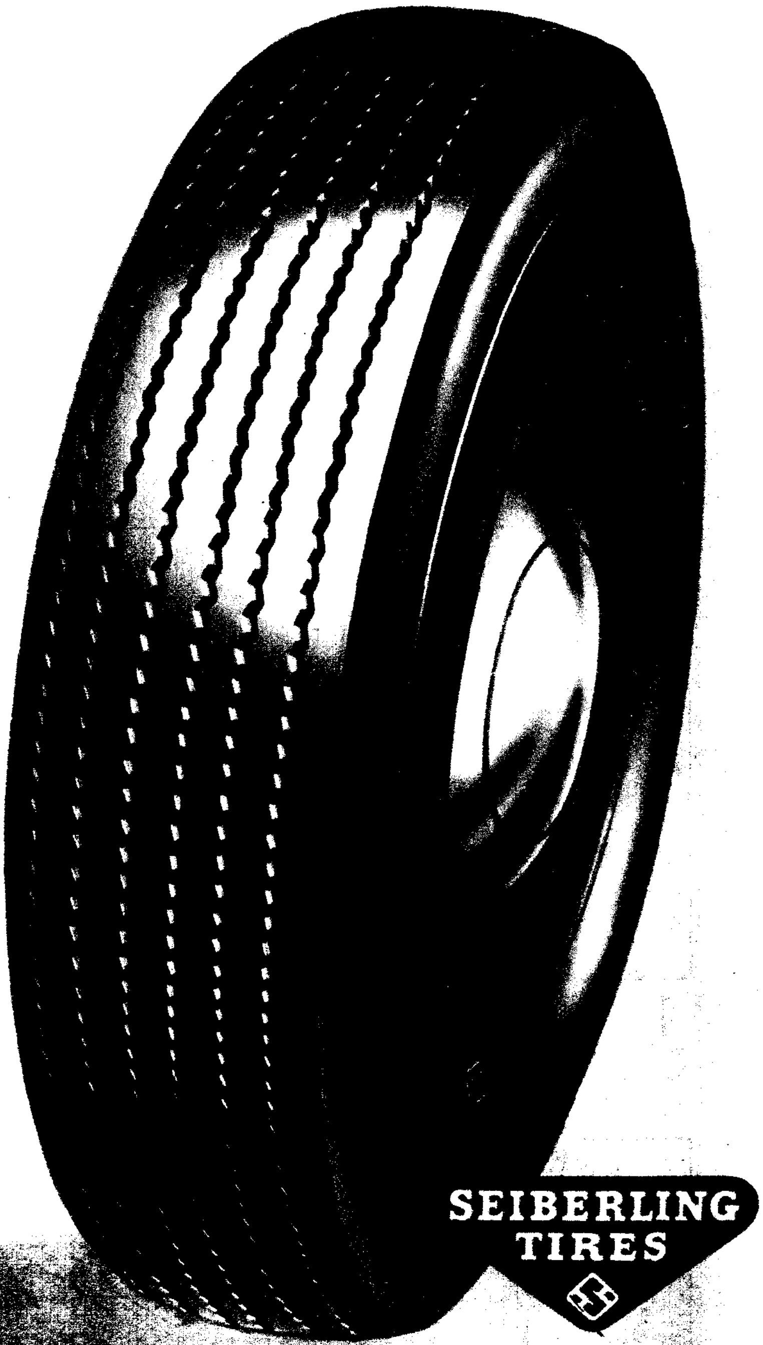
That's why—even before Pearl Harbor—the demand for Seiberling Tires was climbing like a jet-propelled plane.

That's why truck owners—who know tire value best because they keep accurate mileage records—consistently buy a greater share of Seiberling's production than that of any other major rubber company.

This growing demand for Seiberling Tires is no accident. It is the result of a long-standing ideal to produce nothing but *extra* quality products—an ideal that has inspired Seiberling chemists and engineers to create such basic "firsts" as Heat-Vented Safety Tires, Affinite Treads, ThermoWeld Recaps and Vapor Curing.

If because of this public demand, you have to wait a little longer for your postwar Seiberlings, remember this—it has to be BETTER to be a Seiberling.

SEIBERLING RUBBER COMPANY
Akron, Ohio, U. S. A. • Toronto, Ont., Canada



SEIBERLING

A name you can trust in T

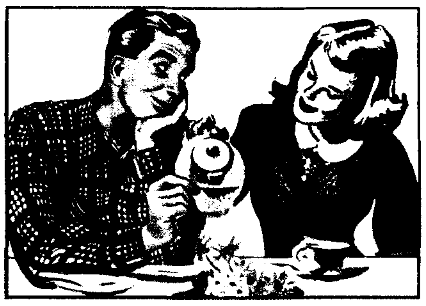
The City Slicker and the Farmer's Daughter

1 When Ma suggested we board ski parties, I allowed it wouldn't hurt the family income any. But I couldn't help wondering what effect those city slickers would have on our daughter Clemmy, and vice versa.

2 Well, the morning after the first of 'em came, Clemmy and I are out in the barn for the 4 A.M. milking. And who comes trotting out but one of these city colts! "Up kinda early, ain't ya?" I asks, wondering *why*.

3 "Up early?" he echoes. "I haven't been asleep, yet. I couldn't resist Clemmy's coffee after supper. I love good coffee, like hers—but the caffein always keeps me awake, so I thought I'd try a little walk. . . ."

4 "Well," I says, "if that's all's keeping ya up, it's easy fixed. Don't get along with caffein m'self. So Clemmy fixes me Sanka Coffee. 97% of the caffein's outa *it*. Couldn't keep a newborn calf awake."



5 "This caffein-free Sanka," he asks, "is it *real* coffee, does it *taste* good?" "Yup, *real* coffee," I says, "what's more, it tastes plumb dandy, and the aroma's right teasing." That evening he has Sanka Coffee, too.

6 Next morning, out he comes again! So I says, "Figured you'd be sleeping. Sanka Coffee *couldn't* upset ya." "Slept fine," he says, "but set my alarm, because, well, why not let *me* help Clemmy?"

SANKA COFFEE

Sanka Coffee

YOU CAN DRINK IT AND SLEEP

Real coffee—all coffee—make it as strong as you like, it's 97% caffein-free! A product of General Foods.

SANKA HAS A NEW RADIO SHOW! A half-hour of laughs with Fanny Brice! Don't miss it—"The Baby Snooks Show." Sunday evenings on CBS. 6:30 P.M. Eastern—5:30 P.M. Central—4:30 P.M. Mountain—7:30 P.M. Pacific.

Wing Talk

EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

CONFIRMED air travelers are now assured that two new types of airplanes will be ready to whiz them about the nation this time next year at twice the speed and in greater comfort and convenience than is now provided by the old reliable Douglas DC-3, for the past decade the world's most widely used airliner.

Although there will be only a few of the new Martin 202s and Convair 240s in service early in 1947, the old familiar Dizzy Three will start her backward slide in popularity as the flying public flocks for space on the new commercial creations of two of our largest and most successful builders of military aircraft, the Glenn L. Martin Company and Consolidated Vultee.

Into these two models, Convair and Martin engineers have packed the technical knowledge and practical experience gained in all phases of peace and war flying since the DC-3 was born ten years ago. Resembling the DC-3 in flight, the two new airliners become remarkable examples of our aeronautical progress when it is realized that each will carry twice as many passengers as the DC-3, cruise at twice its speed and cost the airline traveler no more than he now pays.

Early this year, six of our fifteen domestic air transport operators, needing better airliners for their intercity service, had purchased the two types—American Airlines System settling for 100 of the Convair 240s, and Chicago & Southern, Braniff, Colonial, Eastern and PCA (Pennsylvania-Central Airlines) taking a total of 154 of the Martin 202s. American Airlines, the heaviest potential purchaser, started the competition for a postwar airliner last summer by inviting bids, and Boeing, Consolidated Vultee, Curtiss-Wright, Douglas and Martin responded. (See Wing Talk, November 10, 1945.)

Curtiss-Wright with its CW-28, using Curtiss-Wright engines that powered the B-29s, and offering the fastest airliner of the quintet, has since dealt itself out of the transport-plane manufacturing field by deciding to specialize on military and naval aircraft at its Columbus, Ohio, plant, having abandoned its long-time home in Buffalo, N. Y.

Boeing, with a high-wing candidate, enabling passengers in any cabin seat to see downward, also has withdrawn to concentrate on the commercial version of the B-29, the Stratocruiser, and on a new 20-passenger design for feeder lines.

This leaves Douglas still in the contest with its radically new DC-8 Mixmaster, whose two Allison liquid-cooled engines, buried in the fuselage beneath the pilot's compartment, spin two three-blade Curtiss propellers in the tail 60 feet away by means of two drive shafts.

The original application of stern propulsion (the Germans had a bomber with propellers in both the nose and tail) was tested in the Army Douglas XB-42, an experimental bomber which flew nonstop last December 8th from California to Washington at an average speed of 432 miles an hour. A short time later it was abandoned in flight by another crew when both engines quit, but a thorough examination of the wreckage revealed no structural failure of the power plants, the drive shafts or the propellers. The accident will not affect the determination of the Douglas Company to go forward with the larger DC-8 airliner version which it has nominated as its successor to the DC-3.

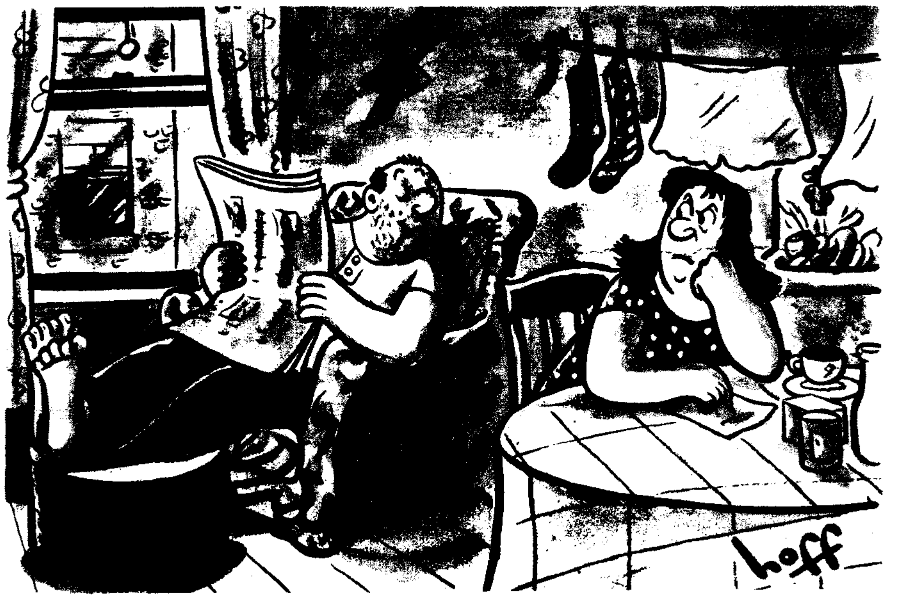
WHILE no major changes have been made in the Martin 202, Consolidated Vultee whipped up a further improvement on its original bid. The Convair 240 (it will be known in American Airlines as a Flagship) abandons the original passenger loading ramp dropping down from the upswept tail. The plane sits on tricycle landing gear and the loading door is just behind the pilot's compartment. It is hinged at the bottom, opens outward and contains built-in steps. This does away with the need for rolling loading steps up to the door. However, this feature was not considered objectionable to the Martin 202 and its airline purchasers, for the passenger entrance door is located near the tail and loading steps are necessary.

Both new planes have a minimum of 30 passenger seats and a maximum of 40 or more, depending upon the space requirements of the contracting airline. Both will cruise around 270 miles an hour and will be powered by the war-proven Pratt & Whitney Double Wasp air-cooled engines of 2,000 horsepower each.

Consolidated Vultee has paid particular attention to the engine exhaust and will utilize it for additional thrust, a move that gave rise to the erroneous report that the 240s would be jet propelled. For a long time engineers have known that a lot of horsepower goes out of the aircraft engine exhaust stacks; some say only about 40 per cent of the total heat energy available in aviation gasoline is converted into horsepower.

We wrote a little piece in this department back in July, 1941, trying to prepare you for jet-propulsion planes which we knew to be on the way, but couldn't say so at the time because the enemy was listening. So we just told about how the exhaust stacks on a conventional liquid-cooled engine had been directed rearward and the size of the outlet properly adjusted. In flight tests, a fighter added 15 miles an hour to its best previous

(Continued on page 87)

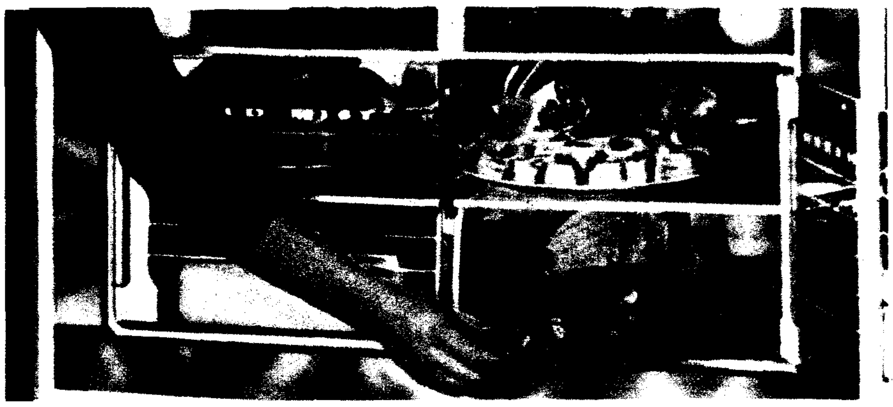


"It says here with these new planes we'll be able to have breakfast here and lunch at the Crillon in Paris"

SIDNEY HOFF

Look...a Big Frozen Food Chest!

Look...the Moist-Master Kelvinator!



Look again...they're Both combined in One!

Yes, it's a refrigerator, plus! The new 1946 Kelvinator, your next refrigerator . . . has a big, deep Frozen Food Chest *combined with* the famous Kelvinator Moist-Master refrigerator . . . *both* in the same cabinet, *both* powered by the same economical trouble-free unit.

The family-size Frozen Food Chest holds 35 lbs. of frozen foods! Big enough to take a turkey, a rib roast, steaks, chops, and store a two weeks' supply of frozen fruits and vegetables besides. Ice cream, too! And it will make 9 lbs. of ice cubes in Hi-Speed trays that come out to make still more room. What a treasure-chest!

It's a Moist-Master Refrigerator, too! *Combined* right with this spacious Frozen Food Chest is Kelvinator's famous Moist-Master Refrigerator, featuring the Cold-Mist Freshener compartment that dew-freshens greens with super-moist cold . . . keeps perishable fruits wholesome and juicy, and even preserves the looks and flavor of uncovered leftovers.

And in addition there is all the room you need for keeping milk, butter, eggs, and all the other foods that you use. There's even a dry storage bin that will hold over a bushel of dry root vegetables.

It's a super-combination . . . a big Frozen Food Chest *and* the Moist-Master Refrigerator. And it is powered by the famous Polarsphere cold-making unit. Sealed-in-steel and permanently lubricated for life, it never needs care or attention, and gives year after year of economical, trouble-free service.

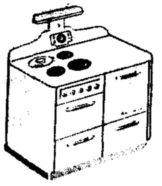
Better see Kelvinator first if you're planning to buy the best in modern refrigeration.

Three Other New Kelvinators to Choose from! All packed with exclusive Kelvinator features, all designed to give you the best in modern refrigeration, first. Priced to fit your family budget.

KELVINATOR DIVISION, NASH-KELVINATOR CORP., DETROIT

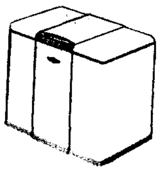
TUNE IN!

Wednesday nights 10:30 Eastern Standard Time, Kelvinator's new musical hit starring the Andrews Sisters. CBS all stations.



You'll want a new Kelvinator "Automatic Cook" Electric Range, too! Self-starting . . . it cooks breakfast, whole dinners by itself. Your Kelvinator dealer has it now!

Wait for this ultra-new Kelvinator Home Freezer, coming soon to your Kelvinator dealer's!



Get the Best things First...Get Kelvinator

WHY THE LAW SAYS YOU HAVE TO TAKE ALBERT—

SUPPOSE that you were going to put a canoe into New Brunswick's famous Mirimichi somewhere above Boiestown, as we did last Fall, and then float down the river for a week or two, hunting and fishing as you went.

It would be a grand trip, we promise you.

But the New Brunswick law says that you, a nonresident and presumably a stranger to those parts, can't take that trip unless you take along a licensed guide like Albert, the Scotch-Canadian who accompanied us.

And, looking at it solely from your point of view, the law is right.

Albert knows where the river could be dangerous. He knows how to keep you out of trouble.

Albert knows what equipment and food you'll need, how to put up your tent and cook your meals.

Also, because Albert knows how conditions change from day to day, he knows where the salmon will probably lie, whether to use a Butcher or a Silver Doctor, and how you're most likely to get a shot at a deer. And he thus makes it much more likely that you'll come home with some fish and game.

In short, by taking advantage of Albert's experience, alertness, and specialized knowledge, you are enabled not only to avoid pitfalls, but get what you go after.

In a lot of ways, building an insurance program is like taking a canoe trip.

When it comes to buying insurance, if you're the average fellow, you're in strange territory. You need the help of someone who knows insurance. Someone who can tell you the exact kind and amount of insurance you should have.

You need someone who will keep abreast of changes and keep your policies up to date . . . someone with the experience, alertness, and specialized knowledge to see that you always have the protection that you're after.

You need the help and guidance that your Travelers agent or broker is equipped to give.

In the case of insurance, there are, of course, no laws which make you seek such guidance.

Except, perhaps, the unwritten laws of common sense.

MORAL: Insure in The Travelers.
All forms of insurance and surety bonds.
The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, The Charter Oak Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR FEBRUARY 16, 1946

LINDBERGH IN BATTLE

BY COLONEL CHARLES MAC DONALD

As a technical observer, the Lone Eagle flew P-38s in a large number of missions, strafing enemy shipping and, in at least one instance, shooting down a Jap interceptor. Here for the first time are many details of his combat adventures, related by a flying companion

Charles Lindbergh spent several months in the Pacific, flying [illegible] missions with Army and Marine Corps pilots

IFOR THOMAS

I'LL always remember Hollandia, Dutch New Guinea, because of a fellow I met there.

It was an afternoon in the latter part of June, 1944. The short-lived relief derived from a bath in the near-by jungle stream was beginning to wear off as I sat in our shack playing checkers with "Smitty," otherwise Lt. Col. Meryl M. Smith, deputy commander of the 475th Fighter Group.

A tall, slim fellow dressed in Army khaki, hatless and with no insignia of rank, knocked on the screening. I looked up from the game and said, "Come in."

As he entered he spoke his name but I didn't catch it, and as we were taking seats again he said he was interested in learning something of our combat operations with twin-engine P-38s. He'd been sent to us, he said, by Brig. Gen. Donald R. Hutchinson, the task force commander.

Smitty and I carefully guarded our conversation, for we were not keen to discuss our operations with the usual type of visitor fresh from the States, who asked more or less intelligent questions and then disappeared. We casually resumed our game, with our tall visitor looking on.

I could see that Smitty was going to take advantage of my being the senior officer present by leaving it to me to ask the questions necessary to qualify the stranger.

"What did you say your name was, and what phases of operations are you particularly interested in?"

"Lindbergh," he replied, "and I'm very much interested in comparing range, fire power and your airplane's general characteristics with those of single-engine fighters."

Oh, my gosh, I thought. He isn't wearing any kind of wings, and he wants to know about things which can only be adequately shown by flying the plane.

In between two moves, which lost me four men and practically the game, I asked, "Are you a pilot?"

The "Yes" was a surprise. I looked up sharply at the lean, tanned face and the light brown hair balding over the forehead. The blue eyes evoked a memory. "Not Charles Lindbergh?"

"That's my name," he replied simply.

We abandoned the checkerboard and began talking airplanes. Here was the man the very mention of whose name, whether in civilian or military circles, could start a heated debate; the subject of more conjecture than horse racing. "What has Lindbergh been doing since the war started?" was a question often and universally asked. I was soon to know the answer. It was hard to attach such thoughts to this quiet modest-appearing man who sat talking easily about our favorite subject, fighter planes.

It became apparent as the conversation progressed that Lindbergh was aware of an odd facet of Air Force human nature; that is, the intense and sometimes unreasonable loyalty bestowed on the particular type of aircraft with which the unit is equipped. I could see that he was taking this into consideration as we explained the merits of the P-38. This led me to say, "Of course, we can give you figures and argue about the relative merits of the different types of fighter planes, but if you really want to know what we can do, the best way to find out is to fly with us on some missions."

Lindbergh grinned. "That's just what I want to do."

"We've arranged a four-plane antiboredom flight for tomorrow to Jefman and Samate," I said. "Can you go?"

"Yes, indeed."

We told him what equipment he would need—a jungle kit, a canteen, a .45-caliber pistol and a belt. Major Thomas B. McGuire, Jr., who had entered along with a number of

other pilots for the evening bull session added, "It helps to take along a few chocolate bars. This target is six hundred miles away, and it's a mighty long trip going and coming."

In a short while Lindbergh left to return to General Hutchinson's shack up on the hill. After he had gone, Smitty cried, "My God! He shouldn't go on a combat mission. When did he fly the Atlantic? Must have been in 1927 and he was about twenty-five then. That would make him at least forty-two years old, and that's a lot too old for this kind of stuff."

"Well," I replied, "he doesn't look that old. Tom, will you fly on his wing so in case anything turns up you can take care of him?"

McGuire said, "Sure thing. I'd like to see how the old boy does."

Later that evening Smitty and I bounced our jeep up the steep hill to the unpretentious shack in which General Hutchinson lived. We were overdue for a visit with "Fighter Hutch" anyway, and tonight we particularly wanted to discuss with Lindbergh more details of the mission.

As we sat around talking, mostly about the war, which lay heavy on the minds of all of us, Lindbergh explained that he was acting as a technical observer for the United Aircraft Corporation. His company produced and manufactured the F4U, the Vought-Corsair Navy single-engine fighter which had been used so effectively by the Marines in the Solomons. Because of the remarkable combat record the P-38s were making, his company wished him to explore the potentialities of twin-engine fighters in the Pacific war. Before we left, Smitty suggested that it would be more convenient for everyone if Lindbergh were to spend the night in our camp, to which he readily agreed.

What started as an overnight visit became a stay of nearly two months. During this time the man who came to observe and learn gave us from his store of experience knowledge which had a marked effect on the course of the war in the Pacific. . . .

Green-carpeted hills, plains of kunai grass and an occasional native village slid underneath as we droned through the coastal valley, across the Mambaramo River and out into Geelvink Bay. Long, thin Japen Island moved slowly past on our right. On we roared, four P-38s like avenging angels winging across the mountainous and rugged Vogelkop Peninsula.

During the long flight toward the target I watched Lindbergh closely. He flew a perfect formation, even though, as he had said the night before, he had only once flown a P-38 before his arrival at the rear area pilot training school at Nadzab, New Guinea, and I knew that he had less than eight hours of flying time in this fighter. He had flown to Hollandia from Nadzab in Captain (later Major) Richard Bong's plane.

We struck the coast just east of Sorong. In the harbor we could see three Japanese ships, one quite large, and immediately we went into weaving tactics to evade the antiaircraft fire which had begun with our appearance. In the hope that we might catch some planes in the air, we began a diving glide toward Jefman Island, a little spot of land on which the Nips had built an airdrome. We banked across over the Samate airstrip on Salawat Island, but had no luck at either place. We weaved through the black puffs of ack-ack, most of which seemed uncomfortably close. I saw Lindbergh's plane steadily holding its position in the formation.

We flew east along the mountainous coast at a few hundred feet altitude until we saw a barge, camouflaged with leaves and branches.

The northern coast of the Vogelkop was ideally suited to the tactics the Japanese had adopted in order to supply their front-line forces. Our air superiority had made it impossible for them to move anything in the daytime by air or water, but barges, under cover of darkness, were bringing in a steady trickle of supplies and reinforcements. The barges were for the most part flatbottomed and gasoline-powered. Despite their length, they did not draw much water even when loaded, thus allowing them to anchor extremely close to the shore, and in this area the steep jungle-covered shore line offered perfect protection.

During the daylight hours they would hole up in deep inlets, often actually under the overhanging branches of giant jungle trees. They went to great lengths to cut and pile branches and foliage over their craft so that it took a sharp eye to spot them.

We strafed the first barge, leaving it shattered and smoking, and proceeded on the prowl. A little farther on we found two more targets, a barge and a lugger. We strafed them both many times. After one pass I looked back and saw Lindbergh coming in on a large barge, his plane skimming the water. I could see the flames from his guns as he opened fire, and as he passed over it a large column of fire exploded from his target. His bullets had hit the barge's fuel tank. We searched for more targets and found them, and in each case, left them useless.

That evening, as we sat around in the shack, Lindbergh was no longer a visitor fresh from the States, here only to ask questions. He was a fighter pilot and he talked like one. He told us that before he came to New Guinea he had flown fifteen times with Marine squadrons flying off Green Island and Emirau Island. He wasn't the novice we had thought him to be.

"I'd certainly like to see some Jap planes in the air," Lindbergh said wistfully, "but you fellows seem to have knocked the Jap air force out of the sky."

McGuire laughed. "Stick with us and you'll wear diamonds. We have slow periods, but we keep moving up into them, and we should start striking Ceram and Halmahera pretty soon. We're sure to run into the Zeros there."

A Series of Dangerous Missions

In the days that followed, Lindbergh was indefatigable. He flew more missions than was normally expected of a regular combat pilot. He dive-bombed enemy positions, sank barges and patrolled our landing forces on Numfoor Island. He was shot at by almost every antiaircraft gun the Nips had in western New Guinea. Before returning to the United States to put to work on the production lines of United Aircraft Corporation his knowledge of airplane requirements in combat, he was to fly a total of fifty missions with Marine Corps and Army pilots.

It was normal procedure for our ground crews, God bless them, to check the gasoline left in each plane after a mission. I flew a few missions with Lindbergh before I realized that he always had more gas left than anyone else. He explained, in answer to our questions of how he did it, that he always used as low r.p.m. (revolutions per minute) as he could and still stay in position in the flight, by using more "boost," or manifold pressure. This may be expressed in terms of power the pilot is getting from his engine by reason of the quantity of gasoline and oxygen he is feeding into the cylinders. Lindbergh was getting nearly maximum power, and using it to drive the propellers which he had pitched to bite the air deeply, at the relatively low speed of 1,600 revolutions per minute. Although his power setting was high and his engine cylinders were taking big gulps of fuel and air, they were gulping less frequently than were cylinders in the other P-38 engines which were turning over at a faster rate. The result was a saving in fuel at a cruising speed. For the higher speeds of combat it was necessary to make the propeller settings shallow and drive them at about 3,000 r.p.m.

We had all known before that this was the way to save gas, but what startled us was the extremely low r.p.m. Lindbergh was using against what was to us a very high power from his engines.

"When I want to save the most gasoline possible," he said, "I slow the propeller r.p.m. down to 1,600."

I thought to myself as he said it: It's too bad. He's really a nice fellow but I expect the way he's flying he's going to damage his engines and end up in the jungle.

None of us was convinced. When it came time for the mechanics to give Lindbergh's plane an inspection I was on hand. I expected them to find fouled-up spark plugs and scored valves; instead they found his engines in as good if not better shape than most of the others. This convinced me, and we went to work on the rest of the pilots.

When he left Hollandia to go to Australia for a visit with General MacArthur in the early part of July, the hundred-odd pilots of "Satan's Angels" fighter group were beginning to realize that their "long-legged" P-38s hadn't really been stepping out as far as they could.

Instead of the six and a half to seven hours which we figured we could stay in the air, it was now possible to stay up for nine hours. The "longer legs" meant safety for pilots who were lost and in bad weather; it meant they could go farther, have a better chance to find a spot clear enough to land safely. Translated into distances, the extra hours meant around six hundred miles more range, and from the military standpoint it meant the bombers could hit targets three hundred miles farther out and still have their "little friends" along. This was the greatest

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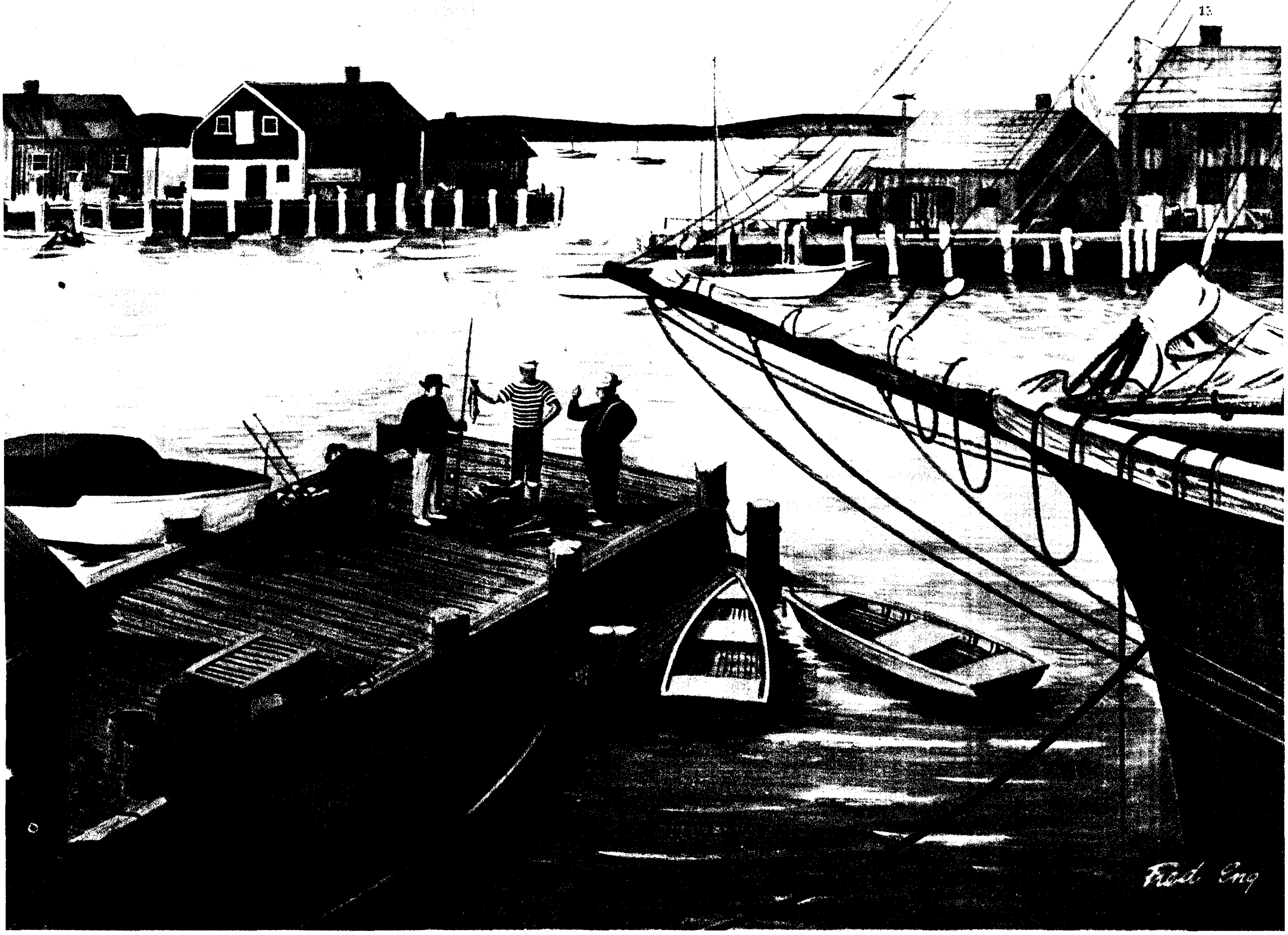
Lindbergh and Major Thomas B. McGuire, Jr., look at the weather before starting on a mission from Hollandia



"You did okay, Mr. Hargraves," Joe Burt said. "Think you'll be going out tomorrow?" "Might," the big man said, watching Alf select a fish and hold it up by the tail

STILL WATERS

BY EDWIN LANHAM

Alf was a sailor—sufficient unto himself — who never thought he'd have to choose between waiting for a salt breeze and waiting for a calculating blue-eyed woman

THE water was a flat, streaky green and the tiny harbor with its fish company pier and boathouses and orderly pattern of small docks was a warm monochrome in the shadowless twilight. Overhead two sea gulls flew swiftly above the water, wary heads dark against the luminous sky, beaks pointing down at the still water. Alf grinned and murmured, "Better hurry if you gonna catch some supper."

He sat amidships on his sailboat, the Mistral, sucking his pipe and watching the gliding passage of the gulls' white breasts above, the measured beat of their wings. He had not thought about his own supper yet, and he was relaxed, enjoying the magic of the fading light.

Sounds carried in the stillness. Alf heard a laugh from the bar at the land end of the pier, and the rattle of dishes from the adjoining restaurant. His eyes lingered on the slim form of a girl standing at the entrance to the bar, near the pump where the party boats gassed up.

Her name was Janie and she carried drinks in the bar. She had a small head and wore thick blond braids pinned tightly to it. Her arms were thin and very white, without the faintest shade of sunburn, and her waist was so small—Alf held his big hands out—so small he could probably put his two hands around it, thumb meeting thumb and finger tips to finger tips. He grinned and dropped his hands.

He saw a brief fluttery motion as she waved and instantly his hand went up. He saw her smile just before she turned away toward the bar. She had often waved to him in the week since he had sailed into this harbor, and he had seen her quick smile more than once when he had stopped in the bar for a beer. He looked again at his hands, spread his fingers, then dropped them on his knees.

A charter boat came in by the pier and made the turn, passing near the dock where Alf sat on his boat; the exhaust was deep and powerful as her two engines drove her strongly by. Two big men in khaki shirts sat in the stern, and below them Alf saw the name Sea Hawk. Joe Burt, the captain, gave Alf a casual wave.

The bluefish were running, and Alf considered bluefish for supper. Sure, he thought, a nice bluefish for supper. He got to his feet and walked out along the bowsprit until he could jump to the dock. He was a tall man, with big hands, but he was slender and his striped jersey fitted his lean torso closely. He walked along the dock, barefoot, his blue denim pants rolled up to just below the knee.

Joe Burt had carried two big buckets of fish, floating in melted ice, from the Sea Hawk, and the two big men in khaki shirts stood looking over the catch.

"Hiya, Swede," Joe Burt called.

Alf grinned. "Nice blues you got there," he said.

"Two at a time," the man said. "We were hauling them in two at a time. If you got any use for any of it, help yourself."

"Thanks," Alf said.

"You did okay, Mr. Hargraves," Joe Burt said. "Think you'll be going out tomorrow?"

"Might," the big man said. He watched Alf select a fish and pick it up by the tail. The scales shone silver in the twilight.

"That your sailboat over there?" he asked Alf. "The Mistral?"

"That's right," Alf said.

"Beautiful boat."

Alf smiled. "You bet she's beautiful boat. Yes, sir."

"Want to sell her?"

Alf shook his head; he was still smiling.

"Not a chance of buying that boat off the Swede," Joe Burt said. "He lives with that boat. Sleeps aboard, eats aboard. She's his wife, that boat."

"She's for sail," Alf said. "Not for sell."

Mr. Hargraves chuckled. "You can take me out sometime," he said. "Hope you enjoy the fish."

"Yes, sir," Alf said. "Thanks."

He carried the bluefish back to his sailboat, cooked it on the little stove in his cabin and ate on deck. When he had finished, he lit his pipe and the bowl glowed and the smoke was sweet and friendly. Alf felt good; the day had been fine and the evening was clear and warm. Maybe tomorrow a fella would come along, he thought. Maybe early in the morning he'd come along and look at the Mistral and say, "That's a beautiful boat. You want to take me for a sail?" Sure, Alf thought, maybe tomorrow.

It was dark now and the lights were up on the pier. Al knocked the coals out of his pipe and put it away. He stepped off the boat and walked along the dock to shore. Over at the bar on the pier he had put a notice about his boat on the bulletin board. Maybe a fella had come along already, he thought, some fella in for a drink after catching plenty fish. Alf was smiling as he walked to the pier.

He turned into the bar. The blonde was

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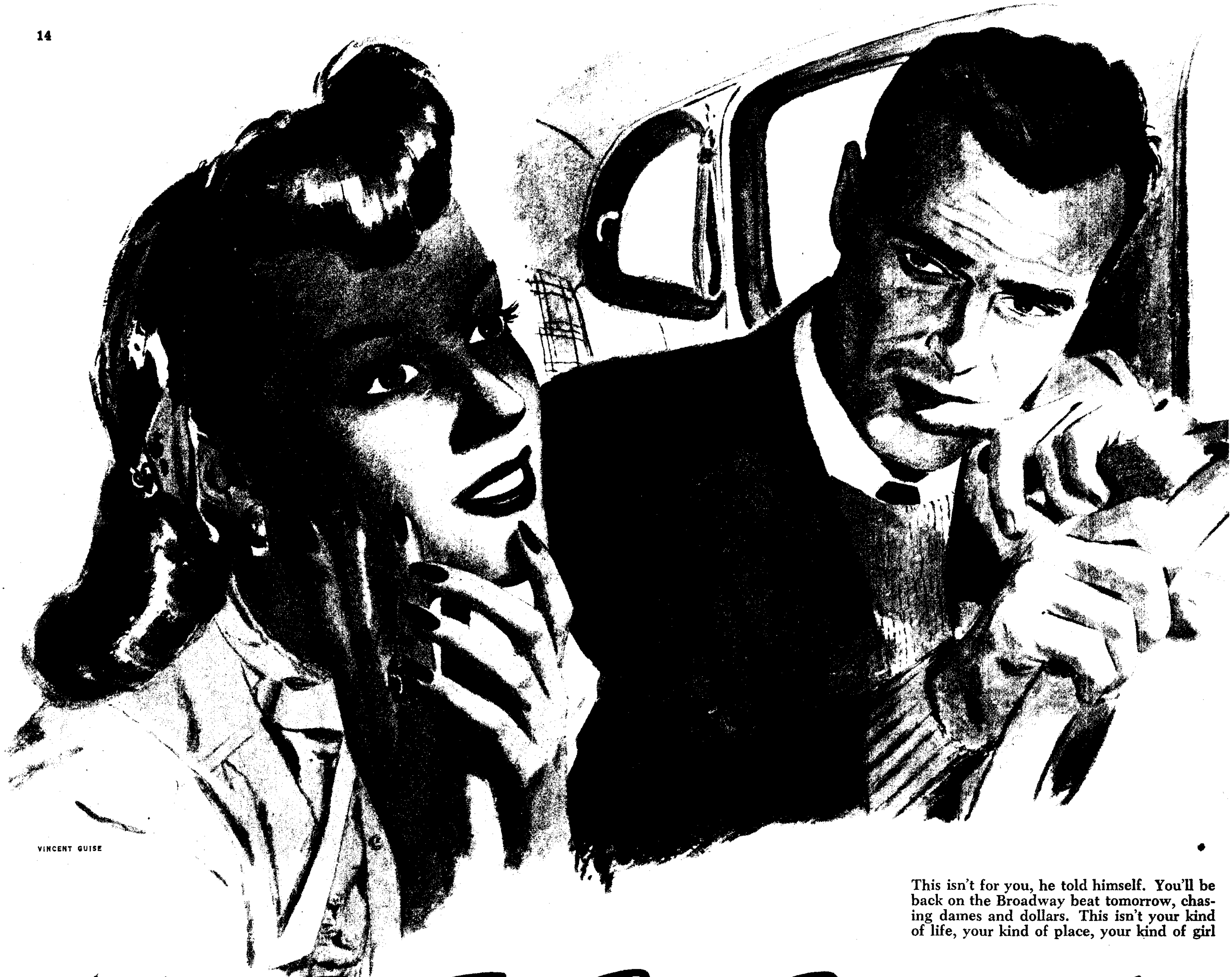


This isn't for you, he told himself. You'll be back on the Broadway beat tomorrow, chasing dames and dollars. This isn't your kind of life, your kind of place, your kind of girl

Wait Till The Sun Shines, Kelly

BY WILLIAM FAY

When he came up against the champ, Kelly had more than the luck of the Irish—he had a lovely girl, to say nothing of a whole town backing him

JACK KELLY, the new sensation, was about to meet the press again. Oh, well, he thought, they're a nice bunch of guys. He pushed his way into the big room where the mob was gathered: sports writers and Broadway people, ex-pugs, current pugs and people he didn't know, up from New York for news, for laughs, for free lunch and the rowdy sociability of a fight camp in the last climactic days before a million-dollar fight. He was a big kid, pleasant to look at, who had been fighting for money for not much more than a year. The current Dempsey, they called him, but he was smart enough and humble enough not to believe everything his press releases claimed.

Sam Rivers, his manager, was on the telephone and hadn't seen him come in, but the rest of the mob and the writers had. "Has anybody here seen Kelly?" someone gagged.

"My name is Gitzfarbin," Jack said, and wished, somehow, that the name of Kelly was less immortalized in song. But he didn't mind, really. "What's that?" he said. "Sure, I feel fine, Dan . . . Kelly, the ex-Marine; that's me . . . biceps umpteen inches, boys, and I ate gravel for breakfast. . . ."

Sam Rivers put up the telephone. Sam was a small and serious man whose clothes always looked too warm on him. "The fight's off till tomorrow night," Sam said. "That's official, from New York."

It was no news, of course. It had been raining all morning and most of the night before and there is no roof on the Yankee Stadium.

"You'd better loosen up a bit, Jack," Sam said.

"I'd as soon skip it."

"Better loosen up, anyhow," Sam insisted. "A few rounds shadowboxin' will keep you nice an' loose."

Jack went without further complaint to the indoor gymnasium across the road, knowing that Sam was right. He ran through the light rain with most of the crowd behind him. The indoor gym, the pavilion, and the outdoor arena were on the opposite or lakeside of the road. A banner, strung from tree to tree, said:

JACK KELLY'S TRAINING CAMP
Admission $1.20 inc. tax

It was hot in the indoor shed he used on rainy days. The structure bulged with townsfolk admitted free of charge by Sam on this perhaps final day. Doc Harris, his trainer, observed the mob and said, "Well, anyhow, you're terrific with the yokels."

Jack supposed that by any Broadway standard this was not a compliment. "What do you mean?" he said.

"I mean these apple-kickers get a belt out of you, that's all," Doc said. "You're their boy. They kind of adopted you."

"They're nice people," Jack said. He was glad that in a sentimental way they *had* adopted him. The Incorporated Village of Primrose, though hardly more than fifty miles from New York, had never played host to a big-time fighter before, nor to a big-time anything probably.

"Get movin'," Doc said.

He went dutifully about the task of punishing his shadow for several rounds, and Doc gave him a rubdown after his shower. He was stretched on a wooden table, arms folded under his chin, when he became aware of another man in the room.

"Shake hands with Ed Hanly," Doc said; "a friend of mine from St. Louis."

Jack, reaching up from the table, shook hands with Ed Hanly from St. Louis. "How are you?" Jack said. "How do you like this country?"

"I never look at scenery," Ed Hanly said.

"Well, you don't know what you're missing. It's nice up here."

"His idea of scenery," Doc said, "is a tree that grows ten-dollar bills."

The two men exchanged smart smiles, and Jack could see that the joke was a private one between Doc Harris and the man named Hanly. Doc was a shrewd man, very shrewd, and Jack decided now for the first time that he didn't like him much.

"How will you do with Kovacs, boy?" Hanly asked.

It was a silly question, Jack thought; it was the uninspired, and yet, he supposed, the essential question, and the one the sports writers kept asking him.

"I think I'll beat him," Jack said. "That's the *only* way to figure, isn't it?"

"Well, it don't help to be scared of 'im," Hanly allowed. The man's eyes were searching for something.

"I'm not afraid of him," Jack said and let it go at that. Damn this guy, anyhow, he thought to himself, because the doubt persisted and stayed in his mind: How *will* I do with the champ?

He had not allowed himself to think too much or too often about the sturdy Polish-American, who was the champion. No sense in worrying about Willy Kovacs before you fought him, he thought, because, in your mind he was already half man, half legend; whereas, in the ring, where the trouble began, he would be, after all, just a man with two hands. And if he took a licking from the champ? Well, that was the thing for which he was being paid a fat fortune, wasn't it? He looked once again at Hanly. What's this guy's angle? he wondered.

THE party at the pavilion was impromptu. The Broadway mob took over and there was no room for the townsfolk or the casual passer-by. It began with Sam Rivers purchasing a drink for everyone strong enough to hold a glass. Then somebody else dug deep to buy another round and things were under way.

Jack was just stooging around, not drinking, of course, and feeling unnecessary, when the girl said, "Darling, are you deaf?" But there was so much noise; it sounded like a bowling alley in full eruption.

"I said—darling, are you deaf?"

The girl was handsome, with wise eyes in a cream-smooth face, her white teeth glistening as her slow smile grew. "Well, don't come apart at the seams with happiness, dear."

"Gladys!" he said, for he could hear her now. "You surprised me, baby; I didn't expect you."

"I'm a regular Jill-in-the-box, dear," Gladys said. "My friend, Phyllis, drove me out. You're not going to kiss me?" He kissed her, though not elaborately, in front of so many people. Gladys indicated her companion, a forlorn but shapely blonde. "This is Phyllis," she said, " a jilted jewel who's about to destroy herself."

"The lake," Sam Rivers said, "is just three jumps from here. Dames got no right at a fighter camp the day before a bout."

"Aw, Sam," Jack said, "be nice."

Sam replied, with some justification, "It don't pay to be nice. Look at that." And gestured at the party in general. "I buy a drink to be pleasant and it turns out I got a Tammany clambake on my hands." Sam walked away.

It was indeed a party. "Ohhhh!" a woman sang, with her arms around her flat-nosed mate, "I *mar-reed* a *meat-ball!*"

"Sam's nervous," Jack explained. "He gets mad easily."

"He sounds like a snob to me, the snob," said Gladys, undismayed. Then she smiled up at him, and her smile was a trick, a gift, a burst of automatic sunshine. He'd had thrills with Gladys that you couldn't buy on a roller coaster. He liked the way her hair was fixed; he was always fond of her nose. Yet nothing turned over inside of him the way it used to, and he was afraid to press the simple question, "Why?" and suddenly he felt uncomfortable, disloyal because this had happened. She removed her gloves, displaying a ring that had cost him fifteen hundred bucks. She looked right in expensive things. She was a great girl, Gladys was; she was a champion kind of girl, he'd say. He sought to congratulate himself on that, but things were not the same; it was different now, though he didn't want to admit it.

"Excuse us, won't you?" Gladys said, then retired with Phyllis for a facial repair which she certainly did not need.

"What's the matter with me, anyhow?" Jack asked himself. The party was not yet two hours old. Was he annoyed because Gladys kept dancing with Doc Harris and that newspaperman from Chicago? No, it wasn't that, really. Gladys dancing with Doc seemed actually to affect him no more than Phyllis dancing with Mr. Ed Hanly of St. Louis. After all, she had known Doc for years, as everyone along Broadway knew Doc. Then what was it that left him cold? Well, part of the answer was that he felt like a stranger, here among his celebrating friends. The rest of the answer he was loath to concede.

He strolled outside and the rain had stopped. The day was gray and it hung down over the lake like a square mile of surgical gauze. It was midafternoon and the town was two miles away.

"What's eatin' you, Jack?" Sam Rivers said.

"I don't know," he said, "but maybe I can find out." He could not avoid attention to a low-built convertible that was parked behind Sam's somewhat battered sedan. "I've got the jumps, I guess, Sam. Probably these postponements of the fight. A nice car, isn't it?" The car was streamlined; it gleamed like a silver whale.

"Oh, that," Sam said; "it belongs to that mental beanbag your girl friend drove up with."

"You mean Phyllis?" Jack was somehow surprised. "Where'd *she* get a thing like that?"

"Property settlement with her third husband," Sam said. "She's not stupid *all* the time. It's a great life, ain't it?"

Jack said he supposed it was. "Do you mind if I borrow your car, Sam? Mine's in the garage."

"The keys are in it," Sam said. "A ride should do you good. Getcha way from this madhouse."

Gratefully Jack got into the sedan and drove down the two-lane road toward the village. He drove down under dripping trees past little scenes and places grown strangely dear to him in the seven weeks he had known them. The Incorporated Village of Primrose, he was obliged to admit—this corny little place tucked neatly away amid these imitation mountains—had become home to him.

Down at the high school, in this first week of September, the football squad (composed of kids he had come to know) was going through the motions of preseason practice. They were unorganized, lacking a salaried coach, yet they seemed eager and proud in their bright red jerseys, and mindless of the amphibious condition of the field. Jack drove on, watching them, trying not to think of his impending tussle with the champ, nor of Gladys and the party he had deserted, for which a sense of guilt was annoyingly upon him. After all, he and Gladys were, in a sense, almost engaged, and it was not the kind of thing you could shrug off.

HE DROVE now on a road that rose above the village. His watch said three o'clock, and he no longer pretended, even to himself, that he was merely out for a ride. He saw, as he expected to see, a car parked in the driveway of the house ahead of him. He had a choice to proceed or turn back, but he drove on, slowly, and turned into the drive.

He walked toward the house, feeling not too sure of himself. He stooped to pick an apple from the drive. The apple, new-fallen, was damp and firm and cool in his hands and fragrant after the rain. The house was a gracious one-story affair, wisely designed to catch both sun and shade. It had been idle for only two weeks, but the lawns, he allowed, could stand some trimming. He rather loved this house and knew all about it, since it had been shown to him a few days before by a girl named Margaret.

At the open door he met a bald man in a gabardine suit. The man stood with his hands collected neatly at his stomach, examining Jack, who said, "Hello."

"I've seen you before," the man said pleasantly. "I never forget a man's face unless I owe him money. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

Jack mumbled something courteous and stood with the apple in his hand. A girl appeared at the door and he said, "Hello, Margaret. I—well, I was passing by, saw the car." He lied poorly and he wondered, angrily, why he had to sound so stupid.

"Well, how nice, Jack," Margaret said. She was a tall girl, different in so many ways from other girls he had known. He was conscious now that her nearness thrilled him and he did not know whether to grin or to run for his life. "Mr. Gripsman," Margaret said to the bald man, "this is Mr. Kelly."

"Kelly?" repeated Mr. Gripsman slowly. "Kelly? Do I get it now? Kelly, the baseball player?"

"The boxer," Margaret said. "He fights the champion tomorrow night."

"Yes, I read about it," said Mr. Gripsman now. "A young, good-looking fellow, who should get himself in a pool of blood? Well, good luck to you. The house," Mr. Gripsman explained to Margaret, "is a beautiful house but just a little too much money."

"Of course, Mr. Gripsman. Perhaps on another day we can look for something else."

"Can I drive you back to the real-estate office, Miss Bailey? Or should I leave you young people alone?"

"I'll drive her back," Jack said.

"Goodby and good luck," said Mr. Gripsman.

"Goodby," Jack said, "and good luck to you, too."

A wind blew over the hills and the mist was rising. Jack said, "It will be clear tomorrow."

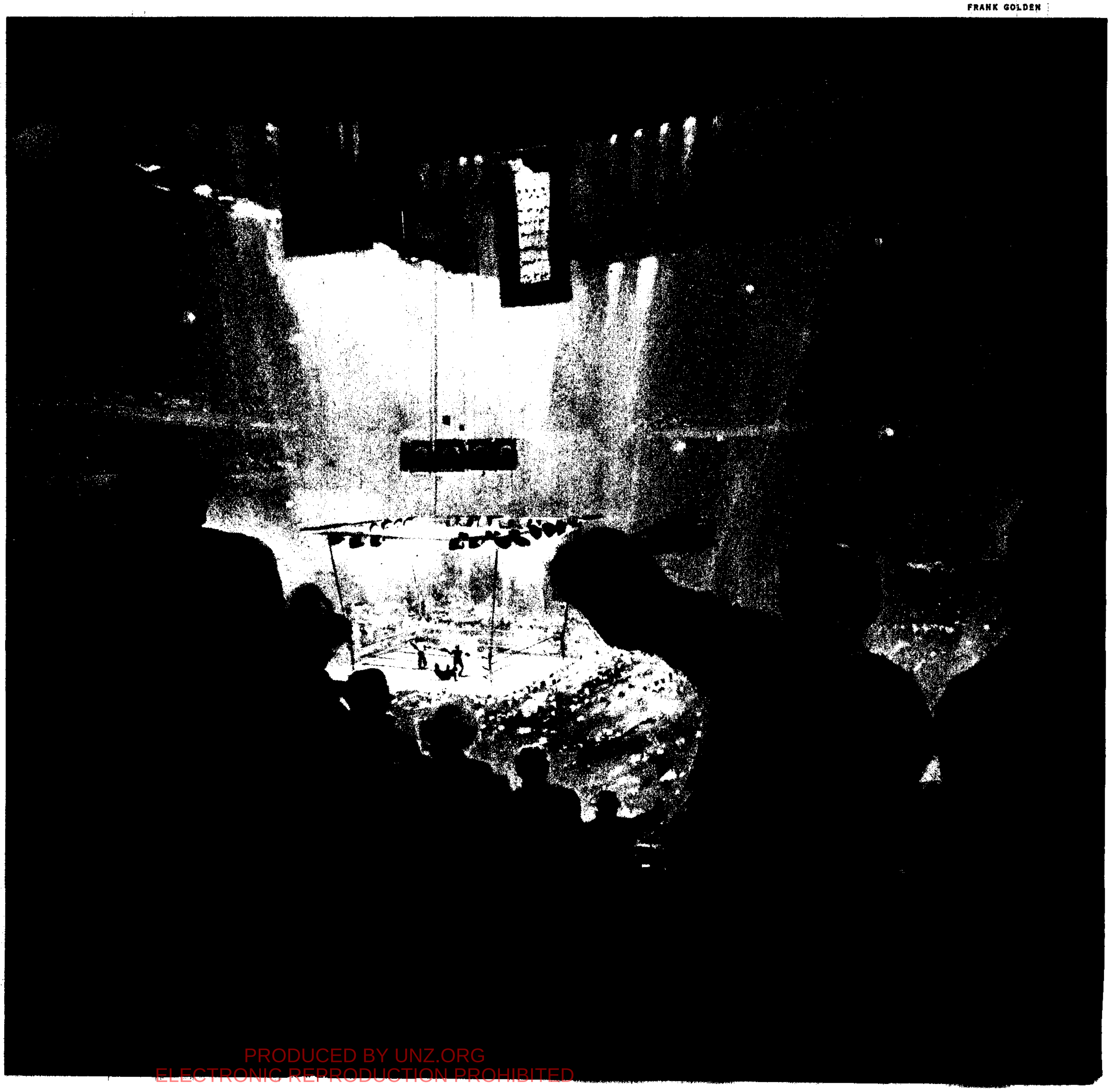
"Do you think so?"

"I know it," he said and there was a hollow feeling within him as he thought of the test

(Continued on page 72)

Kelly pulled the trigger on his right and the champion crashed to the canvas. The crowd screamed for the kill

FRANK GOLDEN



Paris Model 1946

BY ULRICH CALVOSA

EDWIGE FEUILLERE, France's Number One actress, is wearing evening clothes again—and all fashionable Paris rejoices. It is a sort of symbol, the blossoming of the lovely Edwige into full-panoplied formality. For she along with most of the women of France, abstained from festivities and the clothes that go with them throughout the war. There was no place for gaiety when the Germans ruled the town.

Now, Paris is smiling again—tentatively, but with gradually increasing confidence. Lights shine again in the streets of the City of Light—not quite so brightly as before, for power must be conserved, but with good spirit. A 20-violin orchestra plays lighthearted gypsy tunes in the glittering night club called The Monseigneur.

The theaters are crowded; shops on the Faubourg St. Honoré miraculously display new stocks of jewelry, hats, gloves and handmade lingerie—and Edwige poses in the white-and-gold beauty of a gown which Marcelle Dormoy designed especially for this Collier's feature.

"It is the first formal gown I have had on since 1939," she said.

Edwige, who commands the prestige of a Katharine Cornell or a Helen Hayes in this country, starred in a stage presentation of *Sodome et Gomorrhe*, by Giraudoux, during the German occupation. The play, which predicts the end of an empire, was applauded enthusiastically by both French and German members of the audience—the French, of course, thinking of the end of the German regime, and the Germans thinking of heaven knows what.

Now Edwige is taking the lead in a movie version of Dostoevski's The Idiot. She could, if she would, go to Hollywood. She has had a number of offers. But she prefers to stay in France until the hard days are over. And the days are hard for the movie-makers. They must produce movies in spite of shortages of film, of sets, of cameras. They cannot afford retakes. And they must compete with the highly popular and expensively produced American movies.

Edwige, a graceful, pale, blond beauty, is loved by the people of France. The cabby who drove me to her studio begged me, please, to make it possible for him to get a glimpse of the great one. After he had met her he said, "I can't wait to tell my wife what has happened to me today."

Edwige is intensely interested in American novels, American plays, American actors. She feels that much could be done to better the understanding between nations through the theater.

"I wish American producers would bring their plays here," Edwige says. "I have met so few American actors. I would like to meet more." A French version of the New York play, Arsenic and Old Lace, now is playing to standing-room-only audiences in Paris.

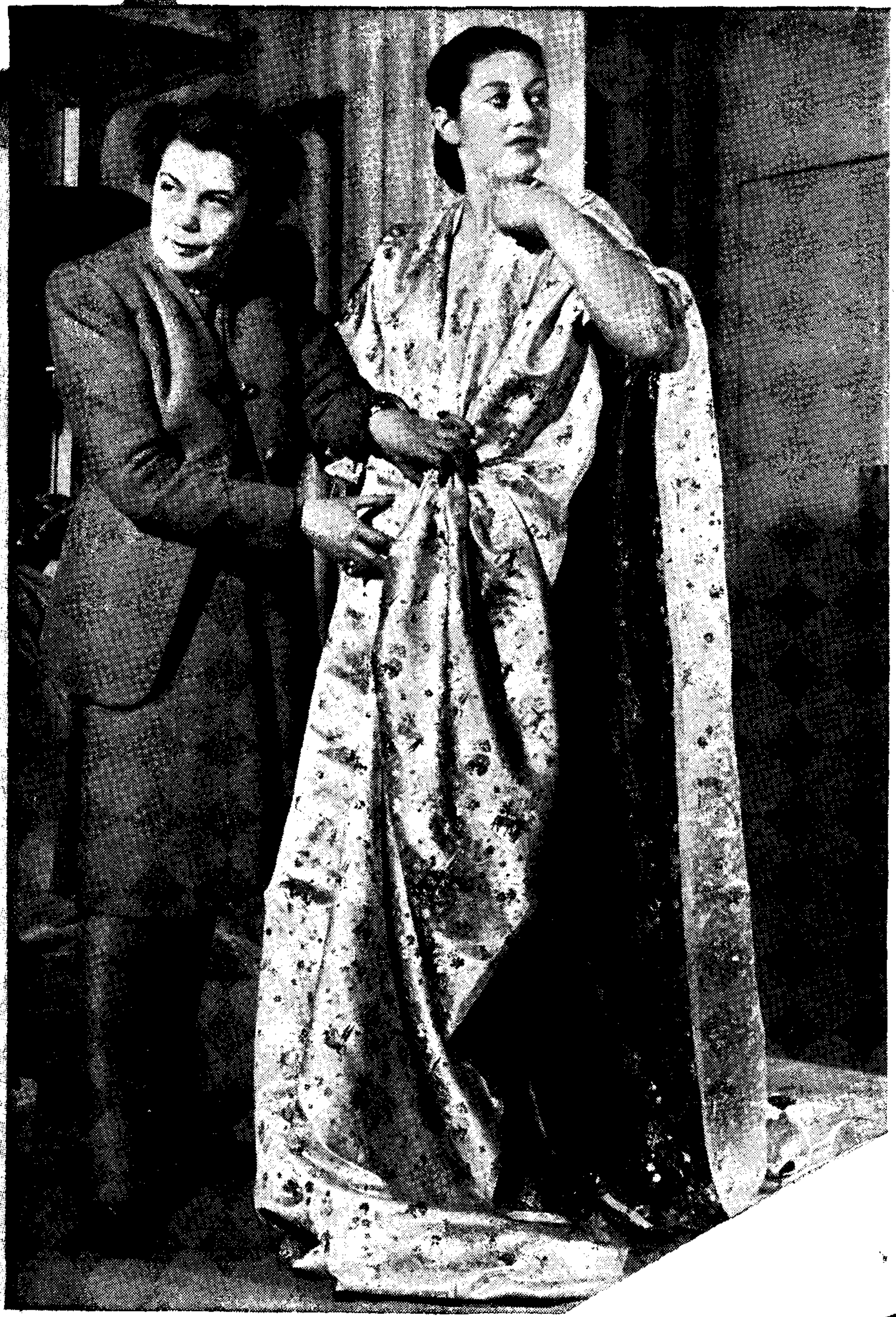
Intellectual Parisians, including Edwige, are thoroughly familiar with modern American writers. She can quote passages from the works of Hemingway, Steinbeck, Caldwell and Faulkner, in the manner of a schoolboy reciting "To be or not to be."

In fashion, as in the theater, Paris is stirring to life again—and here, too, Edwige plays an important role. Throughout the war, she has bought clothes from Designer Dormoy. And now Madame Dormoy is expanding her shop in anticipation of a great fashion boom.

This designer, in the traditional Parisian way, took a job in a fashion house at the age of twelve and went through all the apprentice stages before she established her own house shortly before the war. Her great difficulty now is to get fabric, which can be bought only at black-market prices. Even muslin is so scarce that after it is used for one model, it is ripped apart and used again. So far, only a few American buyers have appeared at the fashion openings, but the *couturiers* are confident that their old customers will be present in full force by summer, and that by then there will be full stocks again.

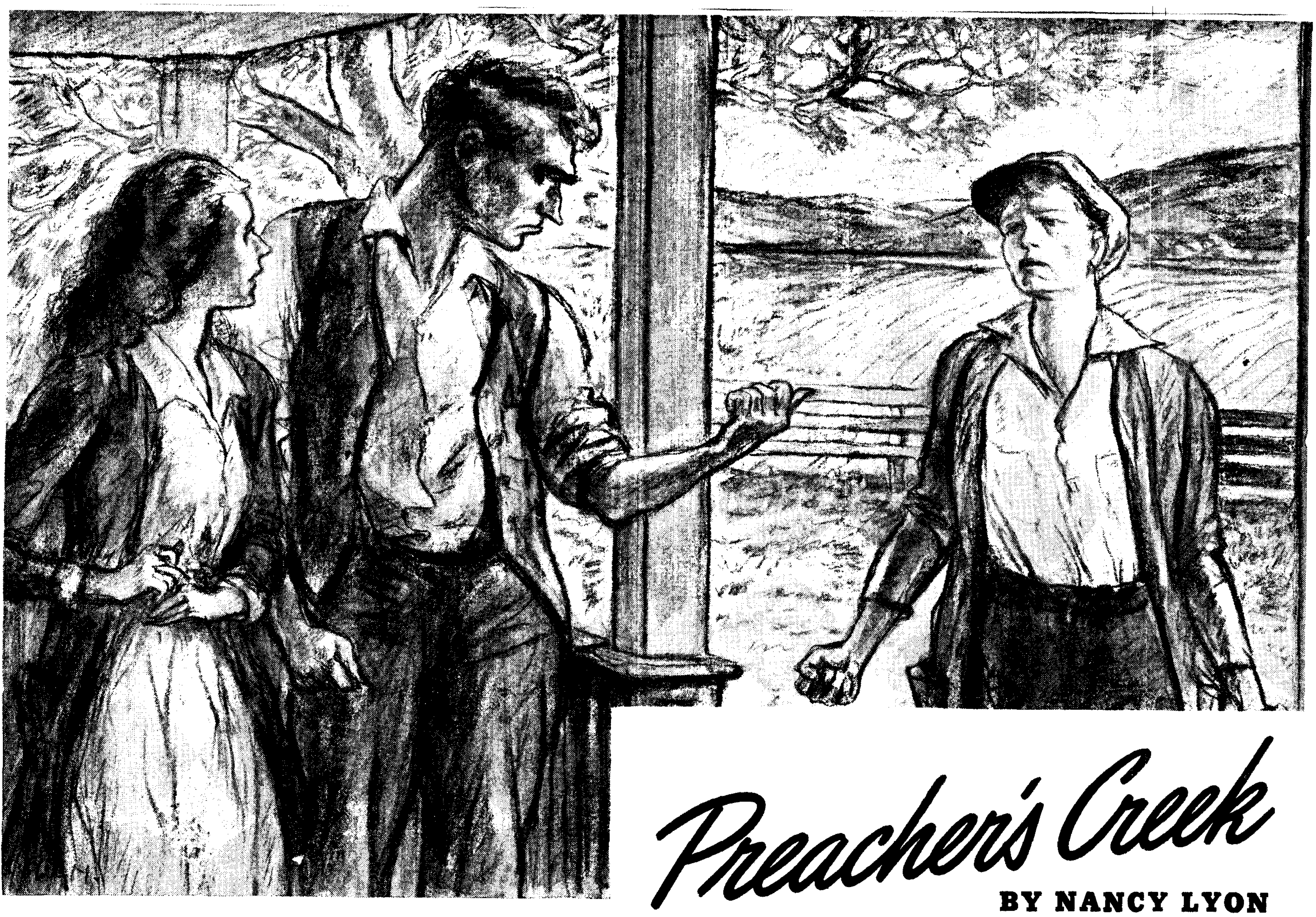
One American, Fira Benenson of Bonwit Teller, did visit Paris recently, and bought models to copy, a few from each of the leading designers. Madame Dormoy was able to supply several eye-filling creations. The rate of exchange has been so unfavorable that it cost America some $500 or $600 to import one model, but with the exchange rate improving as it is, the fashion trade should pick up again.

In the meantime, the wealthy women of France are flocking to buy the precious products of the *haute couture*. For them, Edwige's first postwar evening gown is the signal for a return to prewar elegance. ★★★



Madame Marcelle Dormoy drapes a length of rich silk brocade on a model. This designer is known for free-flowing lines and absence of froufrou. In the painting at the left, done by the French artist, Marcel Fromenti, Actress Edwige Feuillère poses in a Dormoy creation of white silk jersey. The gown's only accent is a waistline peplum of gold sequins

HANS KNOPF



"I'll be shot before Letty'll marry any cow-lovin' cattleman," Galloway said to Bill. "You ain't a man anyway," he added. "Follow that path and keep goin' . . ."

Preacher's Creek

BY NANCY LYON

It's all right to fight for a girl's hand, but it's seldom politic to fight her old man as well

THEY said, "Bill's home," and the news flashed down Main Street like a black snake making for cover. When it reached the drugstore on the corner Doc overflowed a chocolate soda. He wiped his hands and poured the soda in a clean glass. Then he set it on the old marble counter in front of Misty Perkins and shook his head.

"It ain't that I'm not tickled Bill's home. It's just that now we got to start all over with old man Galloway and that Letty girl of his. . . . But maybe not. Maybe Bill's seen enough of the world the past couple years to make him forget Letty—and maybe he ain't forgot the last time Galloway beat him up. Seems he told the old man he was gonna marry Letty 'fore he went off to war, and Galloway let him have it—one, two, and a kick in the belly. . . . Had his huntin' boots on, too. Bill hit the floor like a sack o' meal off the feed belt. When he come to he was lyin' out under that scrawny cedar in the Galloway yard. Galloway was gone—Letty, too. . . . Trussed up like a turkey for market, I reckon."

Misty sucked up the last of the soda with a long-drawn-out gurgle and pushed the glass away.

"Never seen her again, huh?" he asked cheerfully. He didn't give a damn. Romancin' didn't bother him. He slouched off the stool and hitched his pants.

"No, sir," Doc said. "Never saw her again. If you see Bill down the street, Misty, tell him I said to high-tail it over here. . . . But I reckon he's halfway up Preacher's Creek by now." . . .

Bill hadn't got that far. He was walking slowly and thinking, thinking about everything. . . . How many times he'd walked up this road, and how sometimes he'd met the preacher coming downstream in the put-put, looking as silly as all get out with those black clothes on in a boat, his hat sitting straight on his head like a lid on a pot.

"Hiyah, Preacher!" he'd call if he felt good, and Preacher would nod and smile and say, "Mornin', son," or "Evenin', son." Usually, though, it was Mornin' because that was when Galloway would be out in the fields or down to the tobacco barns, and Letty would be all alone—gathering eggs, maybe, or hanging the dishpan on the hook outside the kitchen door. Once he'd come on her hanging up clothes. . . . A big sheet it was, all spread out on the line and Letty was reaching high with the clothespins, her small body in the thin flowerdy dress outlined clean against the white, her arms, pale and naked, stretched way up. . . . Oh, Letty, Letty baby. . . . He could feel his breath come hard in his throat. Letty was as light and pretty as a chicken feather floatin' on the wind—as soft—but as hard to catch and hold. He hadn't tried to, then. He was scared of her old man. His mouth went dry when he remembered how scared.

Galloway was a great big man, strong as a mule, and he stayed mad, looked like. His wife dying when Letty was born had queered him, some folks said. Others claimed it was too much money. Besides his tobacco lands he owned the Black Ground—acres of dark, rich peaty earth. Black Ground Galloway, they called him—sometimes just Black Galloway, and that suited him good with his thick black crop of uncombed hair, and those heavy black eyebrows that met over his nose. . . . Gosh, Bill thought, every time he looked at me my gizzard gave way. He hadn't looked at him much though, because just about the first time he came courtin' Letty he got told off.

"I'm not gonna have any orphan son of a gun with fifty acres of mean land courtin' my girl!"

Bill tried to tell him it was good pasture land, good grain land, and he was going to raise cattle on it.

"There's enough of what my folks left me to get started," he said.

"Raise cattle!" Galloway shouted with the contempt of the tobacco farmer. "I'll be shot before Letty'll marry any muckrakin', cow-lovin' cattleman! You ain't a man anyway," he added, spitting out front and making a dead center hit in the path. "Follow that," he said, "and then keep goin'. . . ." And, sick at his stomach, Bill had gone—knowing he wasn't a man because he didn't have the guts to stand up to him.

But he couldn't forget Letty. He dreamed about her nights. . . . And in the morning he'd sneak off up Preacher's Creek and find her and they'd talk . . . sitting in the hollow oak on the soft brown dust of a hundred years sifting, smelling the sweet dry smell of the old tree's innards. And Letty, a small white shadow beside him, her thin hand in his, like a child's, holding hard.

"It's like a storybook," she said, "in here." And she'd tilt her head and whisper, "Pa'll change." But Bill knew he wouldn't change. Not till he made him and the only way he could do that was kill him or beat him up. He'd have to beat him up and prove himself a man.

BILL curled his toes tight in the G.I. boots he still wore. He stepped out a little faster, drawing a deep breath, making sure it didn't shake. . . . All right, so he was still scared but this time, by golly, it was different. He wasn't scared of being scared any more. Two years of pulling down his helmet, clamping his teeth, and then diving forward with a blind faith in God had proved plenty to him; it had proved that anybody with guts got scared—that's what guts were for—to tell you when the going would be tough so you could reach down for the stuff you needed to take you over the top.

He'd need some of them soon. He looked around. There was the giant sycamore, as clean and white as if it had been skinned. He laid a hand on it as he went by. Around the next bend and up the hill . . . and there behind that big ugly cedar he knew he'd see the house, white clapboard gone gray with age, the windows staring, curtainless, like eyes without eyelids. He hated that house like a boy hates a room he's been whipped in. But he was going in one more time. When he came out he'd have Letty or he'd sure never come out. He couldn't live without Letty.

He'd known it ever since that time two years ago when they'd gone fishing. . . . Galloway was taking a load of tobacco to market and they had the whole bright sunshiny morning together with nothing to worry about. They'd started real early, as soon as the old man left, when the dawn was like a forest fire a long ways off—smoky and pink. They were already on the lake when the sun showed through the pine woods and polished the water till it sparkled. He'd baited a light rod no bigger than a switch, and in no time at all he had caught enough shiners to last 'em for real bait. Letty was like a pretty white bird, perched up front, laughing every time he flipped another wriggling shiner into the boat. She took 'em off the hook and dropped 'em in the bucket of water. Then she'd lean over, her straight fair hair falling all around her face, to watch 'em dart this way and that.

"Oh, Bill," she murmured, looking up, her eyes bright with pity and mischief, "aren't you sorry for them?"

"Hell, no," he answered, "and I won't be sorry for them big ones we'll be gettin' now."

They did get some fair-size ones—perch and smallmouthed bass. The sun was high

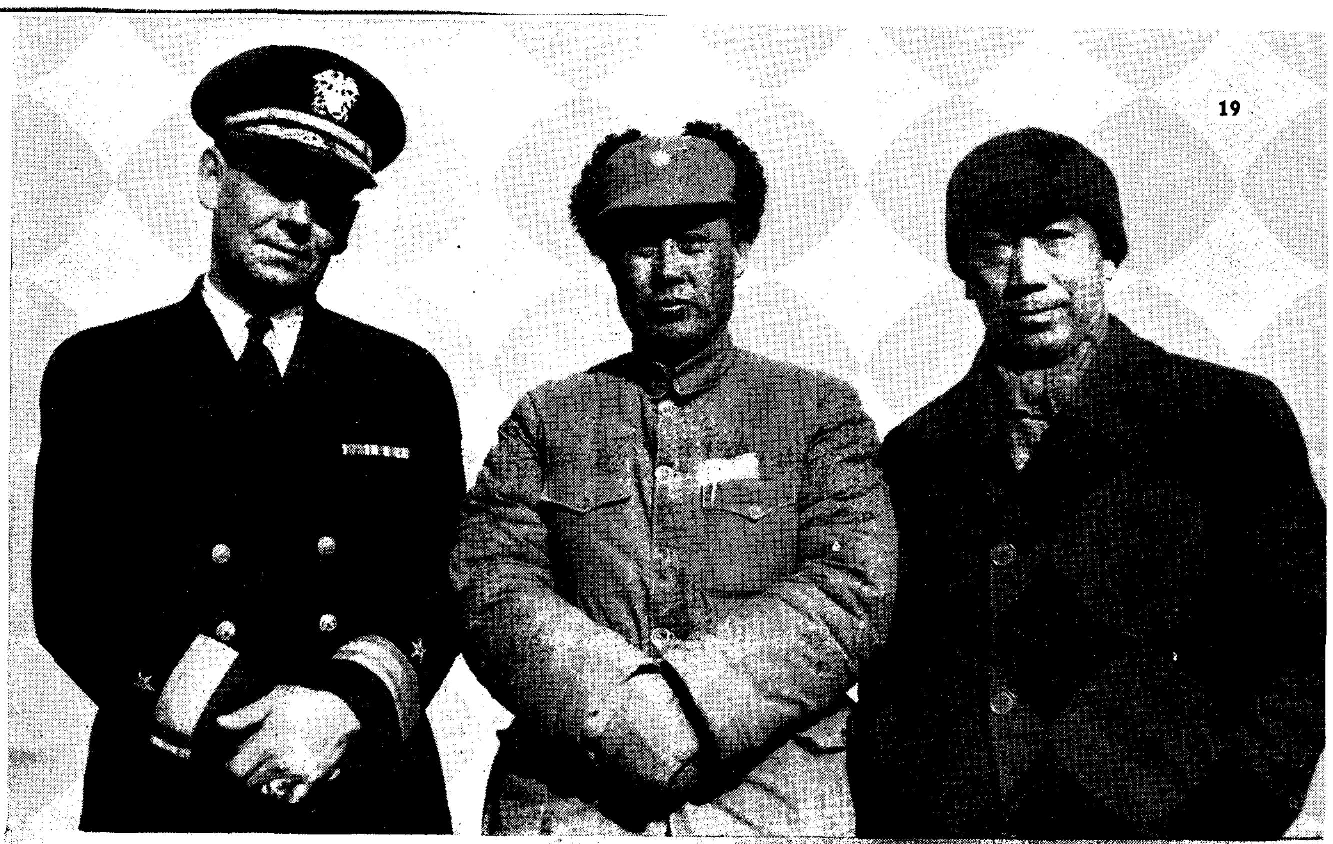
(Continued on page 69)

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

CHINA'S MYSTERY MAN

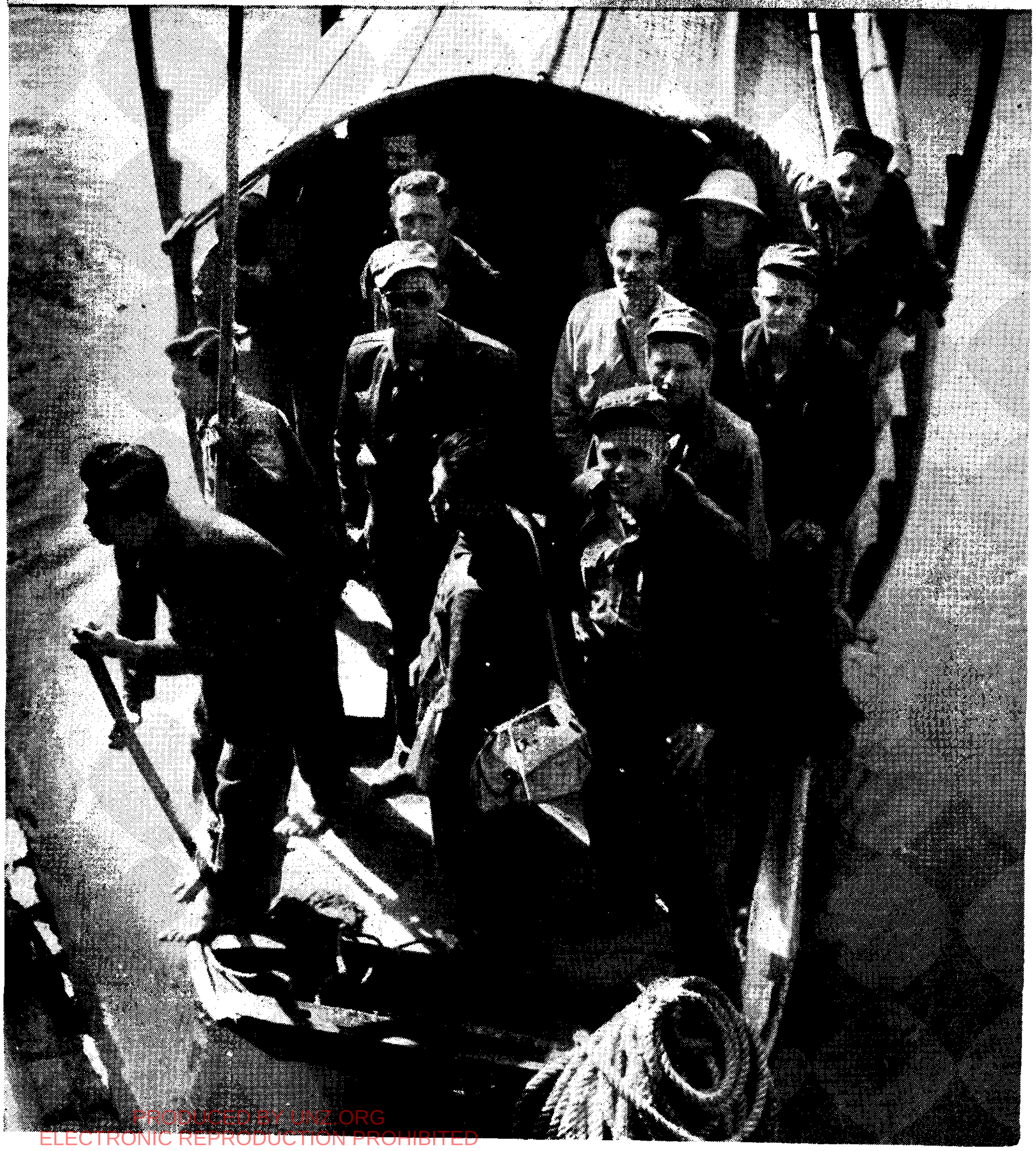
BY LT. COMDR. CHARLES G. DOBBINS, USNR

The head of China's secret police has been called a second Himmler and an outstanding Chinese democrat. Few Americans know Lieutenant General Tai Li; here one who does tells how he helped us during the war



This is the first photograph of Lieutenant General Tai Li ever published. He is shown, at extreme right, with Rear Admiral M. E. Miles, left, and General Fu Tso-yi, governor of Suiyan Province, during visit to a SACO unit

Below, a SACO (Sino-American Co-operative Organization) crew leaves Changchow for a base near Kunming



THE chief of China's secret police for years has been a mystery man of Asia—never photographed, never interviewed, a man of fearful power and shadowy reputation. Cursed and hated by many, shot at repeatedly, he has climbed steadily upward among the strong men of the East.

From the early days of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's rise to supremacy, Lieutenant General Tai Li has been his able lieutenant and trusted protector. Today, facing the crucial test in his long-time ambition to unify China, Chiang depends heavily on the old friend from his home province of Chekiang.

Tai Li (pronounced Die Lee), now about fifty, was graduated in the sixth class at Whampoa National Military Academy, Canton, of which Chiang was founder and commandant. Upon graduation he pledged his allegiance to Chiang, then earned the everlasting respect and faith of his leader in two vital assignments.

One was when Chiang, having assumed command of National armies at Canton in 1926, marched north in his first effort to bring all the provinces under a single strong Central government. On that march Tai Li was advance agent extraordinary, sent ahead to study sentiment, evaluate military and political developments, advise on the safest and most strategic routes of approach. His masterly intelligence was an important factor in Chiang's succession of victories.

Tai Li's second notable achievement is famous—the magnificent defense of Shanghai in 1937. It was Tai Li, commanding the Loyal Patriotic army, who astonished the world by standing off Japan's modernized units for three dogged months. Any military leader of any nation might be proud of his feat.

Yet the international reputation of General Tai Li derives largely from his work as head of the Bureau of Investigation and Statistics (BIS), China's secret police. He organized BIS in 1932 and has directed it ever since.

Until recently Tai Li has stayed carefully hidden from the public. He still will talk to no one without express authority from the Generalissimo. Among Chinese his name is rarely mentioned, and only in hushed tones. Foreigners, showing him an awed though grudging respect, often develop Tai Li phobia; in Chungking during the war, many believed that every cook and houseboy was a Tai Li agent.

China's chief of secret police has been called everything—executioner, torturer of political prisoners, and a ruthless, trigger-happy tyrant. If all these things were true, Tai Li would have every reason for wearing his cloak of mystery. He could wear it, however, because with deadly enemies it is safer not to be recognized on street corners. Already he has cheated death so many times that the idea of invulnerability is fast attaching itself to his personal legend.

Accused as Exponent of Chinese Fascism

Critics of Tai Li say that as head of the so-called "thought police" he has been responsible for the death or imprisonment of scores of liberal college professors and other progressive leaders, and that he personifies the Fascist element in China. I am not qualified to judge the accuracy of these charges. I write only of the Tai Li who was known intimately during the war to a little band of Americans, and to one man in particular. That man is Rear Admiral M. E. (Mary) Miles, USN, and the others are the 1,800 Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard men who served with him in China. Tai Li was our friend, protector and—as director of "SACO"—technically our leader during three years of war.

The Navy sent Miles early in 1942 on an urgent mission, labeled "Friendship Project," to get weather intelligence in China. Japan then held what might have been a decisive advantage over the U.S. Fleet in the simple fact that the weather for the western Pacific makes up in Siberia, moves down over China, eastward across the Japanese home islands and across the Pacific. With a network of reporting stations from Manchuria down through occupied China and almost to Australia, the Japs had advance knowledge on Pacific weather conditions while the U.S. Fleet was forced to advance blindly from the east. The Navy had to get in behind the Japs and set up a weather net as good as or better than theirs. China was the only solution.

Miles, a commander then, was picked for the job because he knew China, and because on his record he was established as an officer who loved to kick "the book" out the window and get things done the best and quickest way.

This was his second war. On the day the U.S. entered World War I, Miles was seventeen and a volunteer. That was when his mates nicknamed him "Mary" for the currently popular movie star, Mary Miles Minter, but he's never minded the feminine moniker. Appointed to Annapolis in 1918, commissioned in 1922, he spent eight years in China, made it his business to walk over most of China's coast, photograph ports in his (*Continued on page 65*)

G. Robert Henry, 30, just discharged as an Army captain and about to take a job as an attorney with the Civil Aeronautics Board, seeks help in finding a place to live at the War Housing Center which currently places about 500 veterans a month in homes. Until he finds a place, Bob, his wife Amy, and their two children (below), are living with her parents, her sister and family in the parents' one-family house in Washington, D. C.

NO PLACE TO LIVE

BY FRANK GERVASI

America needs more than a million and a quarter new homes this year and probably isn't going to get them. If it doesn't there'll be dynamite under every political chair in Washington, which may, in 1948, change the scenery

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JACOB LOTMAN—PIX

FOR 38 dreary months in India and the Pacific, Earling W. Eng, bomber pilot, flew his missions, ate his C-rations and dreamed of making a home for his wife and the baby he'd never seen. When he obtained his discharge he went straight to St. Paul, gathered up the wife and the baby who'd been living with his folks and set out for Chicago to make the dream come true.

Some days later, Mrs. Eng and the child were back in St. Paul, the veteran's small capital was considerably reduced by hotel bills, train fares and other expenses incidental to house-hunting, and Pilot Eng was in Hull House, the social center, fighting mad. His dream lay in small and incomprehensible pieces over several square miles of overcrowded Chicago which he'd combed for an apartment, a small house or a couple of rooms with housekeeping facilities.

During his futile peregrinations Eng encountered racketeering landlords who advertised apartments for $47.50 a month and demanded an additional $52.50 monthly for the rental of a few weary pieces of furniture. He was asked to pay $65 a month for another apartment provided he also paid $800 cash for about $100 worth of furnishings. He saw so-called low-cost housing centers, built for $1,200-a-year workers, occupied by upper-income-bracket tenants with fine cars parked outside.

What houses were for sale were selling at upward of $10,000, far beyond the reach of a jobless G.I. Under the so-called Bill of Rights he could, theoretically, obtain a $2,000 loan to make a down payment on a home. But the bankers who might make the loan were inclined to look at Earl Eng strictly from the standpoint of whether or not he was a good credit risk, which, without a job, he wasn't.

After a month of house-hunting Earl Eng was a bitter, disillusioned and angry young man.

"I want a place to live," he yelled publicly and loudly. "I want a home, a decent one that I can afford."

His cry was echoed figuratively and actually by some 3,400,000 other returning veterans who had come face to face with what the newspapers euphemistically called the "housing shortage," but which was really a national problem as serious and compelling as war itself.

Approximately 1,500,000 homecoming G.I.s were living doubled up with friends and relatives, and at least as many more would have to do the same in the year ahead with all the discomforts, annoyances and downright social dangers that this kind of overcrowding means. Civilians were no better off. About 3,000,000 needed homes immediately in a nation which had only half the number of homes it required.

Land of Rundown Dwellings

The 1940 census disclosed that of the country's 37,000,000 dwelling units a full twenty-five per cent were almost unfit for human habitation, and another twenty-five per cent needed plumbing, heating equipment and repairs to bring them up to the minimum requirements of decent housing.

An acute housing shortage existed, therefore, long before we went to war. Through the war years building materials went into soldiers' barracks, wartime factory buildings and temporary housing units for the 27,000,000 workers who shifted to war-plant areas. Less than three per cent of the total supply of building materials went into private dwellings. From 1937 through 1941 this country built an average of 515,000 homes a year. If that average had kept up from 1942 to 1945 we'd have built 2,060,000 houses. Actually we built, the experts say, only 1,240,000. This means that 820,000 homes went unborn in World War II.

That kind of arithmetic, however, doesn't give the true picture. The 1937-41 average was about half the number of houses that a vigorous, growing country like ours needed. Actually you can double the 820,000 World War II deficit and add to that total all the unbuilt dream homes of the years since 1925 and you'll still not get at the truth. Because while all those houses weren't being erected a lot of others were becoming obsolete as the result of neglect of necessary repairs.

It's clear, however, that by V-J Day America's housing shortage had become acute. It wasn't surprising that Earl Eng couldn't find a home, that LSTs were being used to house demobilized sailors in Philadelphia and San Diego and that city and town officials everywhere were sending out distress calls for unused trailers and demountable huts.

Experts disagreed as to just how many homes the country needed immediately, but their estimates ranged from 4,500,000 to 6,000,000 dwellings or housing units. The purists, those who'd like to see the nation's housing overhauled from foundations to chimneytops, put it at 18,510,000, with the work of building new homes, repairing the others and clearing all slums to take about 10 years and about $100,000,000,000 worth of private and/or government funds.

A number of factors helped to compound the housing deficit into a crisis. To begin with, men who'd moved their women, children and household goods hundreds of miles to wartime jobs were disinclined to pull up stakes and go home. Of the 6,000,000 workers who'd moved to big towns from the rural communities, for example, less than 2,500,000 were expected to return. This meant that homes must be found for some 3,500,000 persons. Chicago needed 100,000 dwellings for as many new families. Detroit required 30,000, Washington 25,000, Philadelphia 19,500, Kansas City 19,000 and Denver 15,000.

Demobilization Plus Matrimony

Another complication was the rapid demobilization of the largest Army, Navy and Air Force in the country's history. Within a few months of V-J Day nearly 4,500,000 veterans were brought back to the United States before any adequate plans had been made to employ, let alone house them. Of these, 1,300,000 had married in 1945, creating roughly that many more candidates for homes. An additional 1,600,000 advised their government at separation time that they planned to marry in 1946.

The natural increase in the country's population, estimated at about 7,000,000, helped to swell the demand for more living space. So did war-swollen incomes. People who had more money than they'd ever had before

(Continued on page 78)

Bob considers buying a house, sees Frank Morris of the Federal Savings and Loan. But it's no go

Bob and Amy visit McLean Gardens, a Defense Homes Corp. project. They're interested because a veterans' group is thinking of buying this and turning it into a co-operative for 720 vets and their families

War Housing Center told them about this cottage at $78 a month. But it was much too inaccessible

Bob and Amy, pretty desperate by now, look at a Kensington, Md., project built by private promoters. Houses, mostly prefabricated, sold for about $8,000. But none was available. They're still looking

WOMEN IN SECLUSION

BY MARTHA SAWYERS

DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

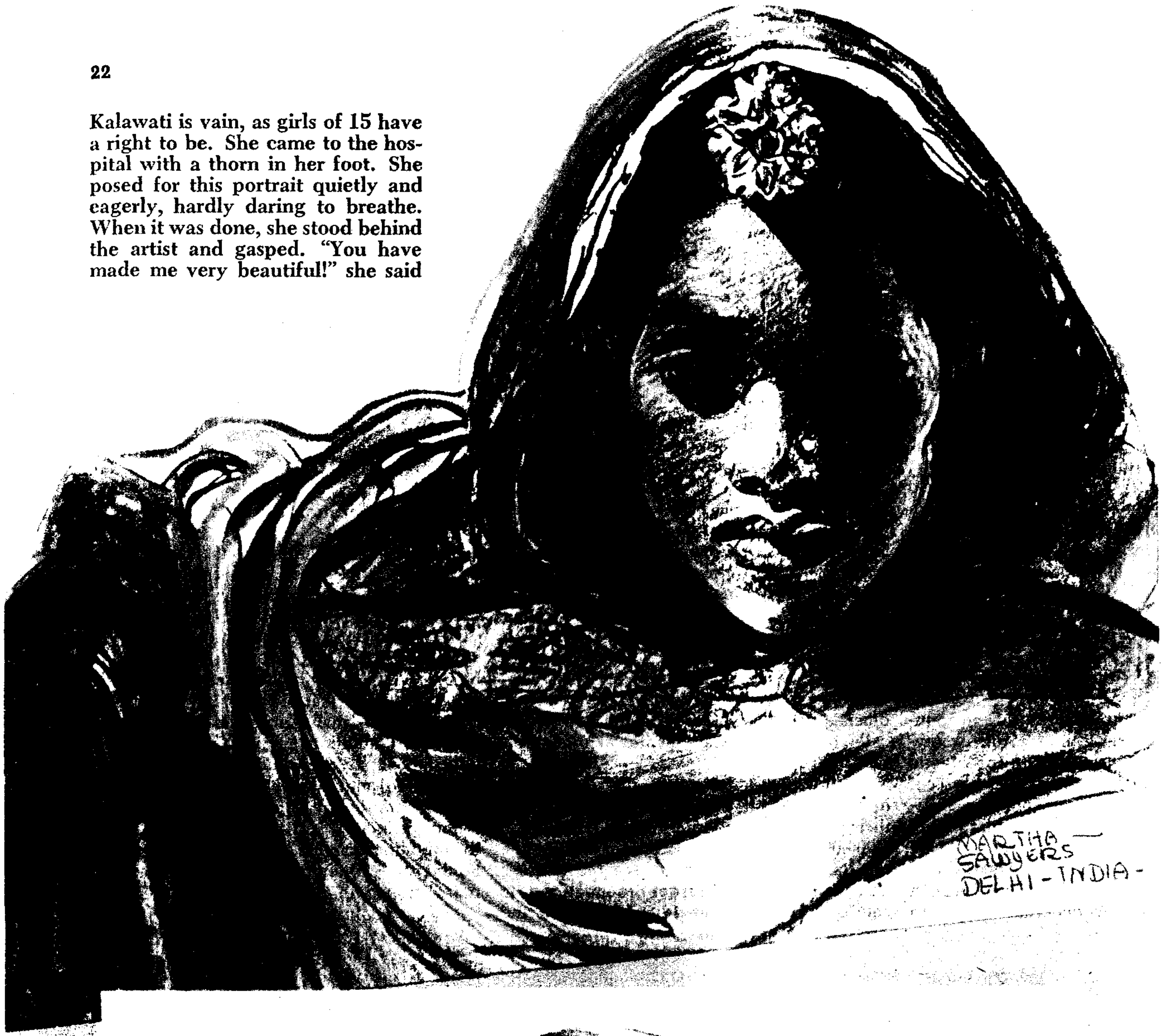
THE Indian word for female seclusion is "purdah." The Mohammedans brought the fantastic purdah custom to India and the Hindus adopted it. That does not mean that *all* Indian women veil their faces in the presence of men. Many have been emancipated, many never submitted to purdah in the first place. But, today, it is still practiced to a certain degree. Consequently, when a woman becomes seriously ill, she must necessarily be treated in a hospital, "for women only."

Such an establishment is "Lady Hardinge Medical College and Hospital," in Delhi. Built in 1916, it was named after the woman who inspired it. Funds were contributed by the princes and people of India. The executive posts are filled by Englishmen, but, for the most part, the operating personnel are Indian women.

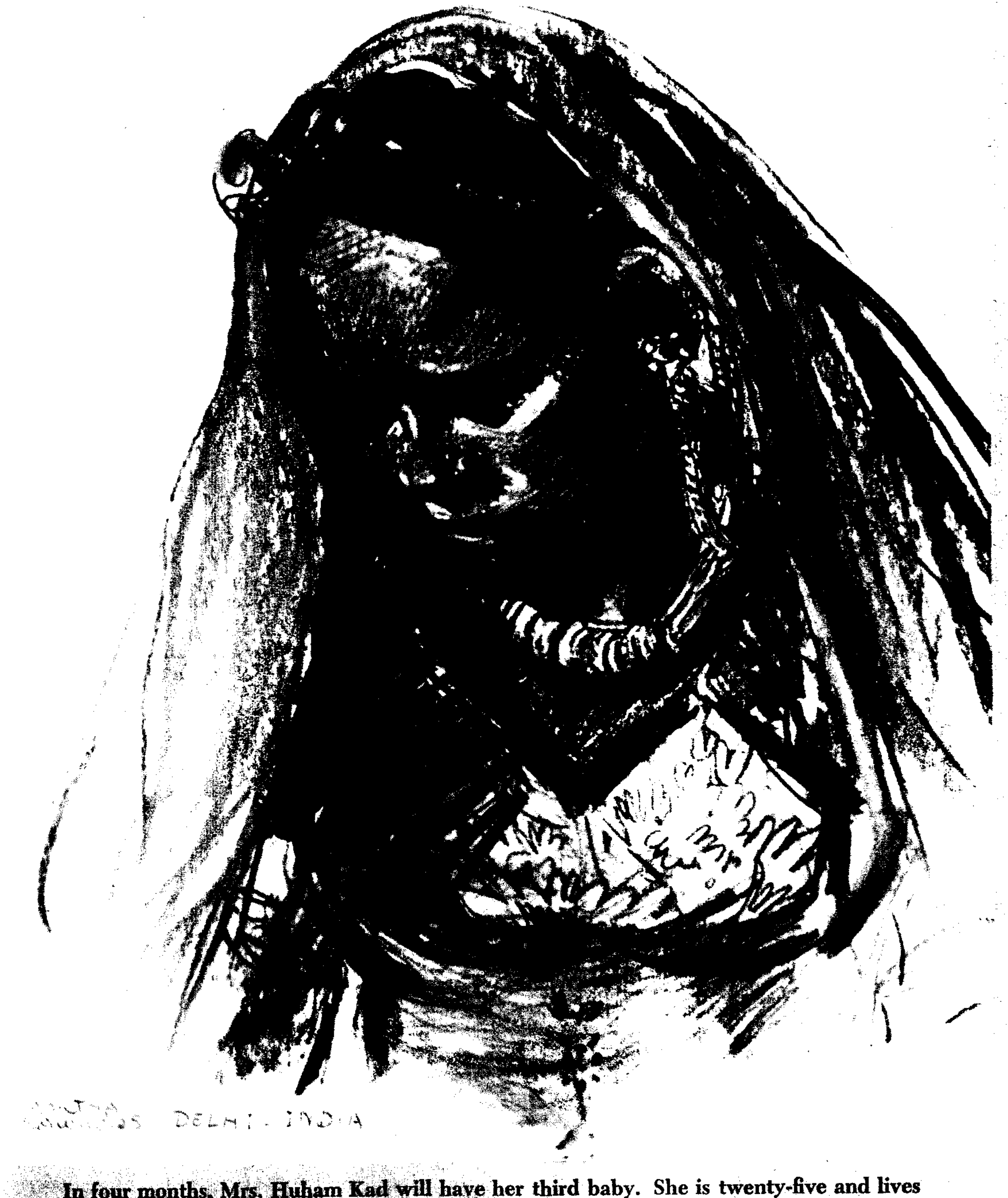
The hospital, together with hostels for 150 medical students and 80 nurses, and homes for the medical, teaching and nursing staff, occupy 50 acres in the heart of Delhi.

American Army doctors were curious about the place but, being men, were not welcomed. I took advantage of my sex and, once inside, found plenty of fascinating material for drawings. Here were all classes of people from Brahmans to Untouchables, living under one roof, and getting along much better than they are supposed to. I found Moslems, Sikhs, Hindus and Christians, from Karachi, Kashmir, Mysore and even more remote sections of India. Their cases fell in two main categories: pregnancy and tuberculosis, both often found in one woman.

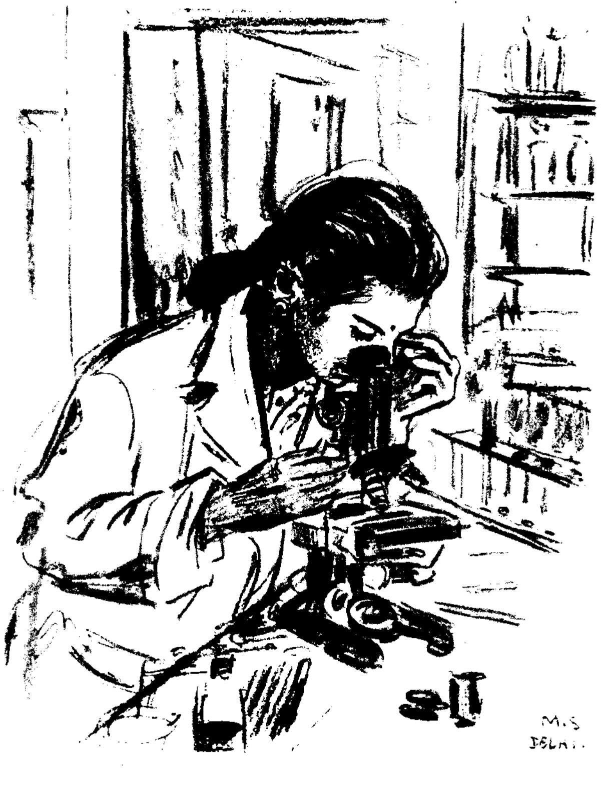
Most of the patients were reticent about posing. To overcome this, I was appointed a temporary member of the staff. They were told that having their pictures made was part of their therapy, and would help in diagnosing their illnesses. Thereafter, I had no trouble. ★★★



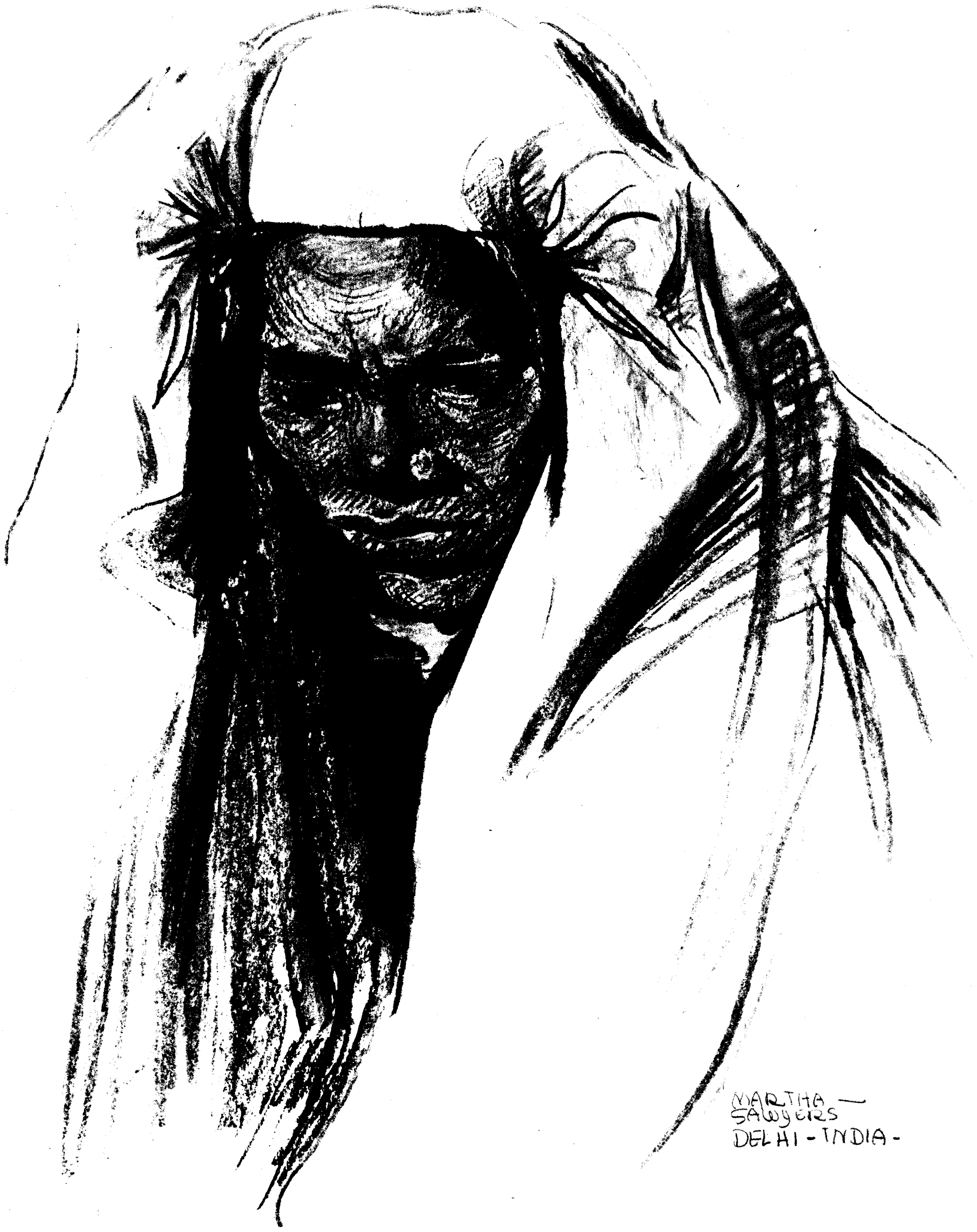
Kalawati is vain, as girls of 15 have a right to be. She came to the hospital with a thorn in her foot. She posed for this portrait quietly and eagerly, hardly daring to breathe. When it was done, she stood behind the artist and gasped. "You have made me very beautiful!" she said



In four months, Mrs. Huham Kad will have her third baby. She is twenty-five and lives with her husband and family in Delhi. She is proud of her silver necklace and her earrings. The blue tattooings on her stomach are marks of beauty. As Miss Sawyers painted her picture, she thought the artist was diagnosing her case and asked many questions



In the medical college, Dr. Jagetkatal, 23, does a blood count. The specimen comes from the young lady at left. Her pregnancy has assumed complications. A girl medical student lives in purdah, must furnish her own table linen, and must arrive at school equipped with three locks for her room



Mrs. Bashiran is 30, has three grown children. She lives in a village 60 miles from Delhi and came to the hospital with what she called a "cough." She lives in purdah with the cape always over her face. She studied this portrait and said, "I have looked in the mirror enough to know that this is the way I look"

THE GUINEA HEN TYPE

BY NANCY SHORES

"What do you mean by standing me up the other afternoon?" Emma looked up at the man who had spoken. It was Gilbert

This Cinderella wanted no glass slipper, and once she found herself wearing one, had no chance to take it off

EMMA was tired because she'd had a hard day at the office; and she was hungry because she was tired. The block on Perry from Fourth to Bleecker Street seemed a mile long. She went into the Waverly Grocery and looked around in a dispirited kind of way. She couldn't face the idea of cooking a meal, and she was tired of all the restaurants near by. And she was so *hungry*. Maybe some of those little custards and some thin, fragrant slices of Sam's baked ham.

Emma walked slowly up to the counter where Sam was busy talking to a customer and looked at the food in the glass-doored refrigerator beyond. Golden custards in glass cups. Rosy baked apples, honey-beaded. Coral-and-green shrimp salads in little paper boats. . . .

She heard the man's voice before she caught the words. It was a lovely voice, like a cello, and it echoed inside her. She thought confusedly: He must be an actor or a singer.

He was saying to Sam: "I wish Henry could get me a guinea hen. You stuff them with green seedless grapes and razor-thin slices of ripe lime. Then you lay a white flannel bag filled with sliced butter over the breastbone and roast them uncovered. . . ."

Emma said desperately, "Sam, forgive my interrupting, but could I buy a shrimp salad and eat it here?"

The two men looked at her, and Emma said, "Sam, I'm so *hungry!*"

Sam grinned at her, and she felt humiliating tears burn her lids.

"That's a fine idea," the other man said in his cello voice. "Come on, Sam. I'll have one, too. We'll sneak in the back room where nobody can see us."

"Well—" Sam looked from one to the other, and shrugged. "Why not?" he added noncommittally. He led the way into the tiny kitchen and found forks for them and went back out to the store.

Emma ate ravenously and in silence.

"You'll get hiccups if you eat that fast," the man said critically. "What are you, a displaced person?" He filled a glass of water for her and leaned on the sink. "Want another one?"

Emma shook her head. She said in a small voice, "I feel better now."

He looked at her, still critical, and Emma said belatedly, "I don't know what made me so hungry all of a sudden. It's happened several times lately." She closed her eyes and leaned against the cupboard.

"You probably don't eat enough at the right times," he said brusquely. "You women make me awfully tired. I wonder you survive."

At the unexpected rancor in his voice, Emma opened her eyes. They were large brown eyes, and full of surprise. She heard herself say idiotically, "Oh, yes. Yes, indeed."

He bowed, a little formally, and went out to join Sam. No doubt, Emma thought caustically, he collects recipes. She drank another glass of water and thought about herself, a little bitterly. I don't think, Emma told herself, that I'm the guinea hen *type. I'm the kind of girl who gets a hamburger* at the corner diner, with a few French fries and a piece of tired apple pie. She thought about it some more. Guinea hen stuffed with fresh green seedless grapes and slices—razor-thin slices—of fresh limes.

She waited until she had put the idea from her mind, and then she got up to leave. She passed the cello job at the counter. He was talking earnestly to Sam about what kind of dressing a ham should have pasted onto it. She went home and made herself a fried egg sandwich and went to bed.

THE next day something happened that upset Emma. The girl on the T to Z files passed out colder than an iced haddock. Emma helped pick her up and the nurse in the rest room clucked sympathetically over the youngster. Emma, who was office manager, stayed by while first aid was applied.

The nurse said, "This girl should be home. She's the cared-for type."

Emma put the child in a cab and took her home, and then she took another cab and drove to her own apartment. She stood in her living room and looked at it. It was home, of a sort, but a trifle on the utilitarian side. Nothing that would show dust. Mostly browns and grays. Not the cared-for type.

She looked at herself in the mirror in the foyer for quite a long time. Tired, pale face under a mop of red hair. A worn blue suit. Not the cared-for type. And then she remembered that she wasn't the guinea hen type, either.

The Waverly Grocery was jammed when she got there. Everybody for blocks was trying to get waited on. Young mothers with little boys in blue corduroy overalls were trying to keep track of their offspring. Couples, young couples, hand in hand, were looking blankly at large cheeses. A sailor was doing a slow time step in front of the vegetable bins. Emma sat down on a crate of oranges.

"Move over," a man said peevishly.

Emma looked up. It was the man with the cello voice.

"Go away," she said crossly. "I'm not the guinea hen type."

"You're the orange crate type," he said. "My feet hurt. Go on—move over."

Emma moved over. She looked at him curiously. She asked, "What type am I?"

He was a large thin person with big feet

(Continued on page 57)

ILLUSTRATED BY AL KORTNER

Talk about style – it's got it!

No wonder the new 1946 Ford is winning friends so fast! Your first glance tells you it's a beauty. There's smartness everywhere. Bright, new massive grille. Broad, sweeping hood. Gay, colorful two-tone interiors. Distinctive appointments . . . Here is a car with more advancements than most pre-war yearly models. New self-centering hydraulic brakes are big enough to stop a car of twice the weight. They're quick, soft, quiet in action . . . The ride is smooth and always level—thanks to multi-leaf springs of a new design. Newly contoured seats spell "comfort" for the shortest trip or longest journey . . . Here's a car with added power—and still more over-all economy. Choose from two great engines: the V-8, now increased from 90 to 100 horsepower—the 90 horsepower Six . . . Your dealer will be happy to show you this smartest, most powerful Ford car ever built!

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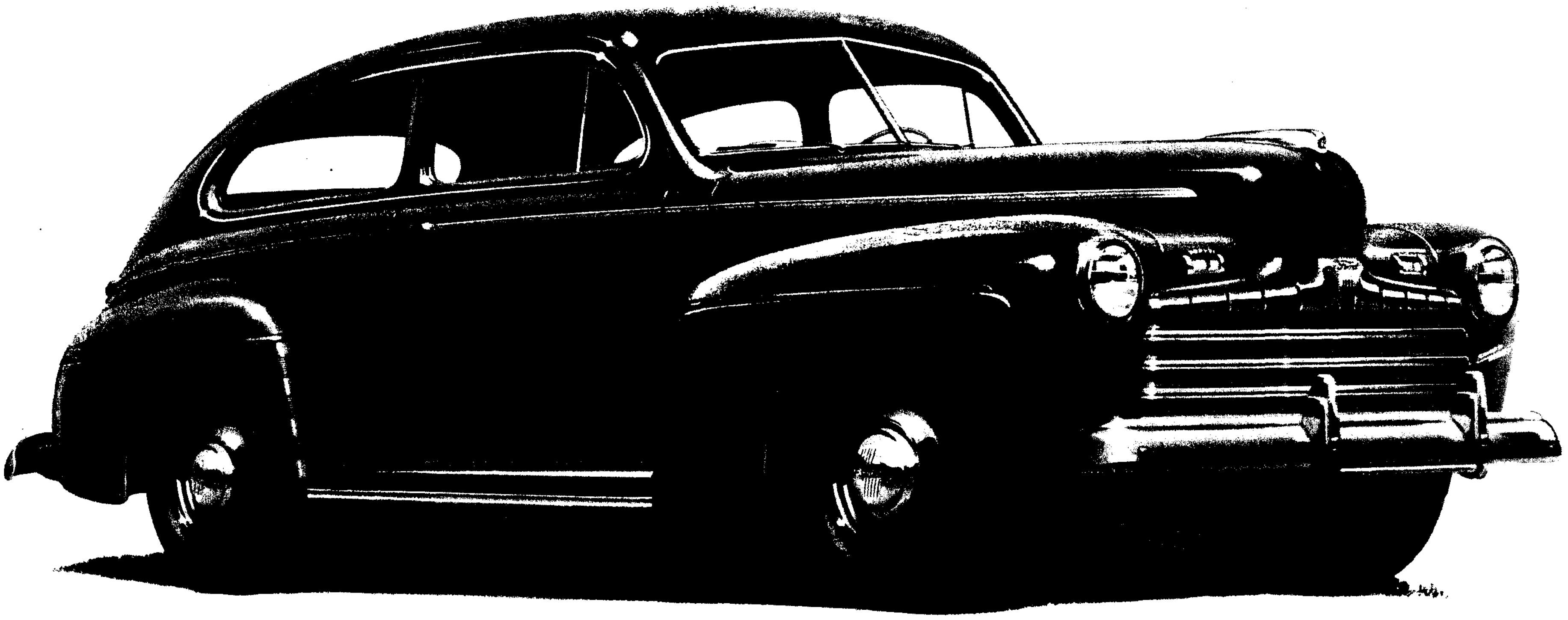

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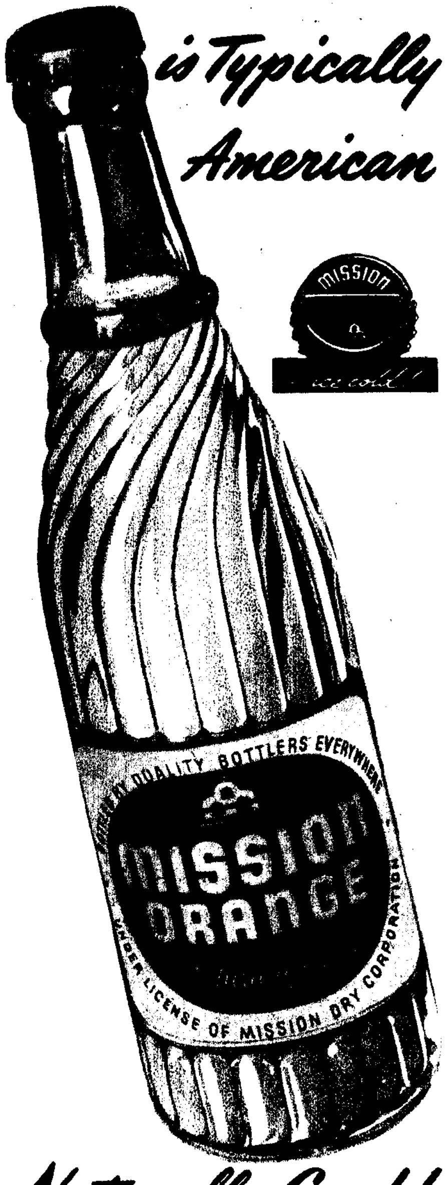
IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA IT'S *Sodovka*

Sodovka is the name used generally for all beverages made from the juice of any crushed fruit or fruits to which sugar and carbonated water have been added. Served in tall chilled glasses. A favorite afternoon refresher with Czechoslovakians.

MISSION ORANGE *is Typically American*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QUALITY BOTTLERS EVERYWHERE
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Naturally Good!

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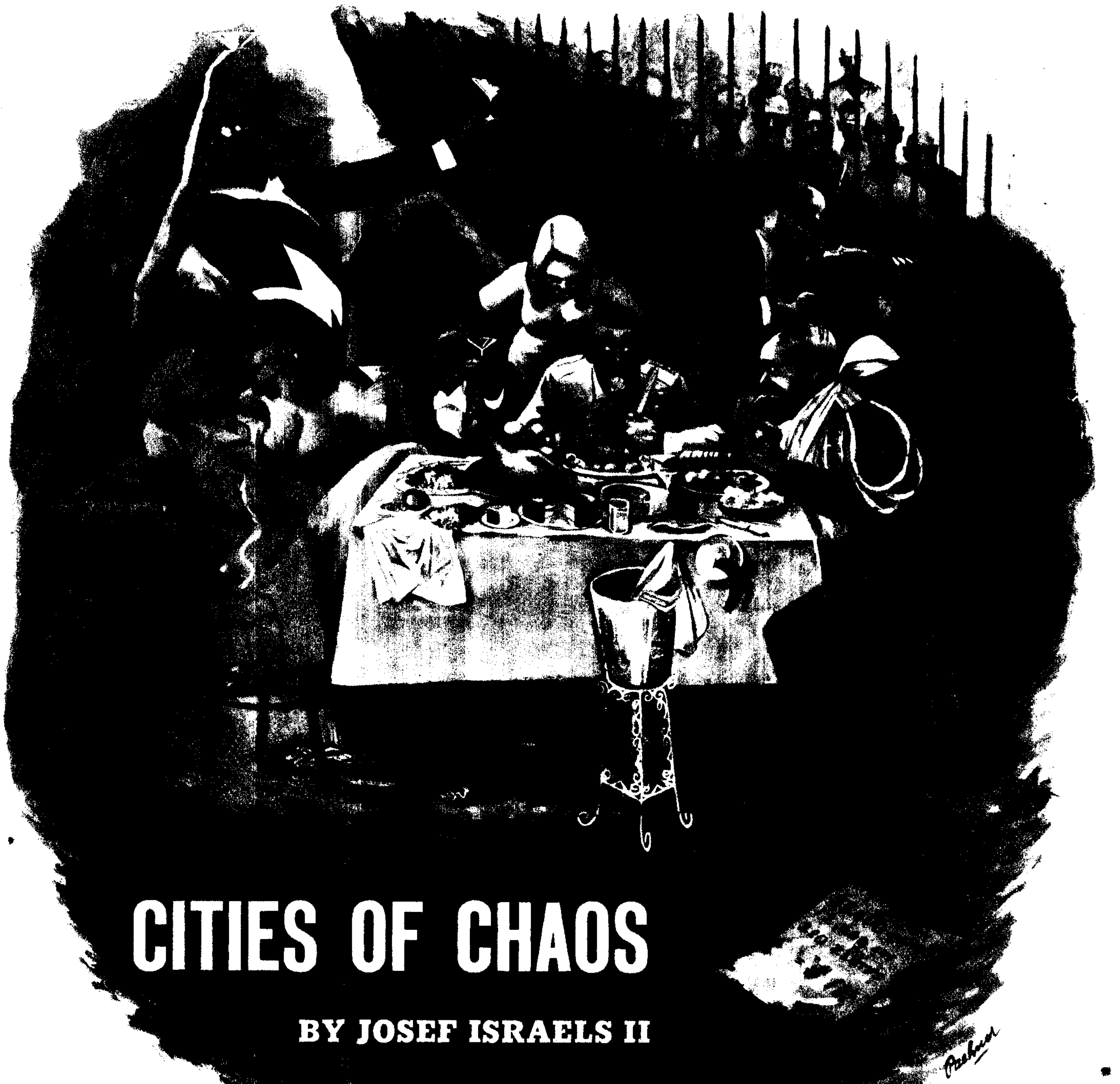


CITIES OF CHAOS

BY JOSEF ISRAELS II

In Budapest you can get champagne for 50¢, a $2,000 fur coat for $500, and an evening at one of the gayer night clubs costs $3. But a laborer works a month for enough to feed his family for a week

VIENNA hasn't progressed far enough on the road to recovery to offer even one black-market restaurant. Champagne is fifty cents a bottle in Budapest. No one in Bucharest would think of passing up a twenty-five-cent dish of caviar and scrambled eggs for breakfast—Czechoslovakia's eastern cities offer a dinner of potato soup. Period. Just potato soup. But visitors to Krakow and Warsaw lucky enough to have some U.S. dollars to change into inflated zlotys may dine on epicurean smoked eel, delicious filet steaks and exotic liquors. Wrist watches purchasable in Budapest for thirty-five dollars resell to Russian G.I.s for five to seven hundred (in schillings) in Vienna.

American G.I.s in Berlin sent home $11,000,000 more than their total pay in the last month before rigid controls were clamped down. But it is the comparatively few nephews of Uncle Sam who have been stationed in Vienna and the even scarcer specimens lucky enough to be assigned to our missions in Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, or Poland who have really seen oddities of postwar inflation and economic distortions to bug their eyes.

Vienna is on the edge of the land of cheap and wonderful German cameras, lush night clubs—where a fellow will have a hard time spending $3—and sixty-cent silk stockings. The Vienna black-market story is much the same as the better publicized Berlin one. Johann Strauss's city of light and song is a grim and battered place with hunger and disease stalking the streets alongside the Russian soldier who is willing to spend $1,000 for a special Mickey Mouse wrist watch.

There's enough fraternizing in Austria, as in Germany, for G.I.s to quickly see the ghastly side of the medal. One lad there, commenting on the arrival of the first Wac detachment last summer, said: "Them Wacs ain't going to like it here. They got lots of play in Italy and up in Germany. But ain't a G.I. here isn't going steady. Some with three or four Austrian girls." Some of this fraternizing stems directly from hunger and need. All of it has given Americans used to the easy glasses of milk and chocolate bars of home a look into a world where literally everyone lost twenty-five to sixty pounds during the last months of starvation under Nazi oppression and Russian liberation. Despite heavy official warnings, most of the Americans run personal UNRRAs with what rations and PX materials they can spare.

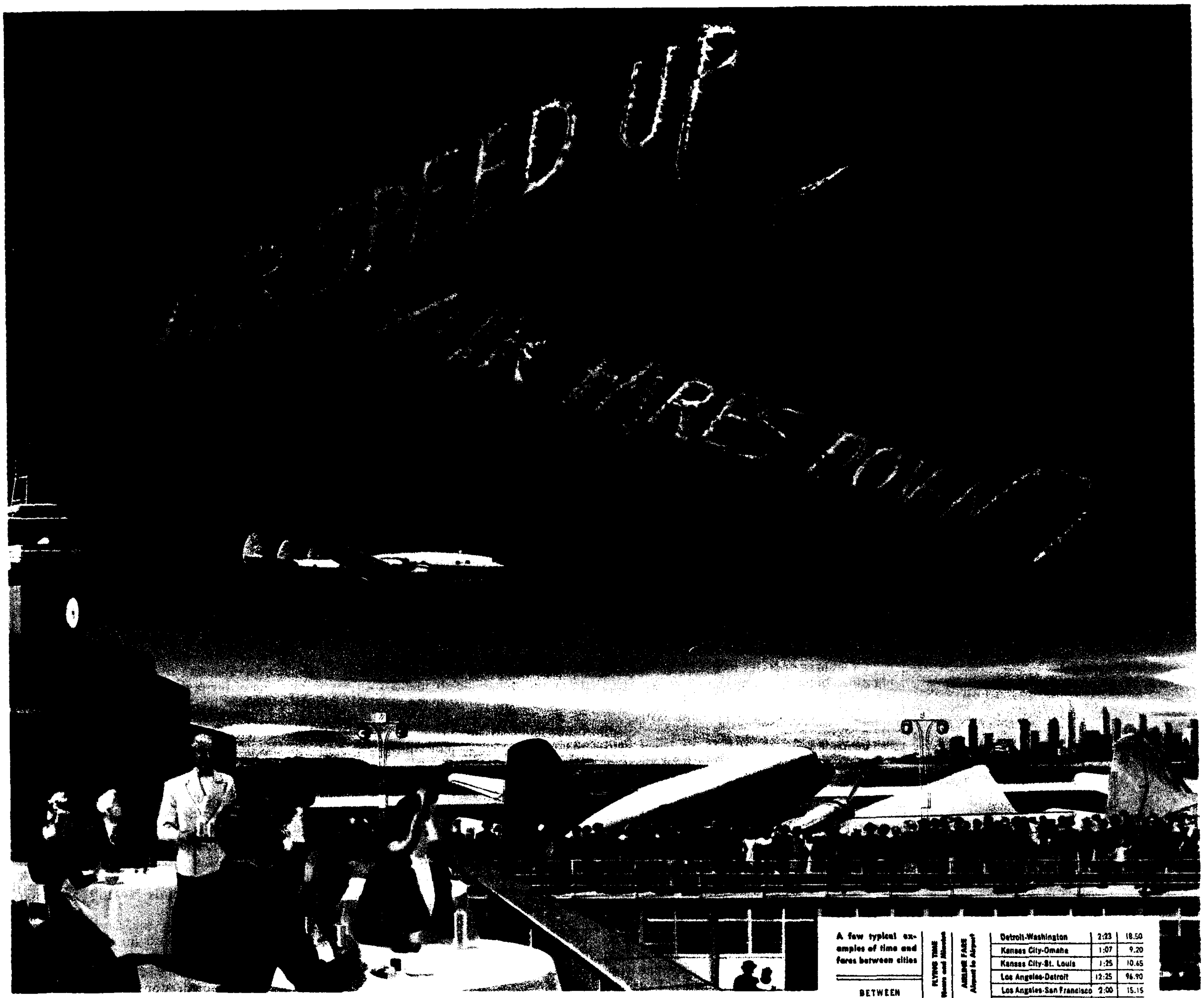
Six months after the Germans, with a last fling at burning and blowing up Vienna's best buildings, fled north, the town is beginning to offer Americans something to spend their money on. But not much. The few store windows displaying merchandise announce "Showpieces only. Not for sale." But some cameras are appearing at less than stateside prices or in exchange for a few pounds of fat or a bag of potatoes. And for those who know where to look, the jewels and remaining art works of a long-impoverished nobility are to be had for very small sums indeed. Still less if the buyer has clothing or food to *entausch*. But that's officer stuff. Few enlisted men even in this inflated year find the wherewithal to pick up diamonds or Rembrandts (alleged). And the town still doesn't have a single restaurant, except for U.S.-operated clubs, which offers anything more than ersatz coffee, black bread and beans. The cabarets run all right. But you bring your own food and wine. The thirsty and loot-happy Russians removed the cellars' contents long ago. What you really want to do, fellows, is get over to Budapest.

Correspondents can reach Budapest after preliminary negotiations for Russian road passes and diplomatic clearance that take from a day to never at all. It's the G.I.s back from chauffeuring the newspapermen, congressmen or generals who find it expedient to have important and frequent business in the Hungarian capital who advertise Budapest.

"Boy, did I have some nights over there! All the ritzy chow you can eat, a regular bath in champagne, cocktails, brandy, dancing and plenty of big tips—maybe $3 for the night. And cameras, silk stockings, jewelry, perfume and cognac to bring back. Half of stateside prices." That's why transportation outfits in General Mark Clark's Army make a chance to drive to Budapest a reward for exceptional virtue.

Just about every Hungarian has something to sell to just about every American. Wearing a U.S. uniform on Budapest's streets is to invite practically continuous approaches

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM PACHNER



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Study the table of fares on this page. Compare them with the over-all cost of other travel. See how little it costs and how quickly you get there by air.

And remember — the best planes, the best engines and the best flying personnel in the world are at your service—at home and abroad—when you fly the planes that fly the U.S. flag!

P. S. Reservations are easy to make. Just phone the nearest Airline office or travel agent. In case your plans change, be sure to phone back and cancel. Air Transport Association, 1515 Massachusetts Ave., N.W., Washington 5, D.C.

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A few typical examples of time and fares between cities

BETWEEN	FLYING TIME Hours and Minutes	AIRLINE FARE Airport to Airport
Atlanta-Boston	7:17	$45.90
Atlanta-Dallas	5:45	35.50
Atlanta-San Francisco	15:49	107.70
Billings-Denver	3:30	24.80
Boston-Chicago	5:38	39.65
Boston-Los Angeles	15:56	125.10
Boston-St. Louis	6:30	48.20
Buffalo-New York	1:44	13.80
Buffalo-Washington	2:50	14.95
Chicago-Dallas	6:00	41.60
Chicago-Miami	10:32	59.00
Chicago-New Orleans	6:35	40.85
Chicago-San Francisco	12:14	85.45
Chicago-Seattle	13:12	85.45
Chicago-Washington	3:42	27.25
Chicago-St. Louis	1:50	11.70
Cincinnati-Atlanta	2:40	18.00
Cincinnati-Detroit	1:35	11.20
Cincinnati-NewYork	4:07	28.20
Cleveland-Pittsburgh	0:55	5.75
Cleveland-St. Paul	6:00	28.10
Cleveland-San Francisco	14:30	99.70
Dallas-Kansas City	2:50	24.45
Dallas-Miami	7:46	58.80
Dallas-San Antonio	1:40	11.30
Denver-Dallas	5:30	32.25
Denver-El Paso	4:12	32.70
Denver-Kansas City	3:10	27.95
Denver-Mexico City	14:55	81.10
Detroit-Des Moines	3:51	25.65
Detroit-Washington	2:23	18.50
Kansas City-Omaha	1:07	9.20
Kansas City-St. Louis	1:25	10.65
Los Angeles-Detroit	12:25	96.90
Los Angeles-San Francisco	2:00	15.15
Miami-Boston	8:45	65.00
Miami-New York	6:55	56.65
Miami-Seattle	22:07	144.45
Milwaukee-New York	4:30	32.85
Minneapolis-Chicago	2:10	14.65
Minneapolis-St. Louis	3:50	26.35
New Orleans-Atlanta	2:29	20.70
New Orleans-Jacksonville	2:42	24.75
New Orleans-St. Louis	4:35	29.15
New York-Atlanta	4:54	37.55
New York-Boston	1:15	8.35
New York-Chicago	3:55	32.85
New York-Honolulu	37:43	396.30
New York-Kansas City	8:05	51.70
New York-London	15:00	375.00
New York-Los Angeles	14:20	118.30
New York-Mexico City	17:18	114.90
New York-Montreal	2:10	16.70
Philadelphia-Miami	7:37	52.25
Philadelphia-Seattle	17:56	115.15
St. Louis-Detroit	3:05	23.15
St. Louis-New York	6:25	41.40
Salt Lake City-New York	13:06	91.45
Salt Lake City-Los Angeles	4:00	31.25
San Francisco-Kansas City	10:20	72.95
San Francisco-Mexico City	16:45	98.35
Seattle-Denver	8:10	54.60
Seattle-San Francisco	5:00	29.15
Washington-St. Louis	4:58	34.05
Washington-Atlanta	3:12	27.50
Washington-Cleveland	1:52	14.40

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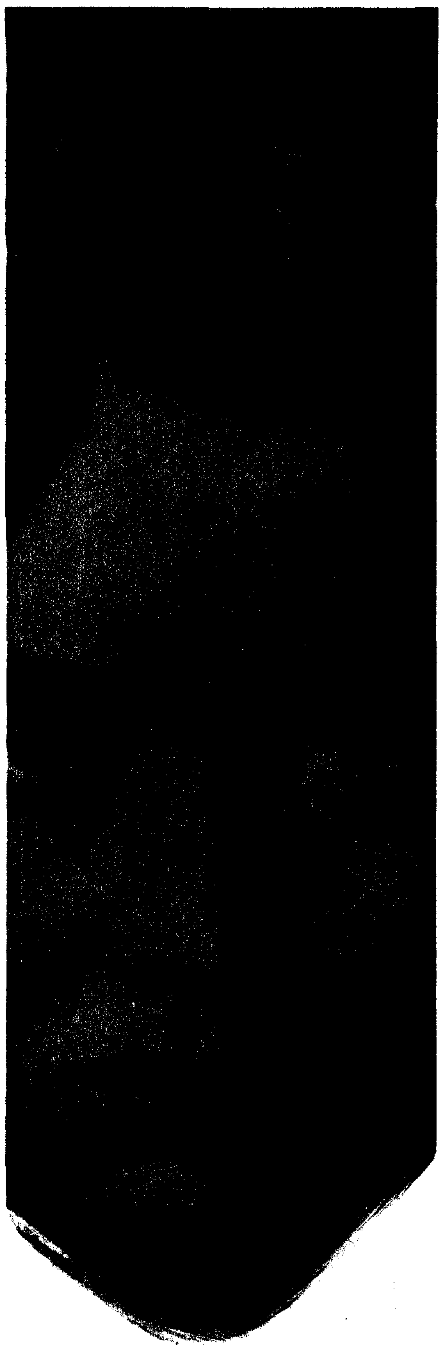
THE AIRLINES OF THE UNITED STATES

FLY THE PLANES THAT FLY THE U. S. FLAG



JENNIFER
JONES
is one of the stars of
DUEL
in the SUN
Made by
SELZNICK in TECHNICOLOR

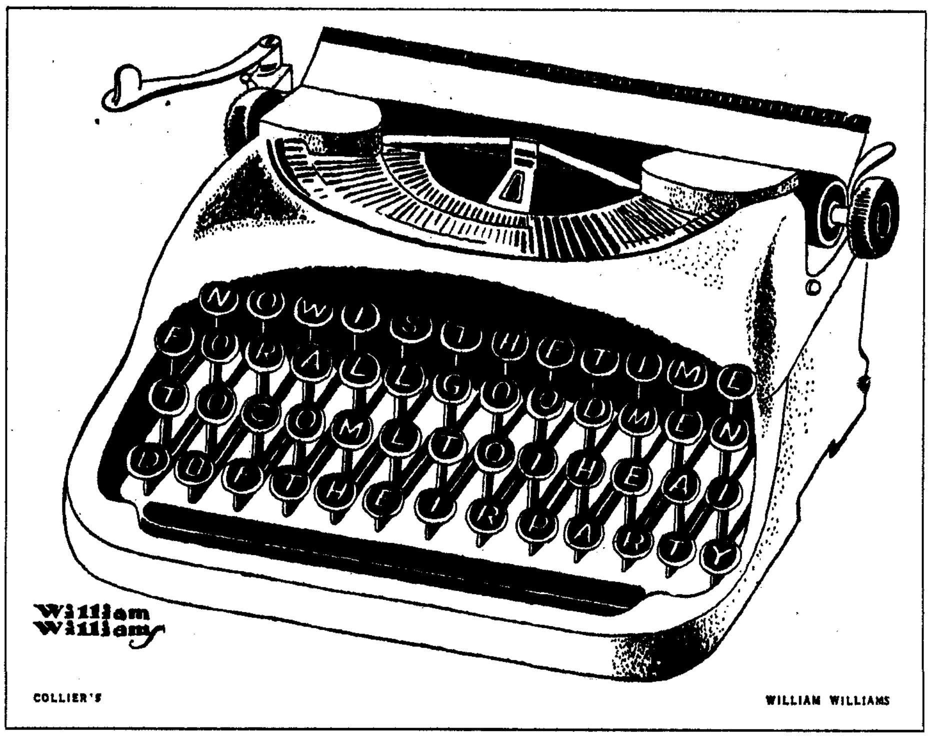
from salesmen of cameras, watches, diamonds or pengö. The last, the country's inflated currency, came at the time of writing at about 35,000 handsome pink bank notes to $1. Its prewar rate was five to $1. So imagine a Hungarian's horror at seeing an American blithely pay a 300,000 pengö bar check from a bulging pocket. How would you feel if your savings-bank account stayed right where it is while the price of a drink rose to, say, $5,000? So, Budapest salesmen cluster hungrily around the American Military Mission headquarters on Kossuth Lajos Place. Inside, the mission finds it pretty hard to get any business done in face of the attractive commercial diversions offered. It's not human nature to expect a lieutenant to turn down a chance to buy a $2,000 fur coat for $500.

The fever spreads to everyone who comes to town, whether or not he's been forewarned. Hardly any of the plentiful congressional committees double-talking profoundly through central Europe have passed up Budapest's "free market." One representative was known to depart after only twenty-four hours with $500 worth of cameras (at stateside prices), a set of sterling silver and all the fur coats the plane could carry.

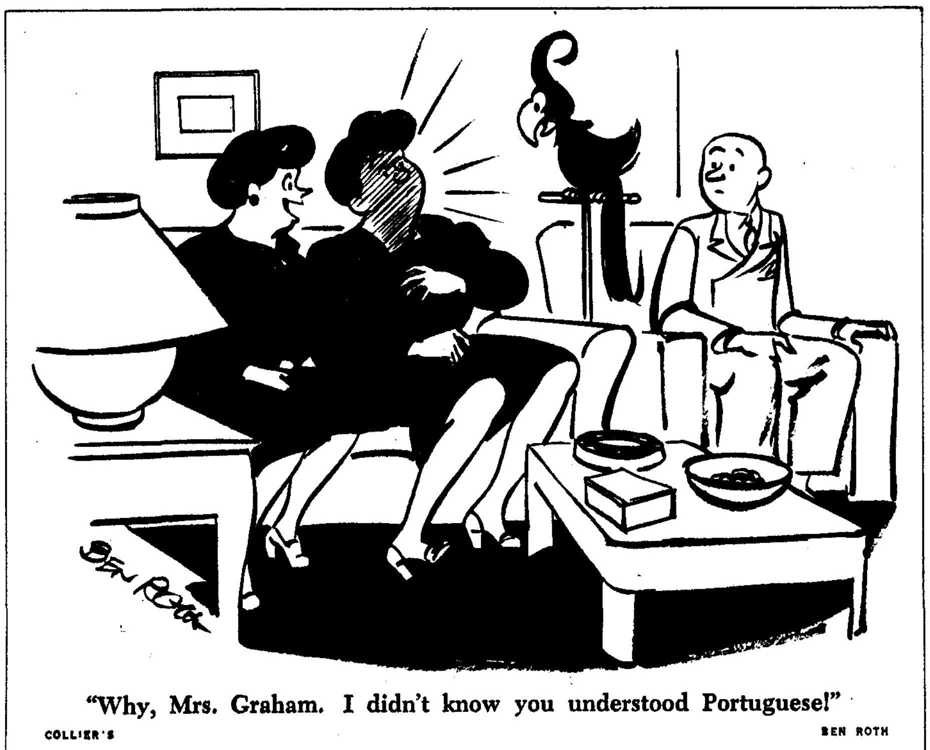
The processes of shopping the town are fabulous in themselves. The first necessary piece of equipment is an interpreter. For this purpose nothing works quite as well as one of the Hungarian-American girls who man the mission's desks. Next comes a supply of pengö. Big items like cameras and silver, fur coats or diamonds are bought in the indestructible value of dollars. But the silk stockings, exquisite handmade lingerie, champagne, French perfume and superb meals are to be paid for in pengö. Despite repeated if half-hearted raids, Budapest's money bourse operates in the courtyard of a big office building, from 11 to 2 daily.

Black Friday Never Like This

The sidewalk outside is crowded with seedy characters with bulging brief cases or newspaper-wrapped bundles under their arms. These aren't the money dealers. They're the go-betweens who will, if you find one your interpreter trusts, take your crisp dollars (bills larger than tens or slightly soiled money missing even a tiny corner don't go) and disappear into the recesses of the courtyard. I ventured a look in there at imminent risk of assassination by a guard who didn't think any American ought to see such sights. The floor of the New York Stock Exchange on Black Friday never exhibited such chaos. Everyone screamed loudly and continually in frenzied Hungarian. Everyone waved wads of money or quotable fingers in the air. At the door a placid fat lady sold delicious tiny pastries, the only visible oasis of calm. I nibbled chocolate cream puffs at 300 pengö each until my selected character emerged from the melee with a newspaper package of pengö and an expression of delight. He had gotten a rate of 32,500 instead of the contemplated 32,000. The character expected and got a sizable tip atop his half of one per cent commission.



COLLIER'S WILLIAM WILLIAMS



"Why, Mrs. Graham. I didn't know you understood Portuguese!"

COLLIER'S BEN ROTH

The purpose of the sporadic raids on the money market is to bring the black rate down to the official or national bank exchange rate which at this writing was 8,000 for $1. The principal result of each raid is to give the dealer a chance to skim the price back a thousand pengö or so in his own favor by saying he's afraid to make the deal. But try to escape him. The government collects another batch of fines from the dealers, raises the official rate a thousand or so and the merry-go-round starts again.

Armed with a stack of pengö and some dollars for the bigger stuff, we visited the Vacsi Utca, Budapest's Fifth Avenue. The street, like most in the city, was pretty well beaten up in the forty-five days of vicious street fighting between Soviets and Germans. While the weather was still warm, the smell of bodies under the ruins hung over the street but did not dim the rapacious smirks of the storekeepers who welcomed the early U.S. travelers and their cash. Store windows are usually tiny panes of glass in smashed frames. In most stores the stocks are not at hand. But wait a minute, won't you, asks the proprietor, and a clerk runs out, returning in a moment with the silk stockings, dainty underwear or wrist watches in satchels or brief cases. Another runner heads for the latest bourse quotation. The memory of the indiscriminate and general looting in the first days of Russian occupation is still too fresh for the shopkeepers to take a chance.

Select what you want. Express, via interpreter, horror at the price asked. Continue the routine familiar from Bagdad to Shanghai. Offer a third less than you intend to pay. Start to leave. Be persuaded to turn back. The merchant seems in despair at being cheated out of his valuable merchandise. He gives in. You give in. The pitch of fervid Hungarian dies down a little. *"Schluss!"* one of the few recognizable Hungarian words finishes the deal.

Then the conversation begins. It flows on from ten minutes to half an hour. I've never been able to discover what's being talked about. Inquiries of any interpreter always bring the same reply. "Oh, we were just talking about nothing." It's a necessary Hungarian exercise. But its largely why a visitor from Vienna with a shopping list from fifty friends finds that the buying he thought would take a morning actually consumes three days.

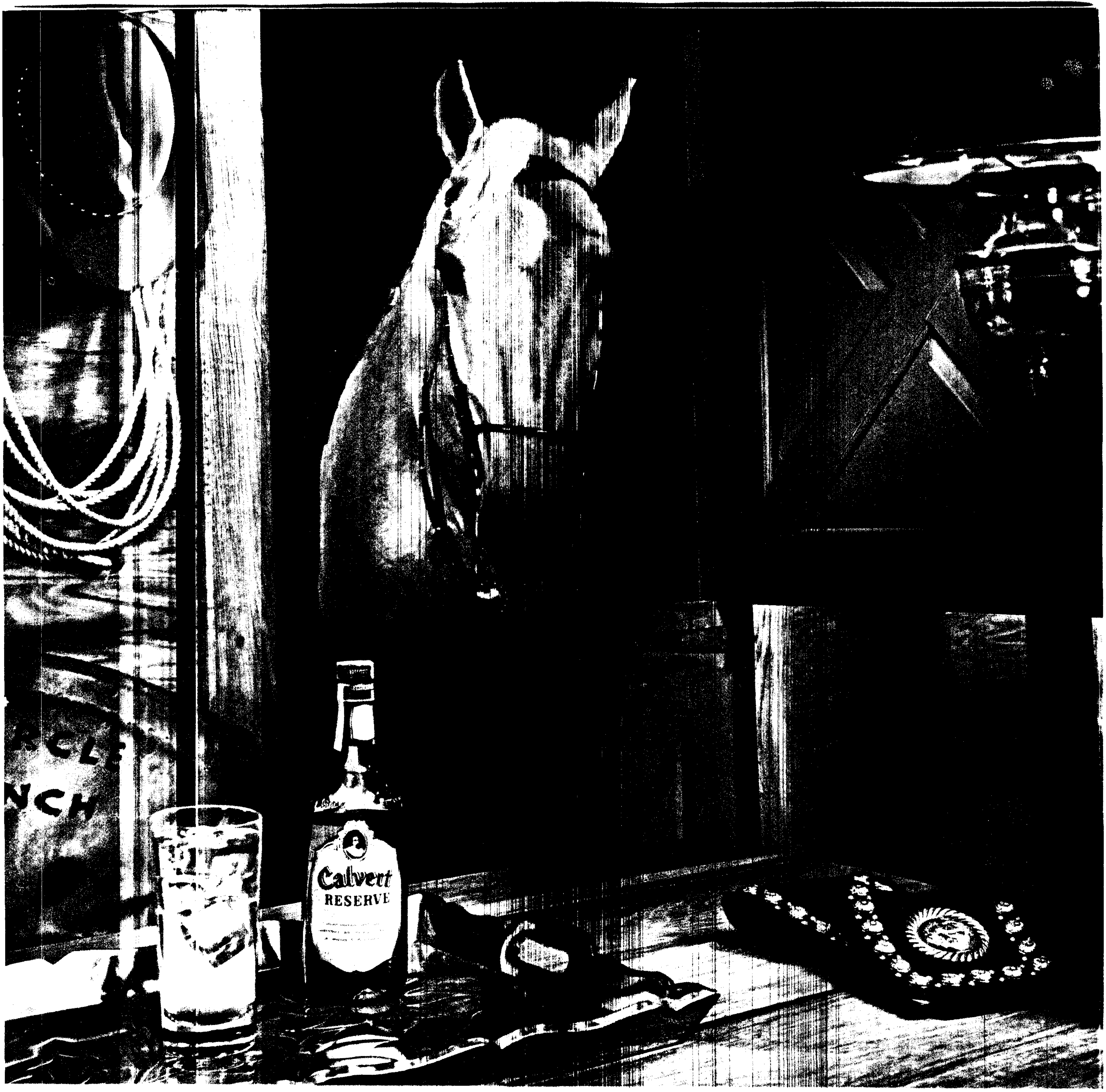
Luxury Goods By the Truckload

And so on for the day. No one comes back from Budapest into the really denuded lands with less than a jeep load for his friends. One team of correspondents decided to clean up the wants of about everyone in Vienna from generals down to Wac privates. They spent a week loading a two-and-a-half-ton truck with luxuries like nothing that had traveled the Budapest highway since the Red Army started its loot rolling toward Moscow.

Budapest gets more fabulous by night. The public night clubs are notable enough in a devastated Europe where most attempts at creating the old tempo are grimly sad. But Budapest never really slowed down, even when its people were cowering in bunkers while the war thundered overhead. The famous Arizona Club has a revolving dance floor of glass, sexy girls of all colors and varieties, a dance band featuring American tunes laboriously copied down from "Hit Parade" broadcasts and plenty of fifty-cent champagne. A thousand pengö tip—less than a nickel—will make the headwaiter feel pretty good. But G.I.s get ringside attention anyhow. Everyone has heard that they have been known to tip a $1 bill when sufficiently encouraged. There's Eva's place, with a sultry-voiced girl named Judy singing songs in a dozen languages, the Pax, operated by Count and Countess Apponyi of the impoverished but very noble nobility, and half a hundred others.

But tops in their respective departments are the Allied Officers Park Club and the American G.I.s' "Club Pengö" in the basement of a slightly scabrous hotel. A character named "Chappy" who isn't quite sure whether he's Hungarian or Italian, leads a sizzling dance band that knows how to drop a wild czardas in among the "one-o'clock jumps." And the

(Continued on page 51)



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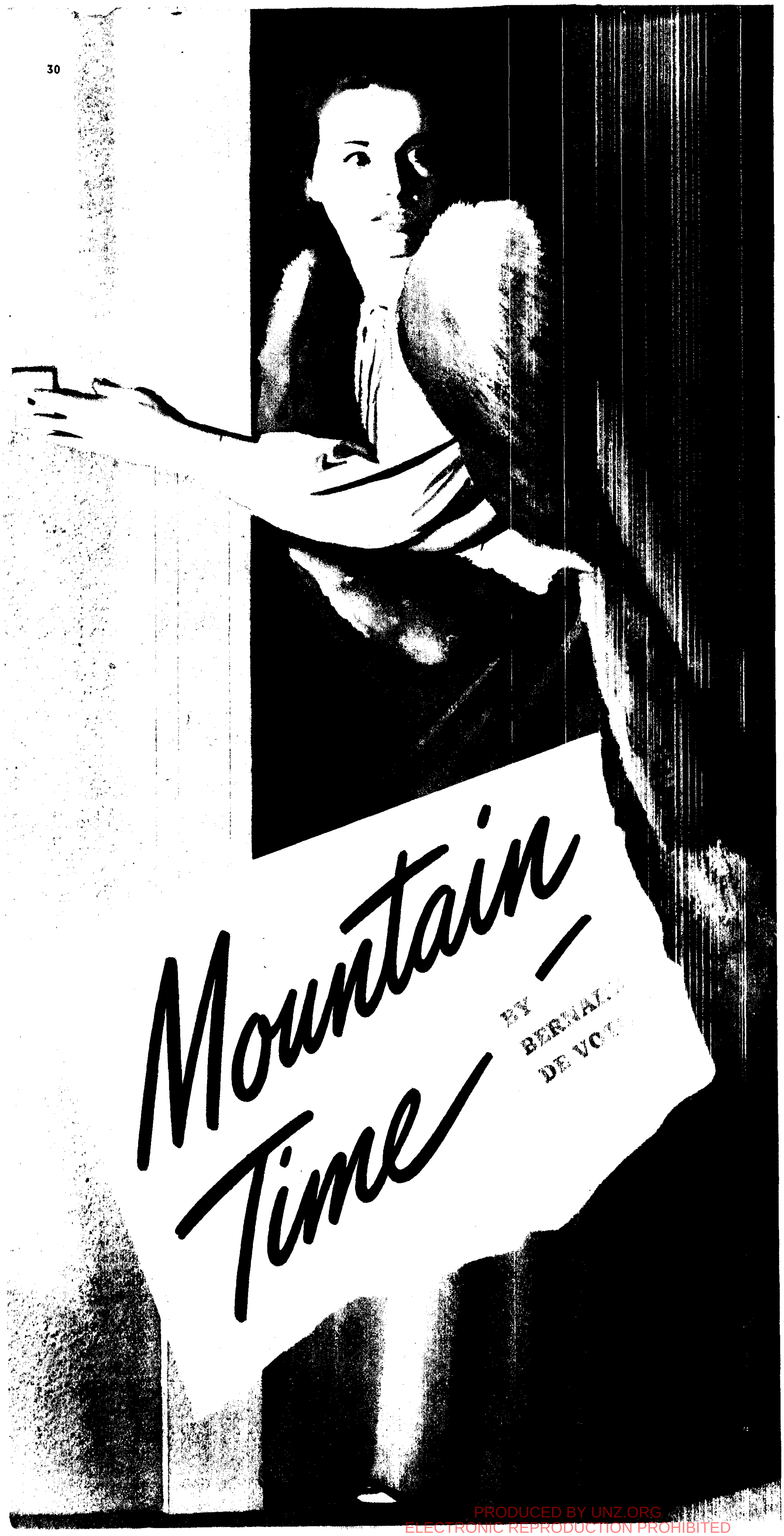

Mountain Time

BY BERNARD DE VOTO

The Story:

Cyrus Kinsman, head surgical resident of Mercy Hospital, was watching his world disintegrate about him. At the hospital, distrust in himself and in medicine as a profession had grown with his increasing antagonism toward Dr. McAllister, arrogant head of Mercy whose brilliant technique completely lacked integrity and responsibility. Outside of Mercy, his friendship with Josephine Willard, whose longing for their hometown in Custis, Colorado, once had provided a strong link between them, had been complicated by his realization of his love for her, and made futile by her stubborn loyalty to her husband, vain, demanding Sam Willard. It was more than Cy could bear to see Josephine wear her nerves thin in an attempt to support her daughter, Deborah, while Sam, consumed by his belief in the emancipation of the artist, quit his job to write a book and neglected his marriage in favor of an affair with blond Cassie Morton. Unable to help Josephine or be helped by her, at the end of his rope at Mercy, Cy finally tendered his resignation and set out for Custis. Lost without Cy's strength to lean on, and finding her life grow daily more intolerable, Josephine at last managed to break with Sam. Taking Deborah with her, she left to join her parents, Professor Asa Caneday and his wife Hattie, in Custis, her one hope to see Cy again. But defeat had changed Cy completely, and believing that if he, too, had given up, there could be no chance for her, Josephine broke down entirely.

III

IT HAD been in mid-October that Josephine had finally left Sam and come home to Custis, on the verge of complete nervous collapse. Now, one morning in April, Cy Kinsman scrubbed as much garage grease as he could from his hands, put on his only respectable jacket, and drove to the county courthouse. Josephine's lawyer, who had been in Cy's class at Custis High School, was waiting on the steps. Presently Josephine and her father came and they all went into the district court. The judge came in and nodded to Asa Caneday. The bailiff declared the court in session and called the case of Willard vs. Willard.

This was the last act, the decree, and it did not take long. The honorable court declared the bonds of matrimony existing between Josephine Caneday Willard and Samuel Frederick Willard dissolved. They all went into the clerk's office to sign papers. The lawyer was affable. The judge fell into conversation with his old friend Asa. Josephine signed her name, looked at her lawyer and asked, "Is that all?"

She was dressed in clothes which Cy remembered from New York—pleated blue silk skirt, silk jersey jacket, straw hat the color of her hair, dark brown Oxfords and stockings. She looked pathologically neat—but thank God she was on the mend.

Asa Caneday and Jo and Cy went out to the worn sandstone steps, to blinding mountain sunlight. They stood looking out across the big bowl-like valley which the Ophir Mountains ringed on three sides. Josephine was shaking and leaned against her father. Asa patted her shoulder. "It's going to be all right, Josephine. It *is* all right. You'll feel a lot better now."

She linked one arm with Asa and the other with Cy. "You've probably missed a class, Dad. We'll drive you to the U."

Asa Caneday no longer wore the sandy handle-bar mustache that Cy remembered. The head of the department of geology was gray now, but still lanky, tough as rawhide, weathered and tanned. But the elders had grown old.

They got into Cy's sedan—it was third-hand and five years old—and Cy drove south and east out of Custis, through three miles of foothills to the University. Snow had withdrawn two thirds the way up the peaks but the northern slopes of gulches would still be glazed with ice. The sun was languorous; advanced spring had brought the box elders to flower, plowed ground smelled rankly fecund.

The U had five times as many students now as when Cy had lived here, and three times as many buildings. The medical school which Old Doc Kinsman had bullied out of Cyrus Hockett, the friend for whom he had named his son, now gave a full course instead of the first two years it used to offer. Another multimillionaire was commemorated in a new mining school, where Asa Caneday had his office.

Asa got out. "Don't you fret even a little bit, Jo," he said. He looked at Cy, started to say something, didn't say it, scowled, grinned slowly and slouched away with his hands in his pockets and his shoulders bent. Nobody could miss what he had meant to say: "Guess we'll be hearing about a wedding now." Or maybe: "Guess we'd better be hearing about a wedding now."

Intense sun beat on the top of the car, on the college lawns which it was turning new green, on bright dresses of passing coeds. Cy reached for Jo's hand, which gripped his hard. "I don't think I'll bawl," she said.

"Want to drive somewhere out in the country?"

"Don't you have to repair cars?"

Josephine groped for the switch and turned the light on. Her eyes were blank with fear and she was near collapse

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

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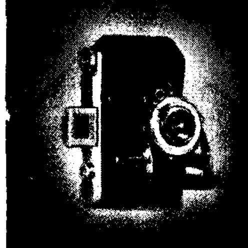
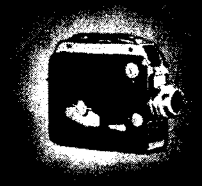


KODAK MONITOR SIX-20 (f/4.5)—one of the finest of folding Kodaks.



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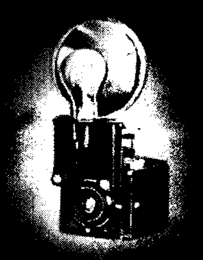

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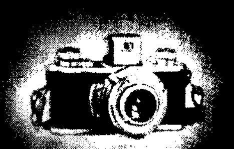

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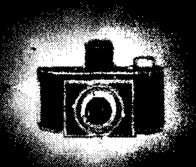
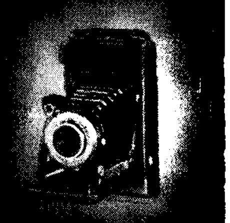
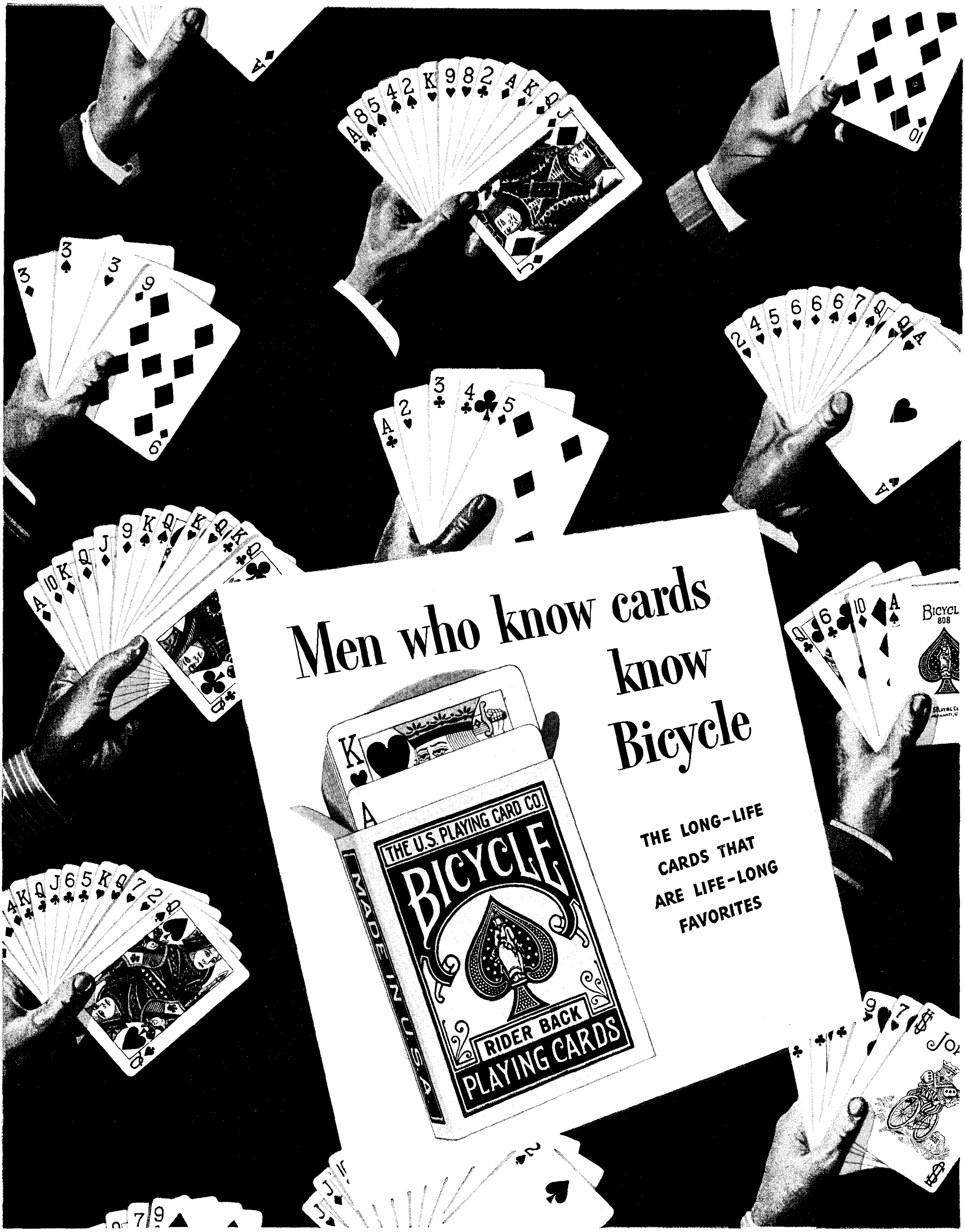


KODAK BANTAM (f/4.5) —handles with delightful ease.



KODAK VIGILANT SIX-20 (f/8.8) —an instant hit.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"I don't need to. . . . I've got some money."

"Bootlegging?"

"Technically, rumrunning. Yes, I drove a load night before last."

She wasn't curious, merely idle. "How much does it pay you?"

"Twenty-five dollars a trip."

"Save it." She slumped lower in the seat, squinting against the sun. "All right, let's ride. I'll have to change, first, though."

He drove to the drab old Caneday house on Orchard Street. Deborah came slowly across the front yard. She was scrawny; there was a pinched look in her face. The spring sun had not tanned her skin in the least. Josephine put out a hand to ward her off. Cy marked the gesture. It had become habitual and Jo supposed he had never noticed it. He set the child on his shoulders and Hattie Caneday came tumbling out of the house to fold Josephine in her plump arms. Hattie too was gray and frayed.

"I'm all right, Mother. It isn't the end of the world."

"Of course not. It's the beginning of happier things for you."

Josephine wrinkled the bridge of her nose and went in. The steps and porch railing were rickety, had been bare of paint for years. Inside the house nothing had changed or ever would, except that the walls had grown shabby, the remembered carpets were threadbare, the pictures seemed silly. The house, like the Canedays, had grown old.

Hattie was studying Cy, bewildered concern in her face. She was a gentle soul; so was Asa. They were puzzled by the complexities of the young people round them. The strange, ambiguous world their children lived in was incomprehensible. They had long since stopped asking Cy when he was going to start practicing medicine and be a second Dr. Kinsman in Custis. They no longer so much as asked him when he was going to get a job.

"Cyrus," Hattie said, "you be good to her."

That exhortation was as close as she could get to the urgency in her mind. Like Asa, she couldn't say, "Of course, you'll marry Josephine now. Of course, you'll make it decent now."

It was easier not to say, "I'll do right by your daughter, Hattie, if I can find out what the right thing is." So he said nothing at all but only sat on the top step, one arm round Deborah, and stared passively into little April's golden haze above the foothills.

There was no doubt how, after soul-searching, Asa and Hattie had sized up the situation and reconciled themselves to it. When Jo fell sick it was: "She's lucky to have Cy to watch out for her." Then: "They're in love." Then: "That's why her marriage went wrong—she and Cy fell in love—they're grown up, after all, and morals aren't what they used to be—we must not blame them—we must not hurry them." And always: "Everything will be all right when she gets her divorce."

They made one fundamental error. There was no affair. There would be no marriage. Two weaknesses had been lucky enough to find support in each other. Enough support that it almost made a strength. But not quite. . . .

Josephine came back in a khaki skirt, cotton stockings, old heavy shoes, a tan blouse. "Are we taking Deborah? Then I'll drive."

"We're taking Deborah. Stop somewhere and I'll buy food."

He got cheese, bread, sardines; milk for Deborah. And Jo drove up Custis Canyon, where spring was only beginning. Cy held Deborah on his knees, sunny air blowing through his mind, and pointed out ducks and magpies and blackbirds with great gold medals on their breasts. Ophir River was beginning to come into flood. Where Josephine stopped, in a meadow twenty miles up the canyon, it poured in rushing brown swells up to the rim of its banks. They found a dry patch between some cottonwoods and the river, and stretched out in the sun.

"Rattlesnakes?" she asked.

"Of course not."

"Then go pick violets, Debby. Or talk to the chipmunks."

"No chipmunks till next month—Cy says so," Deborah told her pedantically.

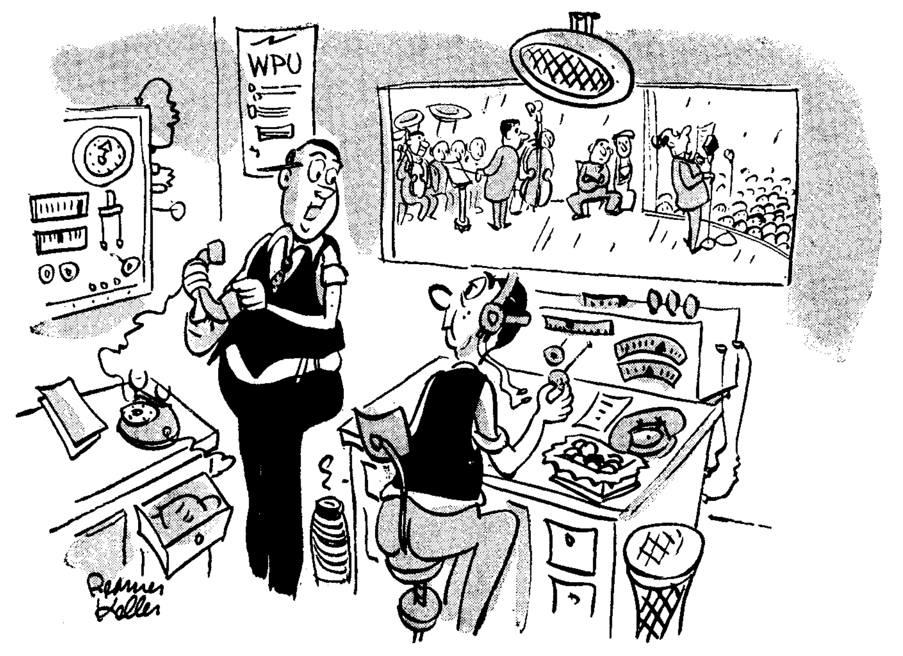
Cy closely watched the slow movements of those scrawny little legs. He brought his gaze back to Josephine. "You all right, Jo?"

'I'm all right, Cy."

SHE thought she wasn't but she was—better than she knew. He had brought her through a good old-fashioned nervous crash. The panic that had struck her the night she got home proved to be the first of many. Through November and December there was added to them a series of intense phobias, even more terrifying than pure panic, since Jo had never known such things happened to anyone. By merely being on hand when needed, by listening and being unmoved, by words and incantations and wordless support Cy had kept her going, but it had been a near thing. He had, so to speak, talked and more especially walked her to health, usually after midnight. Hundreds of miles. When winter blocked the hills he got snowshoes and continued the therapy. Sometime during January he knew that she had rounded the turn. Her symptoms lessened, then disappeared. By now nothing was left except occasional upsurges of the old panic, less intense but still mysterious to her. Cy believed that that vestige too would vanish if she would face the truth—the truth which she hid from him in a naïve belief that he did not suspect it; the truth that might explain everything. . . .

They ate lunch and he took Deborah down to the river to toss sticks in it. She enjoyed it for a while, then grew tired. He put her in the car and covered her. She went to sleep.

An arm over her eyes, Josephine seemed



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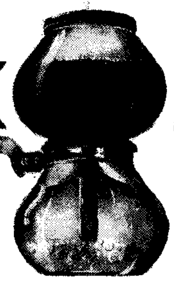

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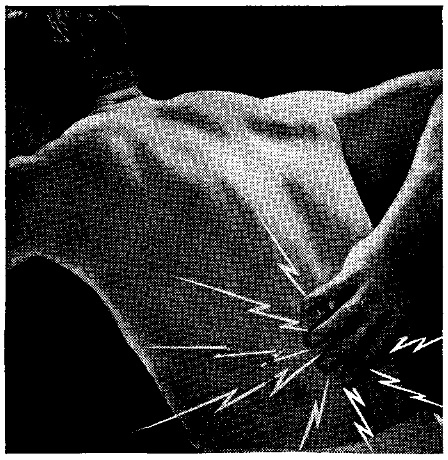

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asleep too, completely inert, her breast a slow rhythm. Long legs, narrow waist, wide but sloping shoulders. The poets of Twenty-third Street had talked of a fundamental triangle of beauty, shoulders to pelvis, and of lesser triangles of thighs and breasts and face. They had been reducing beauty to an abstraction—as, Cy realized, he was doing now. As if he were afraid of it. Well, coming back to the concrete, she had gained ten pounds in the last two months.

She sat up. "So this is how a marriage ends. Without a flicker or a sound."

"You'll be all right."

"So you keep saying—but I never am. On the day of your divorce you ought to feel something. Ecstatic or heartbroken or just gay. I *don't feel anything at all.*"

"You will. In fact, you do. I'll discharge you from the clinic when you realize just how you feel."

SHE scowled with the anger that had come to be all but habitual and was directed mostly at him. She was grateful to him, she needed him, she relied on him and sometimes it was clear she hated him. "That will be on doomsday," she said. "Unless we're way past doomsday now."

"I'm ready to give you your discharge any time," he said. "You're fatting up. You're tough as buffalo hide right now. Those bones will rise again."

"You mean you don't have to tap my back and chest any more? Thank the good Lord for that."

"I mean you're about over your troubles. You've got just one more river to cross."

She believed him quite simply. She trusted his judgment altogether. "What river is that?" she asked him.

"If I tell you, you won't cross it. We'll just wait for it to turn up."

"Can I get a job?"

"Pretty soon. I'll tell you when."

She put her head down on her knees, and the sun made modulations in the dark brown tones of her hair. After a while, she said, "In spite of what you say, you *are* practicing medicine—on me."

"No. What I'm practicing is the celebrated Kinsman clairvoyance. I've come to know you pretty well."

Jaggedly, "Oh, good God! Stripped naked before you a hundred times, me and my mind and my nastiness and my craziness. You ought to!"

He let that go, watching the shadow of a cottonwood branch move toward her over brown earth. It had nearly reached her when she said, "Tell me the exact truth: Aren't you ever going to practice medicine?"

"You know I'm not."

"Once more, Cy, why not?"

"I can't."

"What are you going to do?"

"I don't know. Probably just about what I'm doing."

"And there goes Santa Claus. You know, Cy, it could be you that pulled the trap under me."

If that were so, then there could be no ultimate help for either of them. . . . She stretched out prone, arms at full length ahead of her to give them the sun. There was the subdued rushing of the river, the clatter of kingfishers, the smell of the warming earth—and wisdom was to take the moments one by one as they presented themselves and to ask no more.

After a long silence, she said, "Forty thousand people in Custis. Forty thousand people, less maybe about four, are dead-sure I'm living with you in what is locally called sin."

Cy nodded. "That's what the evidence indicates. Don't blame people for following the evidence. What bothers you—your reputation?"

"What reputation would that be?"

"That's the answer. Well, we can continue to let our precious souls take care of each other at all hours of the day and night. We can keep up this—well, call it this alliance of the exquisitely dismayed. But if we do, we've got to let the evidence fall where it may."

"My father and mother hate the evidence. Heaven knows what it costs them to be forbearing and keep their mouths shut. I suppose there's nothing to be done."

He made careful note that this, Josephine's first allusion to the topic, had come on the day her divorce was granted. . . . Deborah woke and went to sit by the river. Cy joined her and hunted pebbles with shiny spots on them, every one pure gold, he said.

"Honest, Cy?" A gentle trustfulness in her eyes.

"Not gold, no. Just pretend gold."

Josephine had taken off her blouse to sun her back while he was gone. She hastily put it on again at his approach and he grinned—a very modest woman; however illicit their relationship seemed to others it must not be in the least indecorous. When he came up, she said, "Cy, what's the matter with Debby?"

He sat down, scrutinizing her. "You realize there is something the matter?"

"With the way you act about her?"

This too had come on the day of her divorce. Maybe she had come out of the shadow far enough to take it. "I've worked out on her for months," he said. "I've had Rulon Williams and old Bramwell work out on her. We've given her every test there is. She's been X-rayed, fluoroscoped—everything. We can't tell what it is."

"And yet?"

He began to shred a piece of cedar bark, fiber by fiber, not looking at Jo. "There's something wrong as hell. Within the last month her blood has begun to fall off a little—an anemia I can't explain. But she hasn't been growing at all. She's got less strength, less endurance, less pep than she had a year ago. If you'd ever . . ."

He had started to say, "If you'd ever look at her," but didn't finish. Instead he looked at Josephine. The dismay in her face was not as intense as it ought to be. Obviously what she was thinking terrified her—but in what way, to what end? If he could determine that and bring it up to the light he would have some answers. But the ultimate truth about Josephine was as impossible to reach as the ultimate truth about that slight figure sitting quietly in the sun by the river.

Josephine choked. There was a single tear on her cheek. But still he could not read her face.

"I had to tell you, Jo. Don't worry about her. I'll find out what's wrong."

That worked out in an absolutely logical way. Josephine said, "And won't that be practicing medicine, either?"

She brought him to his feet. "No!" he said. "It's totally different. Haven't you got any mind at all?"

"Let's not fight, Cy. Not today."

No, not today. "Deborah is different," he said.

"She's your daughter. You're more her father than Sam ever was."

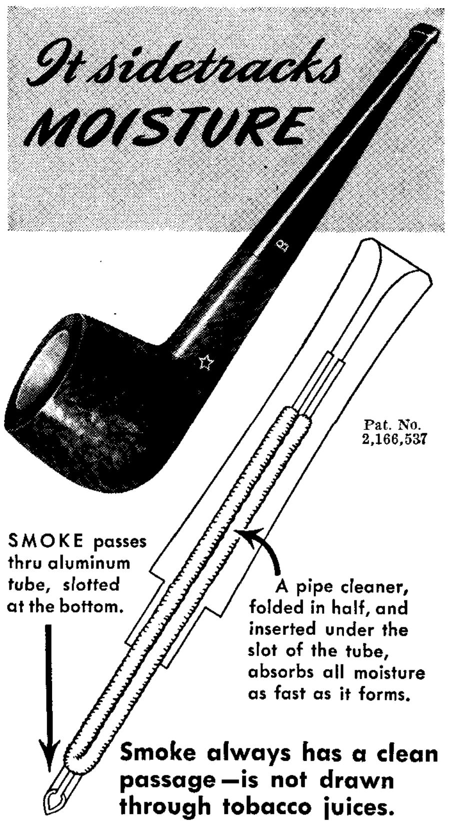
That was exactly right. And down there by the flooded river his daughter was . . . no she was not, for a man who had saved the woman with crushed legs would save her.

"What I mean to you," Josephine said with precise detachment, "is that I'm her mother. That's exactly all. Let's go back to Custis."

He whistled and obediently Deborah started toward them—too slowly. Josephine gazed at her, lower lip caught between her teeth, expression untranslatable. She did not offer to take the child in her lap. "You drive," Cy said at last and picked up Deborah.

WESLEY KINSMAN had bequeathed his house to his daughter Polly. A few years ago, widowed now, she had moved back to it. She was eight years older than Cy and had always been antagonistic to him. On his return he had stayed with her for a couple of months. But Polly was the essence of respectability, and in her the town's shock when he refused to practice medicine became scandal and scorn. She tried to shame him, she tried to control him, she tried to make a man out of one who, in her phrase, had proved a worthless loafer. So he had moved into Wes Kinsman's barn.

He could use the tools of any trade. Partitioning the downstairs with wallboard, he made three rooms and put in windows. He installed a shower and toilet, gas stove and water heater, electric fixtures. He brought down Old Doc Kinsman's office furniture and some of his books from the loft—and would some day remodel the loft too. He lived in a clean apartment, with the sparse neatness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of a man who had been both a soldier and a surgeon. Army blankets were folded on an Army cot, shabby chairs were as evenly spaced as the beds in a ward, a few pots and dishes were as shiny as an autoclave. In a faint, pleasant smell of horses and their harness, he lived where he had so often hitched them for his father in the morning and unhitched them late at night when the old man came in from emergency calls. It was a good place. Cy was contented and at peace. He had found the level of the quiet mind.

Leaving Josephine, that day of the divorce, he ate dinner at Timmy's Diner, across from Tanser's Garage, where he worked when he needed the money. Myrtle Hill, the hard and wholesome girl whose tyranny over cooks gave Timmy's the best food in town, was on the morning shift this week, but he could talk amiably with her alternate, who was just as hard and a lot tougher. After dinner he sat talking with the night man at Tanser's. Then he wandered among the town's pool halls and the back-street soda fountains that were beginning to be blind pigs.

He had an amused realization that he was just like Sam's Greenwich Village friends; he had seceded from middle-class respectability. Tanser's crew, Myrtle Hill, the blind-pig crowds—these people were his friends. They received him in a fellowship that contained no reproach. Nobody here thought he had betrayed any ideal by declining to practice medicine. Nobody tried to evangelize or shame him. Nobody cared a damn about promise or defaults. These were the best people. They did not kid themselves. They did not soften life or romanticize it or lie about it. They lived it offhand and fully. They knew what men and women were, what jobs were, what the world was. . . .

Cy went back to the barn. There were two advance copies of a new book on his desk—Minions of the Moon, by Samuel Willard. They had come yesterday and it had seemed injudicious to show them to Josephine on the eve of divorce. Cy had not opened them and did not now but sat looking at them in the light from a gooseneck lamp. They were an item of rich irony. God's—and Josephine's—little boy had done what he started out to do. And Cy Kinsman, the apprentice great man, sat and thought about it.

Finally, he got to work on the innumerable sheets that held his observations of Deborah and the results of his tests. The case had had far more study than any ever entered at Mercy Hospital. So he studied the records for another two hours. As always, they yielded nothing. A solid wall with no door in it, not even a chink that would let light through. . . . Well, he would keep at it till he could cut a door.

At eleven-thirty Cy turned in between Army blankets and fell asleep at once. . . . Years of hospital life had him awake and on his feet at a tapping on the window near his head. Josephine was saying, "Cy, Cy! We've got to take a ride."

So here was one more panic. She had lain awake, staring at her manifold dissatisfactions till, as so often before, terror had come swirling up from secret depths, and she had then come to Cy. He dressed, wrapped a blanket round her in the sedan, and drove westward from Custis down the valley. She sat rigid and taut, holding fear at arm's length. She didn't have to talk; neither did he. For they had talked all this out so often that there was no more to be said. She didn't need anything but motion, darkness and his presence. That was not medicine but it was all the treatment there was.

Once she asked, "What was that big word?"

"Nyctophobia."

"Fear of the dark. But, Cy, we love the dark, too, both of us."

"Nyctophilia, then."

"We do. We hold the night to us. I don't understand. How can you love what you're afraid of? How can you be afraid of what you love?"

Sometime after three o'clock she sagged against his shoulder, asleep. He drove back to Custis. He lifted her out of the car, carried her to her room, laid her on her bed without waking her. A white blur stood at the head of the stairs, a contained but terrible apprehension in the dark—Jo's mother.

"She's all right, Mrs. Caneday," he whispered. "She'll be all right."

He went back to the barn and went to sleep.

IN JUDGMENTS passed on Cy Kinsman, the city of Custis seemed to be divided according to what it remembered about him. The pillars of society remembered that he was the son of Old Doc Kinsman, and so damned him for betraying his father's honor by failing to practice medicine. The greater electorate remembered that he had pitched for Custis High School for three years and had twice helped to bring the state pennant home, and therefore regarded him as a servant of the people and extended him the privileges of citizenship. At Timmy's Diner, Myrtle Hill favorably remembered him as a star, though she could have been only a kid when he was one. She seemed to think he might resume stardom at any moment and sign on with the Custis team in the Intermountain League. That possibility in part vindicated him, for Myrtle disdained his labors at Lloyd Tanser's garage, across the street.

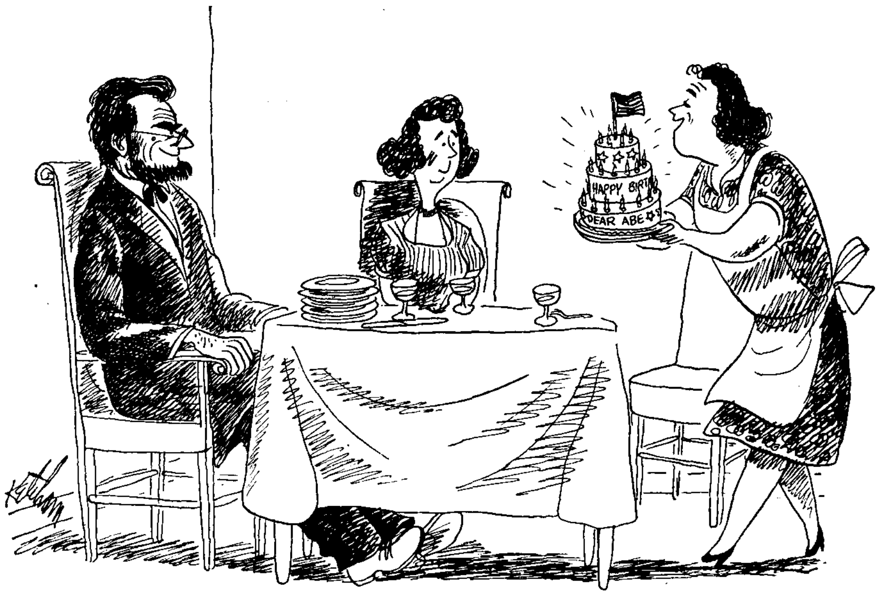
"Here comes pantywaist," she might exclaim with cheerful contempt if he came in at ten in the morning. "Two straight up, Papadoupalous! Cy, why didn't you phone me? I'd 'a' brought you your breakfast in bed."

"Lay off, Myrt. I'm on my way to work."

"You mean you're willing to kindly spend an hour at Tanser's, givin' the boys the honor of your comp'ny."

"I mean I'm a good mechanic. Ask your boy friend Art."

Myrt, efficient, hard and pretty, would lean against the counter and smile at him skeptically. She was a fanatical crusader against dirt and the insect world, the conscience of Timmy's cooks, an expert dissuader of the flirtatious and the amorous,



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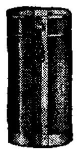
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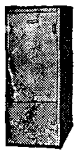
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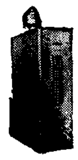
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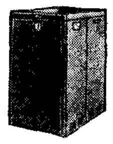
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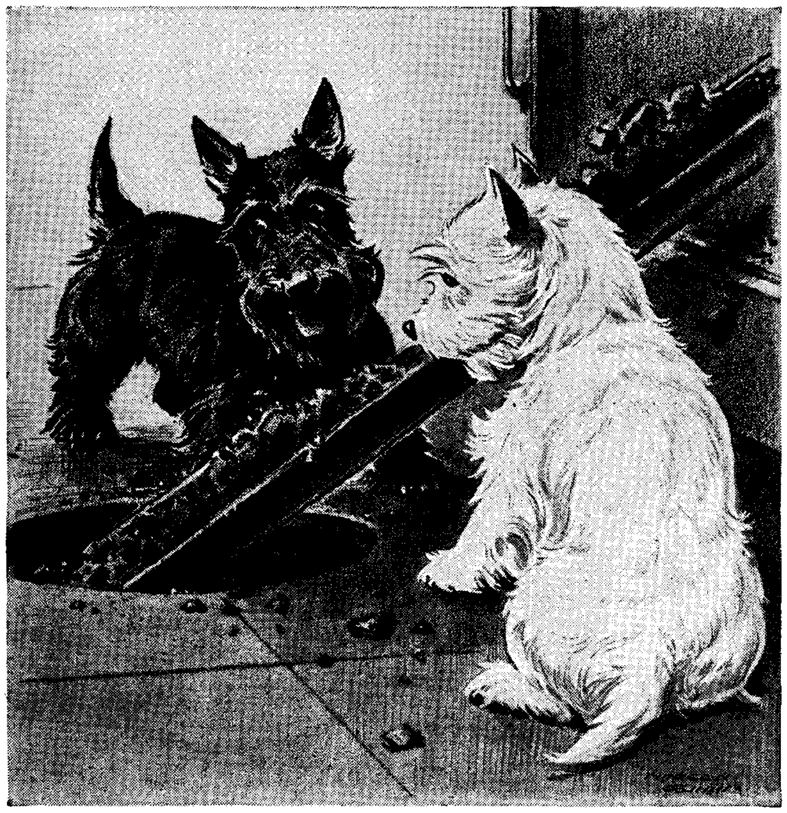

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and an undeluded realist about Cy Kinsman. "No, you're just an amachure mechanic, Cy. You can't kid me. No, and I don't think you're fool enough to try to kid yourself."

Myrt and he had identical philosophies: that the worst sin was to kid yourself. But her judgment was wrong, for none of Lloyd Tanser's regular employees was any better a mechanic than he. They liked him and, what was more important, they respected him and his work. If they called him "wonder boy" or "Professor," that was only in just repayment of his having gone to Harvard. As a diagnostician of engine diseases he was not up to them but no one could find fault with his operating technique. Wrenches and dies were as docile in his hands as ever scalpels had been.

As, for example, this morning, when he was beginning to install a new set of bands in a jalopy. Art Ricco turned from the bench where he was dissecting a carburetor. "You ain't going to use stretchers on a little job like that? And wrenches too! Not a Harvard mechanic! You must be slipping, Cy. I'd of thought you'd just kind of feel 'em *in*."

Cy grinned. "You mean, a mechanic thinks with his fingers." Casually, "Well, it could be done."

"Oh?" Seductively, "No tools at all, maybe?"

"That's right." Cy looked round and picked up a tire iron, flat, two inches wide, two feet long. "Say with just this and my fingers, Art?"

"For five dollars?"

"In fifteen minutes by a watch."

Art fished in his pocket for a greasy, creased bill, and yelled, "Hey, gang! Look what I get to live off of this week—suckers."

But Lloyd Tanser was in the office door. "Cy! Telephone."

It was Josephine, much agitated. "Cy, the little Higgins girl next door that plays with Debby. She's having a convulsion."

"That's easy. Walk down to the corner, count fifty, and come back."

"You get here as fast as you can!"

"Call Rulon Williams if you like. But he'll be careful not to hurry. That's standard practice. If the doctor doesn't hurry, the convulsion is over when he gets there."

"I want you. And I want you now."

"Sure, it looks scary but it isn't. It's just something the kid ate. If you feel you've got to take some action, put her in a tub of hot water."

"You mean you won't come?"

"I don't practice medicine."

He hung up and went back to the floor. Art Ricco said, "Not that you'd run out on a bet, Professor?" He explained the terms to Lloyd Tanser and two of his operatives.

"Can't be done," one of them said flatly.

But Lloyd Tanser asked, "Can you do it, Cy?"

"Certainly."

"Okay. I'll fade anyone." Two more five-dollar bills were tossed on Art's bench. "Now you're working for me twice." Lloyd took out his watch.

THIRTEEN minutes and fifty-two seconds later Cy picked up the bills, gave two of them to Lloyd, and thrust the others in his pocket. "The pancreas can always be sewn if you know how."

"Yeah?" Lloyd admonished his crew. "Don't let the union know we got a mechanic—it would make 'em fret if I started showing a profit. Let Lonny run the pumps—I'll buy coffee."

The five of them filed across the street to Timmy's Diner. "My God, the working man!" Myrt said and ostentatiously bolted the gate that led behind the counter. "If you can't keep 'em busy, Lloyd, lend me a couple to clean the kitchen."

"We just decided we'll learn Cy to be a mechanic," Art Ricco explained.

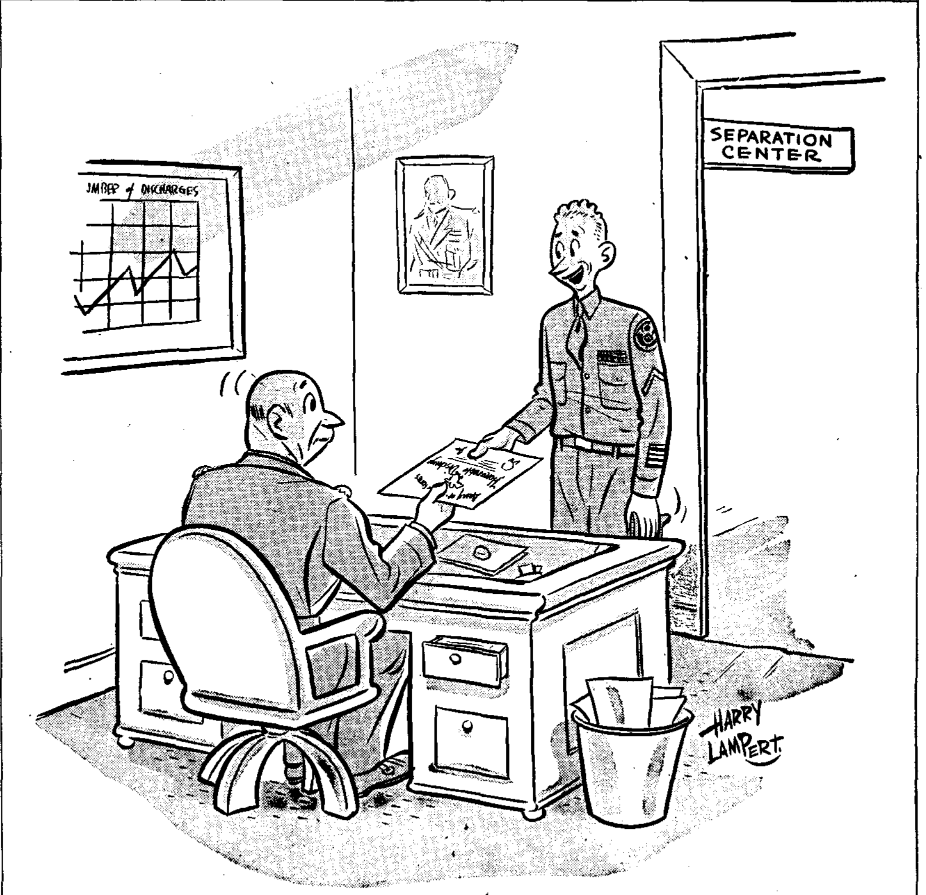
"Him?" Myrt drew five coffees and set them out in a row. "Who, Cy? Well, if he could do it sittin' down, maybe, and from ten-thirty to noon." She thrust a hip disdainfully in Cy's direction. It was a pleasant and provocative hip.

He reached out for her and at once she slapped his face, with great amiability and so hard that his ears popped. The delegation roared. "Good Lord, Myrt," he said, "what do you weigh in at?"

"No hits, no runs, one error," Art Ricco said. "Transmission bands you can manage, maybe, Cy, but Myrt's got too much on the ball."

They liked him, they accepted and admitted him, and that was not true of the friends of Wes Kinsman. . . . Late last summer a letter had reached the hospital which Wes Kinsman had founded, saying that, though Dr. Alexander McAllister desired to stand in no man's way, he was obligated to report that Cyrus Kinsman had had to be discharged from Mercy. Old Frank Bramwell, once a protégé of Wes and now the head of that hospital, replied formally. He replied that Dr. Kinsman could join his staff any time he might want to.

It had taken them all fall to believe that he wasn't going to, that there would not be a



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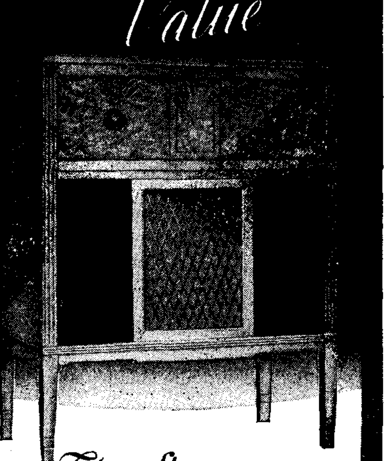

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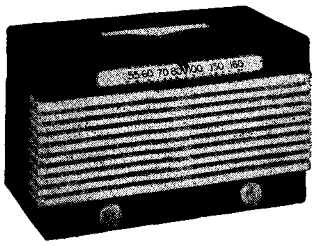

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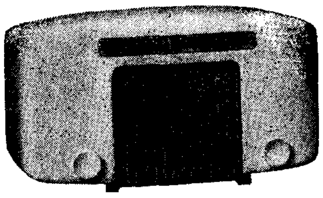

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second Dr. Kinsman in Custis. Dr. Bramwell patiently went on repeating his invitation and sometimes invited Cy to consult with him. Cy invariably refused, as courteously as might be, and as courteously refused old friends who wanted to become patients.

Judgment was ultimately passed by Hayes Sargent, who had been governor and would presently go to the United States Senate. More persistently than anyone else he kept asking Cy to dinner, to Sunday breakfast, to impromptu commemorations of nothing in particular. Finally, one evening in late April, he came to the barn to have it out.

"Look here, Cy, some of us are entitled to get an answer from you. As Wes Kinsman's son, you're not just anybody. A lot of Custis money went into your education."

At Mercy, Cy had assumed that nobody had a right to rebuke Cy Kinsman. He had had to abandon the assumption, but by now rebukes made him obstinate, not angry. "It was the old man's money, Mr. Sargent."

"He earned it—oh, yes, Lord! Fifty times more than he was ever paid. But it came from Custis."

Cy said, coldly, carefully, "I spent four years at Harvard Medical School. One year as an intern and another one as resident at Peter Bent Brigham. Nearly a year in the British army, more than a year in the A.E.F., nine months at Mercy Hospital. I did that, Mr. Sargent. I did the work. Nobody ever said I skimped any of it or did any of it badly. I did it because I chose to. Now I choose to do something else. That's my affair. I can't see it's yours."

"Nine years," Hayes Sargent counted up. "Nine years ought to forge quite a useful instrument, I'd think. So. You did the work, it was your father that paid for it, and now if you want to throw the instrument away, we can keep our mouths shut. Is that it?"

"That's the general idea."

"Well, he was a sizable man, Doc was. Life burned pretty high in him. Life never got too strong for him and he never was too fine for it. Well—" Hayes Sargent repeated, "I don't know what turned soft in you, Cy. Too much sulphur in the iron. Brittle, maybe; maybe just yellow—I don't pretend to know. But as a friend of Wes Kinsman I say he'd boot you out. But not till he'd beaten your ears off. And I'm glad he's dead."

"Sorry. All that is in a foreign language, Mr. Sargent."

ALL that was the Old Man with a Beard, the poltergeist on whom they had blamed whatever went wrong at Mercy Hospital, and it no longer bothered Cy. The final defiance of Sandy McAllister had evened some ancient and uncomprehended grudge, and from then on he had been free. He had no obligation, no responsibility, no care. He met the day as the day came. He had a sunny and peaceful mind.

A single strand still bound him to medicine: Deborah—and through her, Rulon Williams. Williams had been with Cy in Custis High. He'd taken the Cyrus Hockett Medical School's two years and finished his course at Nebraska. Now he had the budding practice which Josephine and her parents and the whole town thought Cy ought to have—glistening office, studious habits, expectation of growing old in respectability. Cy's training awed him and Cy was quite willing to pay a fee in discussion for the use of Williams' equipment.

At Williams' office and the meager library of Hockett Medical School, Cy read all the journals and abstracts. He read everything he could get hold of and, out of his earnings as a mechanic and bootlegger, bought such rarities as might offer a ray of light on Deborah's case. He had determined never to set foot inside the small hospital whose first head had been Wes Kinsman, but he had its present head, Dr. Bramwell, check everything he and Williams did. No result.

Between them they gave her every known test. They were all negative. Everything was negative in that no cause could be found for the gradual weakening that took place before their eyes.

Then in April, Cy had gotten what might be a clue, in that her red-cell count was slowly falling and her white-cell count was falling not quite so slowly.

"That does it," Williams said. "She's got anemia."

"She hasn't got anemia," Cy said. "She's got an anemia."

"I don't get you."

"It's a word," Cy said bitterly. "A big, shining, comforting word. But does it say anything except that her blood is falling off? Does it say why her blood is falling off? Does it tell us how to stop her blood falling off? What do we know about it? Anemia! Oh my God!"

THERE were other signs. Cy was strolling with Deborah in a May twilight. Just a little walk down Orchard Street, all that the kid could manage. He was watching her, revolving in his mind the manifest facets of his ignorance. Repeating the ancient litany of Mercy Hospital: We don't know. She paused to listen to piano music floating through a neighbor's window—for all the Canedays were musical. Cy walked slowly on. The neighbor had been cutting the grass between the sidewalk and the curb, and the handle of the lawn mower stuck out a few inches over the walk. Stopping to wait for Deborah, Cy turned just in time to see her walk into that handle. She wailed a little and he picked her up.

"I didn't see it, Cy," she said.

But it was not so dark as that! He put her down and, stooping, laid his watch on the ground within a yard of her heel. "I've lost my watch, honey. Help me find it." Obediently, she bent and groped. But she stepped over it without seeing it.

Next morning he took her to an oculist, and it was true that her vision fell off steeply in dim light. The oculist could make no correlation and no further diagnosis. "All right," Cy demanded, "what's known about night blindness?"

Little enough. The oculist gave him reprints from various journals and he chased their references through the library at Hockett. He found nothing that helped out but one reference led to Ezra Bartlett's laboratory at Harvard. It was a paper by one Rosen, a brilliant chap who had been in Cy's Harvard class, and was now working under Bartlett on the mysterious substances lately called vitamins. He had found indications that rats which didn't get enough of one of the vitamins were prone to night blindness. Cy sent for the paper. But it did not come near Deborah.

Part of this case, probably, was the complicating mystery of Josephine. She really had no awareness of Deborah's condition. She saw it without comprehending it. She understood it as a fact, maybe, but had no feeling about it. It was as if a transparent wall, a wall of glass, had been reared between her and her daughter. She could see through the glass but neither love nor anxiety seemed to penetrate it.

And she supposed she was hiding it from Cy. She had been driven to confess to him every humiliating fear her breakdown had created—except the one that must certainly seem to her the most terrible of all. He could read it in her eyes, in the movement of her hands when she picked Deborah up, in a visible reluctance and shrinking away. He waited, with the long patience of pity and hope. It would come out some day, suddenly no doubt, and perhaps violently. When it did, Josephine would be cured. She would be freed to a cleaner, more terrible fear about Deborah.

And then, one night in May, it happened. The evening was just any evening in this placid, intense, companionable, altogether sexless relationship that mutual need had developed between them. It was a profound friendship—and it masked a duel to the death, a headlong attack on each other meant to destroy.

Spring was at high tide. When he called for Josephine to take her to dinner she was relaxed and gay. And she was wearing a new blouse of terra-cotta colored silk. "You wore that suit the night we went helling at the Waldorf in New York," he said. "The blouse is new."

"I made it today. An old piece of silk I found in the attic. Mother was probably going to make a sofa pillow but she never did." Jo looked distastefully at the beige

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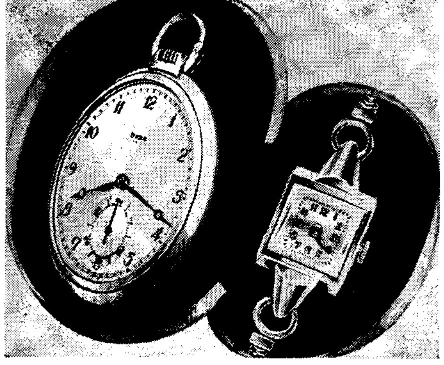

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linen suit. "Four years old. I've shortened the skirt three times already. . . . But imagine—you remember some clothes of mine!"

"You stopped at every window on Fifth Avenue that night. There was one evening dress you would have committed murder for. I thought how pleasant it would be to buy you all the clothes on the Avenue. I still do. You'd model them in a big way."

"Don't turn my head." An edge of derision touched her voice. "I might get the idea you think I'm a person." She slipped a much too real arm through his.

There was a Waldorf in Custis too, near the Union Station. The food was nowhere near as good as at Timmy's Diner, but it was a place of respectability and even fashion. The derision lingered in Jo's eyes as she looked round it. "This is practically the Village. If there were a bottle of red ink I'd expect someone to come over and ask if we've seen the new Poetry and isn't Vachel Lindsay losing his grip."

"Never mind red ink—I've got some sound rye at the barn. And some stuff to show you."

SO DINNER finished, they strolled eastward toward the barn. Darkness brimmed the bowl whose walls stood up above Custis. On the peaks, rose had faded to lavender, to purple, and then all color died while they watched. The air was heady with apple blossoms and the breeze on their cheeks was warm. . . . They had had so many evenings at the barn since late October. Her snowshoes were there, and heavy winter clothes of hers—some of her books—a sewing basket which she had brought after seeing him restore a button to a shirt with a surgical gut—a sweater and scarf—a compact. They were there naturally and inevitably, for Old Doc Kinsman's barn had become her fortress. It had come close to being her home.

What he had principally to show her was a piano, a scarred upright which he had bought for thirty dollars at a sheriff's sale. Josephine was delighted. She rippled through some cadenzas and banged some heroic chords. There was an echo because he had set the piano against a wall where the whitewashed ceiling sloped down in what had once been a feed chute. They tugged it to a new position and the best one proved to be square in the middle of the room.

"What's the idea, you buying a piano?" she asked, swinging round on the stool, under a drop light that made her dark hair glisten.

Cy smiled. "Well, you come here sometimes. And maybe I'll take up music."

"And with your ear?" She laughed and turned to the keyboard. She sang a couple of operatic songs, gently burlesquing them. She sang several in German which he could recognize—a Schubert, a Brahms, a Bach—and several he couldn't. Music held her fast; her voice deepened and grew fuller, rounder. She had forgotten everything else. She moved on to the songs which either were her best or else meant most to Cy Kinsman—old American ballads, hymns, river songs, chanteys.

Her bare arms with complex shadows on them moved in fluid patterns. Her hair seemed to have sentience. In her tranquil face there was no awareness beyond the keyboard and the lyrics. . . . The year had added something to her voice. It had a purity it had not had before, and some subtlety between sadness and joy—while her breast rose with her breath and her shoulders swayed. It struck through Cy's defenses, stabbing him with a terrible restlessness.

"I may have no ear," Cy said abruptly, "but you're more a musician than you ever were before. Divorce or breakdown or whatever—by the Lord it's made you a singer."

She glanced at him swiftly, then away, an almost desperate forlornness showing for a second in her eyes. "Tank-town Schumann-Heink," she said curtly. She struck another set of chords and sang, "My father got to walk this lonesome valley." She went through the whole thing—my mother got to walk, my brother got to walk, my sister got to walk, poor sinner got to walk this lonesome valley.

Everybody got to walk this lonesome valley.
We got to walk by ourself.
Nobody else can walk it for us.
We got to walk it by ourself.

She finished and, cheeks flushed, eyes rapt, sat looking at the keys for a moment while the melody repeated itself in Cy's mind and a prohibition as strong as death was clamped on him. She left the piano and sat in a chair across the room from him, where the light fell off. She crossed her knees. She picked up the evening paper, then threw it aside. Certainly she knew, intolerantly and defiantly, just what she had done to him.

"Something else you meant to show me?" she said.

He came out of the bitter enchantment and got a package from the grain bin which he had remodeled into a desk. He tossed it in her lap. "I'm starting to buy you Fifth Avenue, a little at a time."

It was a dozen pairs of sheer silk stockings. Delight showed in Jo's face and she let a pair slide through her fingers, rejoicing in their smoothness. Cy said, "There were darns in those you had on the other night."

That had created antagonism—reanimated the duel. "I see. I shame you in public. My clothes don't live up to those blue creations you wear for shirts. With the grease on them."

"I don't want you wearing darned stockings. I won't stand for it."

"A bootlegger has to have his wench well turned out."

"Sure, booze paid for them." He scowled at her. "The piano, too."

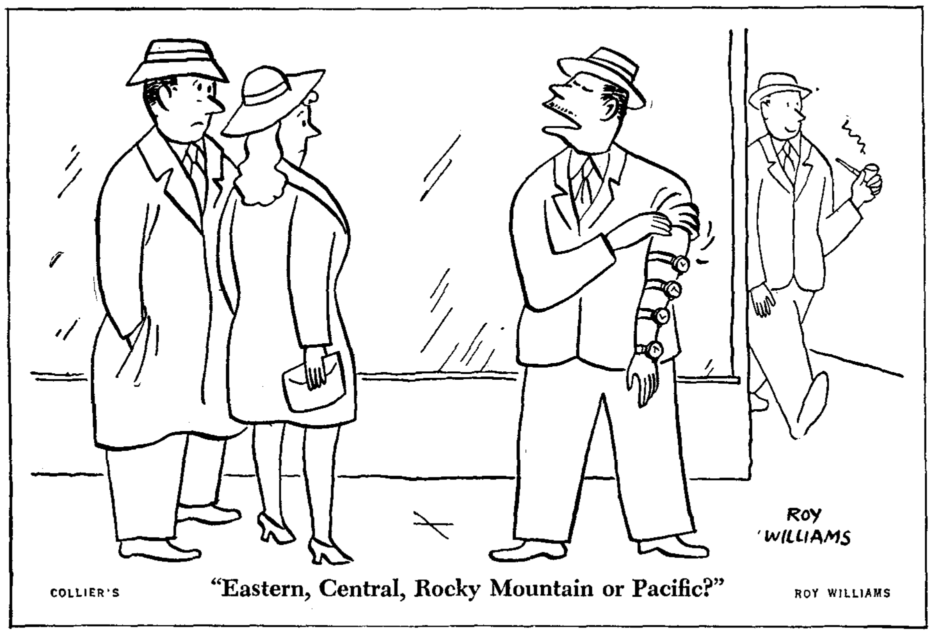
"Business must be booming." She shrugged, wholly disdainful. "Well, thanks, Cy, whatever paid for them. They're nice." She slipped off her Oxfords and pulled on a pair of the stockings. There were two gestures of disturbance and delight—a woman, Jo, putting on her stockings, and a woman, Jo, arranging her hair. She certainly felt his eyes devouring her.

He said, "You're . . . damned pretty, Jo."

"Why, thanks, my lord. And thanks for the very best grade of ladies' hosiery."

She raised her face. He kissed her—kissed

(Continued on page 40)



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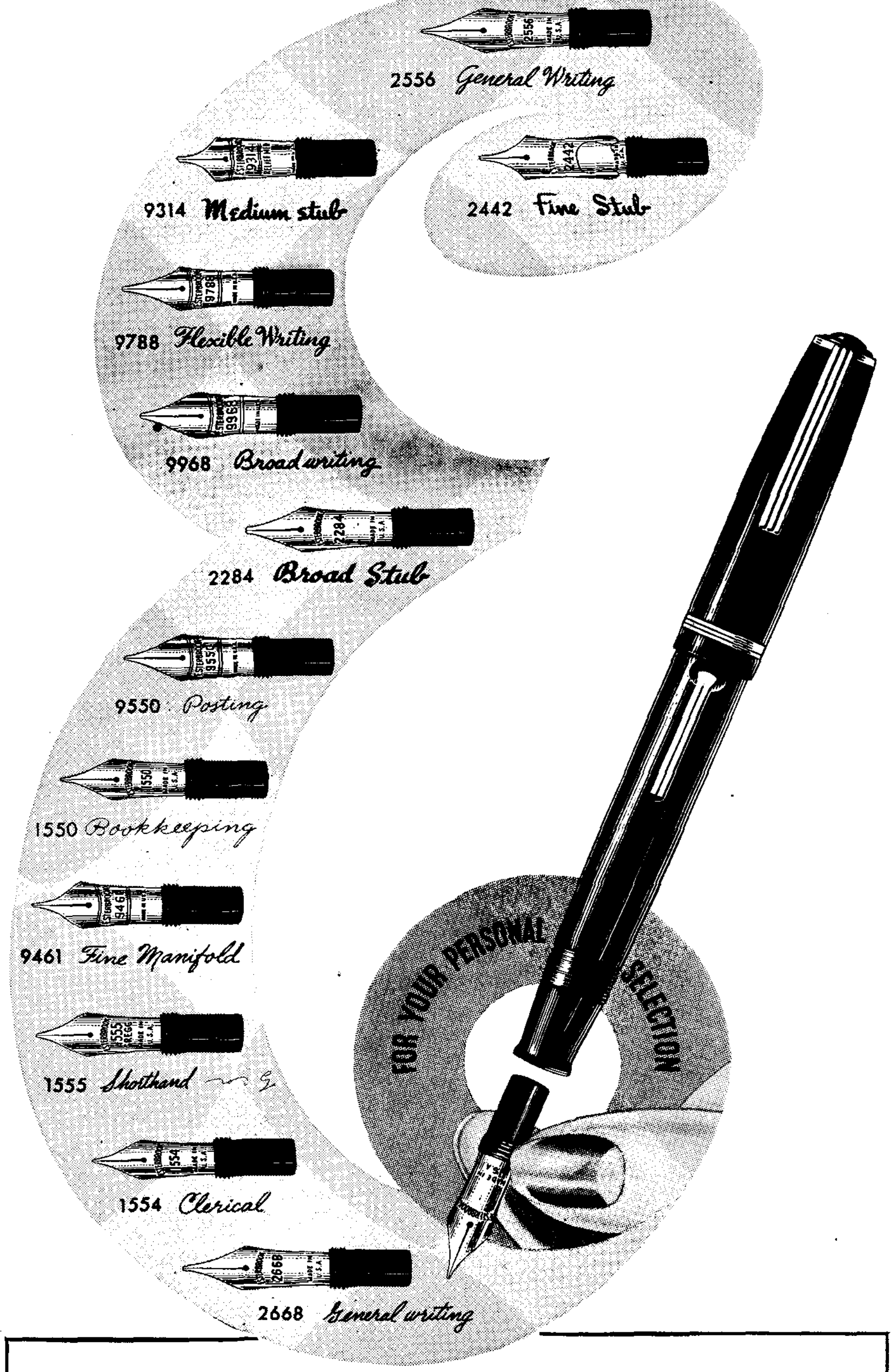

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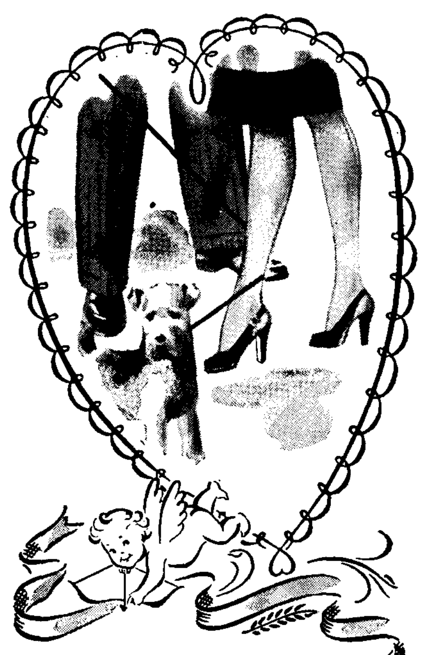

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Your Life TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

It Starts at Zero!

Just in time for the worst winter days comes a new auto engine oil that doesn't get sluggish and stick in cold weather. Even at 30 degrees below zero it still flows freely and gives effective lubrication. Nor does it thin out and burn up when it is hot. It's viscosity stays almost the same over such a wide range of temperatures that you will be able to use a single grade of oil in your car the year round.

Cold-start oil looks and feels exactly like other types of oil but it is not refined from petroleum. It is a tailor-made product, "built" in the laboratory out of hydrocarbon combinations that are not sensitive to temperature changes. It has already had millions of miles of road testing and has been used successfully in Army trucks. During the war it went into service on the Army's winter air routes to Alaska.

The new oil has a cleaning action on the engine, removing gum and sludge by dissolving them in itself, but without impairing its lubricating properties. It must be changed about as often as other oils. At present the new product is being made only on a pilot-plant scale, and is sold in a few localities for about three times the price of standard brands. Large-scale production within the next year is expected.

Watch-Charm Auto Engine

War completed the divorce of strength from weight; soon we shall see a new kind of automobile engine for light cars, weighing only 79 pounds but delivering 26 horsepower—enough for a speed of 60 miles an hour, 35 miles on a gallon. At 30 the car will do 50 miles on a gallon. The engine turns at 5,200 revolutions a minute but is so delicately balanced that vibration is negligible. It is less than half again as long as a cigarette carton; its height is about equal to its length. A mechanic can lift it easily.

No toy, the Navy has used this watch-charm engine to drive experimental electric power units. Its extremely low weight comes from making the cylinder block out of layers of thin steel sheets, with thin tubing for cylinder walls. Tubes and sheets are pressed together, then brazed with copper "cement" to form a single rigid piece. Standard engines, made of cast steel, must be many times as thick and heavy for the same strength.

Thinness-with-strength gives the engine its phenomenal efficiency. With cylinder walls no thicker than heavy cardboard the heat of combustion is dissipated so quickly and evenly that only five quarts of cooling water are needed in the entire radiator system. The water jacket, also of sheet steel and plastic-lined to prevent rust, is so rigid that the water can be frozen solid without harm to the engine. Such effective cooling means much higher compression ratios and operating temperatures—the automotive engineer's dream for economy, never before realized.

This tiny engine can be streamlined into the car body with maximum space left for passengers. It will require smaller quantities of oil, and will have quicker starting and greater flexibility. Car and engine will soon be in production.

A short item published in Collier's for July 21, 1945, disclosed that chemists of a large rubber company have developed a microporous synthetic rubber, an acid-proof material containing millions of microscopic cells. On the basis of early optimistic reports, it was predicted that the new product, if used instead of thin wooden strips to separate the lead plates in storage batteries, would multiply the life of a battery five times. It was also implied that this was the first time that rubber had been available for use as battery separators.

Actually, the new insulation will not multiply the life of a battery five times, and neither will any other insulation now known. At least one storage battery manufacturer—Willard—has been manufacturing batteries with rubber separators for more than twenty years. Tests made by this company have shown that synthetic rubber appears to possess no advantages over natural rubber in prolonging battery life. Either may prove superior to the wooden strips as separator material, but the problem involved is apparently not of very great importance, as separator trouble accounts for less than two per cent of battery failure arising from such causes as short circuits in the wiring system.

It was expected that the new synthetic rubber insulation would enable a battery dealer to stock charged dry batteries, add the acid at the time of sale, and have the battery ready for service in ten minutes. Experience has shown, however, that adding electrolyte to charged dry batteries involves strict adherence to certain established rules, and that even after filling, the batteries will not develop full capacity until they have been recharged. The length of this charging is determined by the time the battery has remained dry. ★★★

Mountain Time

Continued from page 39

her hastily, with a gingerly and clearly frightened coolness—and got across the room from her. Her lips formed a smile that was momentarily tender—satirical.

But the disturbance ebbed out to sea, the duel lapsed, and the evening of companionship ran on contentedly. After another hour of tranquil talk he drove her home under the silver arch of western sky. The thick bulk of the peaks black and shapeless, with a lighter line where the sky met the ridges, and all Custis asleep. Jo sat silent for a moment in front of her house. Then she got out of the car, said "Good night, Cy," and went silently up the walk.

Cy drove back to the barn. He realized that he was humming something. "Nobody else can walk it for you." Right. And that was what they had won through to—walking alone. It was more than either of them had been entitled to hope for, however either of them might resent its incompleteness. They would both be incomplete to the end of the chapter, of the duel. . . .

He went to sleep. Then the sound of Josephine's hand groping for the switch just inside the door had him on his feet even before she got the light turned on. It showed her in shoes, a nightgown, a coat. It showed her eyes blank with fear. Just a few days less than a month, he noted automatically; the last time this happened was the day of her divorce.

"What's the matter, Jo?"

She collapsed against his shoulder. "Cy, it's no use. We can't pretend any longer. I can't handle it. I won't get better. You've got to put me away—"

"What's the matter?"

"Cy, I tried to kill Debby."

"No, you didn't," he said quietly. He knelt and looked at her shoes, took one off and looked at her foot. "You should have waited long enough to put on stockings. You should have waited long enough to get dressed. That's your mother's coat.'

"Don't work your sickroom manner on me!" she said furiously, almost screaming. "I stood there by Deborah's bed. I do every night—I can't pull myself away. Night after night. I meant to kill her. Sometime I will. I'm not the same. I'm crazy."

He got an old sweater and skirt she had worn snowshoeing. "Put 'em on." He got dressed in the bathroom and picked up a blanket from his cot. "Well, back to our cradle." He wrapped the blanket round her in the car and drove off.

A MOMENT later she was shaking violently. "That's just what you'd call nerves," he said. "Pretty soon it will be plain cold. You're pretty much of a damn' fool—why didn't you get dressed? You've done it often enough to know it will get cold."

"I tell you, I was going to kill her! I wanted to—I couldn't help it. For months I've been terrified I would. Tonight I almost did."

"Sure, I used to murder Sandy McAllister every night. Damn' good job, too."

"I tried my best not to but I had to go right to her bed. I stood there and—" She was panting; she couldn't finish.

"You stood there—and came straight to the barn."

"My hands weren't six inches from her throat." She was staring at her hands in the dark. He could see them opening and closing.

He drove on imperturbably. After some time he said, "Strangling your favorite method? Or are there variations?"

That brought wretched, hysterical confessions and self-accusations in a spate of horror. Jo probably thought they were insanity. When she couldn't find anything more to heap up against herself, he said, "I'm not a parent, but I don't think these urges ever get beyond slapping the kids' little tails."

So she began to ask the old, despairing questions: Why am I this way? What has happened to me?

Cy let her labor and worry it for a while, then said, "It's logical, isn't it? You wanted to be a singer, but instead you had a kid. You wanted to be Sam's lovely and untarnished and how-sensuous houri—but your kid turned you into an anxious housewife. You wanted a perfect love affair and a perfect marriage—but the crack in both of them turned out to be a kid that made you stop dreaming—"

Josephine broke in on him. "You never think of me at all, you only think of her."

Cy stared at her dim face in the dark. She couldn't be aware of having said that. She couldn't understand what it revealed. "Well, the point is, whatever you set yourself, Deborah prevented it. So why not kill her?"

"I've wanted her to have all I was never able to get—"

"She kept you from getting all you ever wanted—"

"But, Cy, good God! I love her—"

"Some book you read says we can't play hell with people we love?"

She abandoned Deborah and turned to de-

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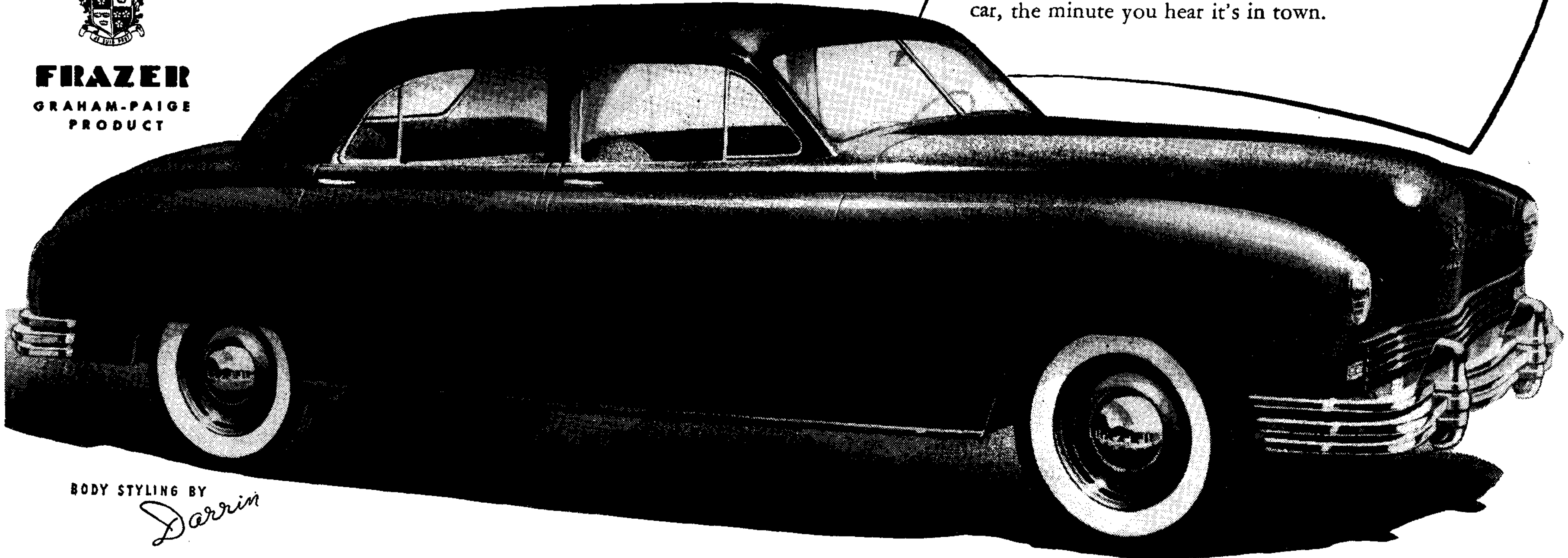

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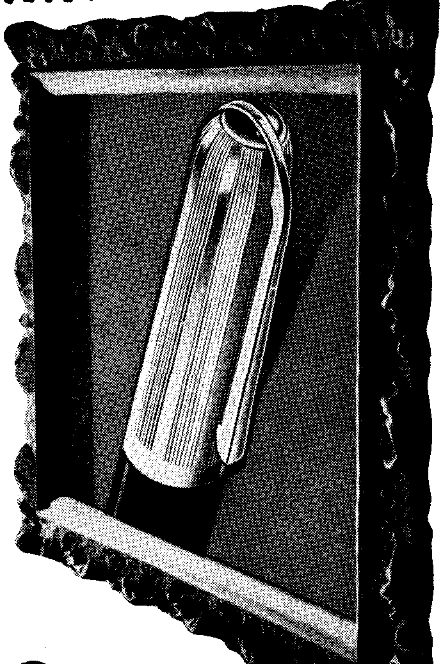

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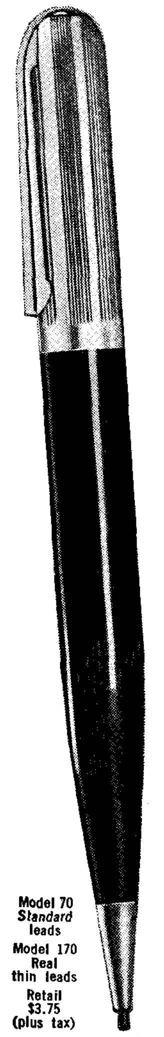

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nouncing him. Hadn't he kept promising her she was going to get well? Hadn't he told her she would come out of this triumphantly, like . . . like, she hurried on, great ascending octaves at the end of a symphony?

Cy said sharply, "Hold it right there. And look at it. Very moving language, very pitiful words. Shows how noble you are—how much you suffer. Yeah! A few minutes ago you had the fear of the Lord on you. You were writhing in terror—you might be going to commit murder. Now you're so little scared that you can stop to find splendid words to describe it all—just like any Village beauty-buster. Well, are you scared, are you a potential murderer? Or are you just kidding yourself and enjoying it? Which is it? And how important is it?"

He had shocked her silent. After a while he added, "That's the one you've been holding out on me. That's the river I told you you had to cross. You had to stop being afraid to feel your feelings."

"What are you talking about?"

"I can pick up my tools and go home," he told her. "This is the end of it. You're discharged."

"That was funny the first few times you said it."

"I've never said it till now. You're cured."

She was staring at him. He turned the sedan off the road and stopped it. "Okay, Jo," he said, "start bawling."

Like an obedient child, she did just that. She sobbed quietly at first, and then with great racking gasps. He let her cry for a while, then took her in his arms and tucked the blanket around her knees, feet and shoulders. She cried heavily, then aimlessly, then quietly. She went to sleep.

THE stars swung westward. Holding her in one arm, Cy grew cramped and very cold. The world began to turn gray; he could see that they were on the edge of a valley brimming with night. A thin edge of light slanted up from behind the peaks and touched the zenith to a glow. The whole east turned pink; dark was running out of the gulches like water. It was as if the earth were rising from the sea.

Josephine stirred and murmured, "It's beautiful and I'm all ice."

He relinquished her at once. "You sleep at half a ton." He got out of the car and began to swing his arms. "I thought you boasted you were underweight. I'll make a fire."

He picked up sticks in a near-by clump of oak brush. Josephine came to sit by the fire, wrapped in the blanket. Suddenly her face was hard with anger. "Look at your hair!" she burst out. "Look at that ghastly stubble on your chin! Look at those disgusting clothes! Do you absolutely have to look like a hobo who's been thrown off a freight?" She closed her eyes and shuddered. "Well, that's me, Cy, that's the way I am. You see me through the most terrible night of my life. So I bawl you out."

"Just the way you used to bawl Sam out," he said sourly. "For the moment I am Sam. Well, you're right, I do look like a hobo. On the other hand, you look . . ."

She smiled. "Straight from the hands of my maid—but I'd never think of that. Heavens, what a nightgown, what a skirt! I'm glad I can't see my face."

There were tear stains on it. Her shins were dusty—from that frantic flight to the barn. Her hair had fallen halfway down her neck. She took out some pins and let it all down, then started to put it up, hands behind her head in that loveliest and most shattering of gestures.

"What, Cy?"

"Never cut it! Never dream of cutting it." He turned away. "I've got some coffee in the car. If I can locate some water—"

"No. Is there a chance you can get me home without too many people seeing me?"

He was surprised to find that they had come only about fifteen miles. In the early daylight the sagebrush was fragrant. They saw a badger taking the early sun on a rock. Farms came awake as they passed. . . . Mrs. Caneday was in the kitchen, troubled, quickly pale at sight of them. "Don't be alarmed," Cy said. "This is just an antic child's antic whim to go walking in the dew."

"Josephine! That—that getup! What on earth—"

"You mean Lord-a-Mercy, Hattie." Cy put an arm round her plump waist. "Mother, tell your idiot child about the time when you used to make Nancy put her to bed because something crazy had happened and you were afraid you were going to strangle her. . . . For that's true, isn't it?"

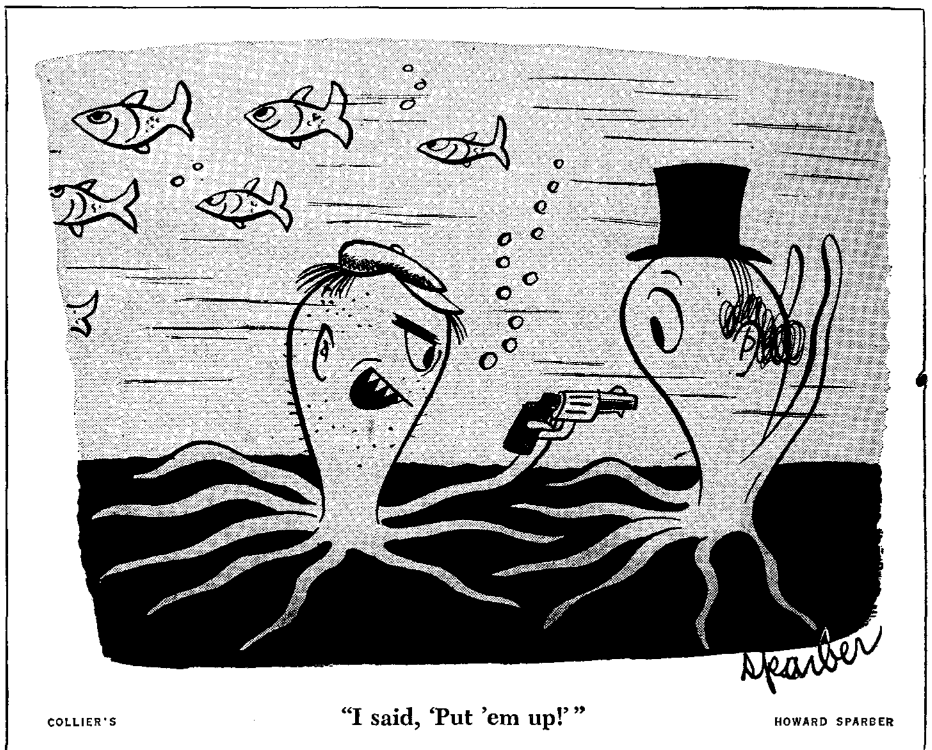
Insupportable pain came into Hattie's face. "Not Josephine—it was Betty. I didn't seem to get well after she was born." She faltered. "Every time I had to pick up a butcher knife. . . . Now she's dead." She flung her apron over her face.

"Never get the idea God made you unique," he told Josephine. "Go take a bath."

She did and Cy lingered in the kitchen, frying eggs for Hattie. Asa came downstairs, was surprised to find him here, but only grunted and lost himself in the Custis Sentinel. Then Josephine came down, rosy, neatly dressed, altogether without care, carrying Deborah on one shoulder. Cy's heart contracted at sight of that pinched, pale face.

After breakfast they sat on the steps in full morning. Deborah was lethargic, playing in slow motion. The Custis sun reduced everything to flat planes and raw primary colors that seemed to glow of themselves even in the shade.

"What filth I've let you look at, Cy!" Josephine said. "I suppose you don't mind. From looking at broken bodies and suppurating wounds to looking at the craven soul without pride. I'm sorry."



COLLIER'S "I said, 'Put 'em up!'" HOWARD SPARBER

"When I can't stand you is when you're being a complete fool."

She curled her legs under her and leaned against a post, graceful and content, without a sign of having been pulverized with fear a few hours ago. There was the shadow of her hair on a serene forehead and her clear brown eyes were intent on some inner movie show, one without distress. Her throat was full in the V of her blouse, and her breasts high. Cy turned his gaze to the desert sun.

"Mr. Foster at the sugar company," she said. "He offered me a job. I'm going to take it." She drew a deep breath. "I'm going to take it today."

"Go ahead," he said. "Yes, Jo, get your job. You've been washed in the blood of the Lamb."

She stood up—lithe, supple, a faint scent of soap coming from her cheeks, her hair magnificent in unrelieved sun, grown overpowering with vitality. His words had had a sardonic edge and, answering it, her smile was satirical, with a shadow of derision in her eyes, her lips faintly superior. As if she were suffused with laughter. As if, now that she had found knowledge, she had found it charged with mirth.

"So long, Cy. And thanks."

"Don't be a fool."

Her smile acidified. "One more night we've spent together," she said with the most careless disdain. "One more night of our—well, what is the word, my dear? Our immaculate honeymoon."

How immediately, Cy thought, she had moved on to that consideration, being told that she was cured. On his way to the gate he paused to take Deborah in his arms, Deborah who should have been Jo's first thought, being cured. He found a new indication, one more to add to such other minute, untranslatable indications as the too great brightness of her eyes, the brittleness of her hair, the roughness of her fingernails. Now he saw that the corners of her mouth were cracked. Was it a symptom? Did it tie in with anything? Did it mean anything? It would have to be thought out. And thinking it out while he drove away, he had no time to resent Jo's resentment of an immaculate honeymoon.

SHE phoned him that evening that she had got the job at the sugar company and would begin working the next morning. Then for something over a week he did not see her. He spent three nights of that week driving liquor, twice following Art Ricco, once by himself. He neither knew nor cared who his employers were. He took the train to Cheyenne, where a distillery appeared to be able to operate unmolested. After nightfall, a couple of miles out of town, a loaded truck was turned over to him. He drove it at his ease to Custis, where before daybreak he left it at a warehouse near the railroad yards and was paid twenty-five dollars for services rendered. Presumably someone drove it on to Denver the next night, but that was beyond his concern.

Then Josephine phoned him, "I've bought myself some swell new clothes."

"Sure. You've got a credit rating now."

"I'm directing you to get some too. Right away."

"I've got to dress up to your new respectability?"

"That's right. If I've got to take your role of the pure young man too fine for work, I don't have to take the costumes you play it in. Get some decent clothes. Mother wants you here for Sunday dinner."

That was ominous but he turned some of his recent earnings into new shirts and a cheap suit, and dutifully presented himself on Sunday. Josephine's younger brother, Andy, a senior at the U and exceedingly superior to Cy, was there for dinner. So were Albert Warren and his wife, and that must mean something, for he was the elderly, pompous president of the U.

Yes, clearly this was being contrived, for after dinner Cy found himself on the front porch, smoking a cigar with President Warren and Professor Caneday. The academics talked about their institution. Next week was

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commencement and a summer term would start in July. Talk ran on and President Warren was saying that there was a vacancy he had not been able to fill. He wanted to fill it for the summer school but was willing to let it go until the fall term if he had to. It paid fifteen hundred dollars. He needed a man to teach Physiology A to the college and repeat the course in a little more detail to first-year students at the Medical School. So it came out.

"I've been wondering if we could get you, Dr. Kinsman."

If only for a moment Cy felt an emotion he had never known before—degradation. At once the feeling made him angry but he said, quietly enough, "That's kind of you, Mr. Warren. And . . . I'm sorry. I'm—the truth is, well, no. But thanks."

Asa Caneday threw back his head and for a moment his eyes blazed. But he said nothing, merely looked at Cy, took the cigar from his mouth, put it back, went on staring and smoking. The president said, "We can't pay you what I know you're worth. I know our facilities and standards aren't up to the training you've had. But if you were interested, you might help us improve them, and we'd feel, well, honored."

"You mean you want to hold out a helping hand to Wes Kinsman's boy!" Furious as he was, Cy found some echo in his mind and tried to identify it. Sam Willard, of course. The artist can't take charity.

"Lay off, Al," Asa Caneday said. "If Cy's too good for the job, he's too good for it."

It was ignominious; the whole afternoon was ignominious. There was an awkwardness, even a humiliation, that they had no right to inflict on him, that was not justified by the logic of the life he had made for himself. It simmered in him when the Warrens had gone home, through Asa's care to say no more, through Hattie's bewildered talk, and it was still simmering at sunset he and Josephine started toward the foothills for the stroll that had come to be a ritual.

JO'S new dress was linen, dazzlingly white. There were new shoes, and she was wearing the lustrous silk stockings he had given her. They walked eastward through carmine light, the upper cliffs burning vermilion, sky and clouds on fire. It was the desert effect, the moment when the peaks were theatrically unreal, the volcanic moment before the soft evening colors came. It was a storybook spectacle which they had known since they were children.

"Did you put Asa up to that?" Cy demanded.

"I don't save souls—you're the soul saver. No, it was his own idea. People have a funny notion of trying to be kind. So we kick them in the teeth."

"What do I know about physiology?"

"Nothing, of course. Then, too, it's just a hick college. The idea is grotesque. After Mercy Hospital. After Harvard." She hummed a phrase, then sang it without words.

"What's that?"

"Papa Haydn. 'He hath cast down the mighty from their seats.' "

"In plainer words," Cy said, "that was Asa getting down his shotgun."

She looked at him quite unruffled. "All right, it was. Put yourself in his place. Your daughter has made an ugly mess of her life. She's the first member of your family who ever got a divorce. She has taken up with a tumbleweed, a mere bum. She obviously lost her virtue to him long ago. Well, you do what you can, don't you? You see, he doesn't know how chaste we are. He wouldn't believe it for a minute. Who would?"

Cy let it pass. However she might want to, he was not going to let the duel be resumed just now. . . . They left the town behind and below. Eventually they came up a little draw and climbed a small round hill with a twisted willow tree on top of it. Evening was all lavender and violet now, with the last gold in the sky fading to green. Josephine sat beneath the willow on still fresh June grass, making her skirt modest, hugging her knees. He stood looking at her, then stretched out at her feet. They were above the town and its lights—above struggle and discontent, effort and desire.

"All right, Cy," Josephine said after prolonged silence, "let's try once more. See if you can make me understand why you won't go to work."

She was only irritating now but in a moment she would be intolerable. "For one thing, little Mother, remember I haven't operated for ten months. A man can lose his skill forever in ten months."

"I don't believe a word of it," Josephine told him.

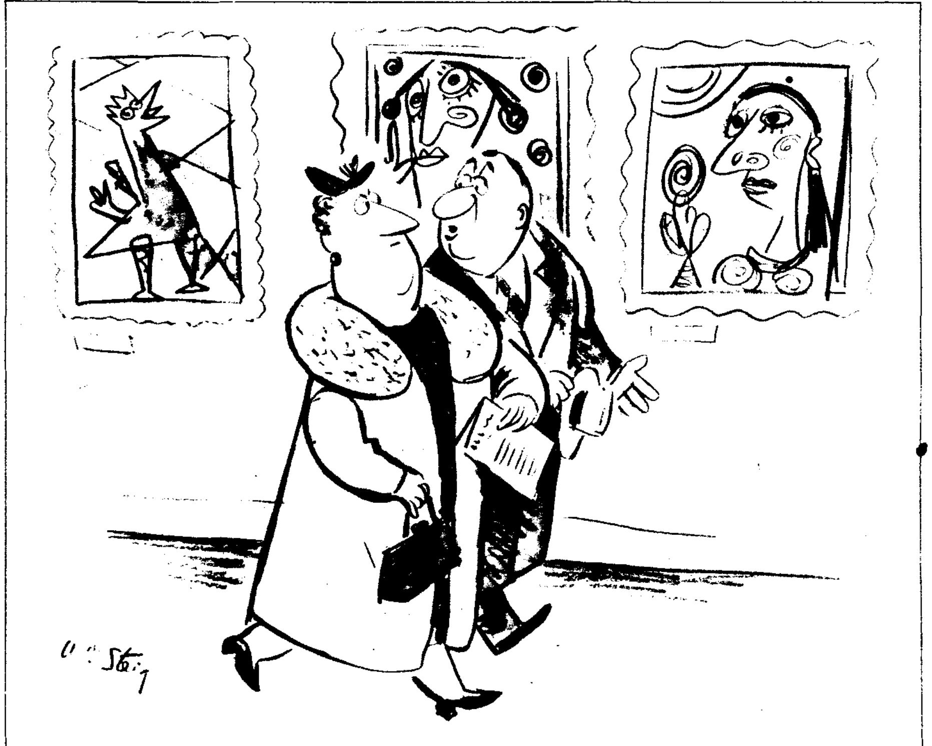
"You're right at that," he said, surprised by his open honesty. "I'm lying. Give me a week in the dog lab and I'd be as good as I ever was."

"Then stop lying."

He picked up some dry willow twigs, made a pyramid, and held a match to it. The small flame was rouge on her cheeks, and she stretched out on an elbow and a hip. He wondered if she had deliberated the long, subtle curve of thigh and calf.

Jo said with their familiar clairvoyance, "Dear me, no. I wouldn't aspire to work on your senses; I have no such confidence in myself."

He said, "One trouble is, Jo, I don't know myself what broke the surgeon in me and walled me off from medicine forever. Understand, my mind hasn't perished since I left Mercy. I've been trying to use it. I've been trying to read what the book says."



COLLIER'S "What the hell are we whispering about?" WILLIAM STEIG

"You used to assure me it was quite a good mind, too."

He would not respond to her challenge. Patiently, "Suppose I did tell off Sandy McAllister and get myself fired from Mercy. What of it? That was nothing. It hasn't got any bearing on what happened to me."

"What has then?"

"Put it this way. We used to be very witty at Mercy, talking about an imaginary point out there in the dark. Well, you get up to it and you either go on past it or you come back to the light again. Nobody can tell which way you'll head. Nobody can figure the odds. It's nature that decides, or chemistry, or life. Nobody knows what decides."

Josephine shook her head. "Yes, and a most poetic idea, Cy. You've told me all about *X*. It has a slight defect—I can't see that it means anything."

"All I'm saying," he insisted quietly, "is that psychologically I'm on the deathward side of *X*. I have been for a long time. Maybe ever since I started to study medicine."

She sat up, her hair a little tumbled, her eyes a little shocked. She gazed at him across the burning twigs. Presently she picked up some more twigs and put them on the fire. She stretched out on her back, hands behind her head.

She said, "That sounds like a fancy way of saying that God must have done you dirt. Like the noblest possible alibi. Like the artists in Chelsea that America kept from being great."

"I had nine years of being just a pair of educated hands. I found there was nothing in it I had to believe or could believe. I was hands for their own sake—the skill that had no function. Sam's glib playmates—remember how they used to babble about anarchy? They loved it. Anarchy was beauty's other face. What did they know about anarchy? I was the thing itself. Skill loosed in emptiness."

She nodded. "You talk fine. Cy. You talk beautiful. You know the prettiest words. Before the year's out you'll be a poet. It doesn't mean a thing."

CY GOT up and gripped her soft shoulders. "Remember I don't have to explain to you!" he said furiously. "You listen to me. Listen and be damned to you."

"If you want me to listen, then make sense or be damned to you!"

"I tell you a man has got to respect two things. He's got to respect himself and his job. If he can't find an integrity within his job and toward his job, then by God there is still an integrity left him. He can get outside and go it alone. That's what I did. I quit. Who are you to say I didn't do the decent thing?"

That, he was sure, was as near as he would ever get to saying it. And so be damned to Josephine Willard, nee Caneday. Oh, certainly, a handsome wench, harmoniously formed, with such urgent subtleties of line, with such a voice, a woman who lit desire in you like any movie romance. A woman fool enough to think that if two people just said they loved each other there would be no failure or despair.

"You aren't being honest, are you, Cy?"

"It's too much trouble not to be."

"Try this one on your honesty. Will you sit there and tell me you don't want to go back to medicine?"

"All I know is, I've got to go back to it, but it's altogether impossible; something has happened so that I never can."

She picked up some more twigs but tossed them back in the grass. The little flame went out. "So what do you do?"

"Work at Tanser's Garage." He did not add: Infect no other life with the rot of failure. Least of all, your life.

"Run a little liquor for pocket money, of course."

"From time to time."

"It's decent to waste a fine talent? It's decent to be a bootlegger, an outlaw?"

"Let's say, to work in a new service trade."

"So what do *we* do?"

"Why, you've entered the kingdom of heaven, surely. You've got a job. You're a

What do you know about-

A Captain K...?

Kidd. Deep inside, this man wasn't a murderous pirate at all. Just happened *he* was inside some murderous, scratchy 17th century underwear. Made him irritable.

An Allen-A...?

Feather-light, long-wearing modern underwear that doesn't make anybody irritable. Shaped the way you're shaped, doesn't creep up or bind. It's a name to remember for fine underwear, hosiery, sportswear.

UNDERWEAR
HOSIERY
SPORTSWEAR

self-respecting, self-supporting member of the Custis bourgeoisie."

Josephine stood up. "That's right. As you say, I've got a job. I report to it every morning at nine. . . . I can't waste time on tragedy."

They walked back to town, with nothing to say to each other. They had certainly crossed some kind of divide tonight; this was the end of something, it was not possible to say what. Well, this: Here ended the promise begotten by evenings of secure friendship in Chelsea and heightened miraculously by that moment when she had come alive in his arms.

At her gate on Orchard Street she said, "About my hair—you were only partly right. I shouldn't cut it. I should cut just half of it. I seem to be just half a woman. But at that, I'm alive. I think you're dead."

She went up the dark walk and Cy strolled back to the barn. Maybe the little bombproof world he had made was not altogether so comfortable as he had supposed. But it was comfortable enough, as comfortable as he was ever going to get, and there was no point in quarreling with God.

He got out Dr. Rosen's reprint on vitamin C deficiency and read it again. It didn't throw any light on Deborah's case. Nothing threw any light on it. As for Rosen and old Bartlett, as for Cy Kinsman, as for the science of medicine—one trouble with vitamins was that not even Rosen and Bartlett knew what they were.

IN EARLY summer, health of body and mind had lifted Josephine on a great flood tide. Deliverance from fear made even the daily routine ecstatic. Actually her job at the sugar company was monotonous, eight hours of sorting multicolored invoices and then reducing them to columns of figures, but she did it with thanksgiving. She took delight in mountain summer, the fierce light, the incandescent colors, the pageantry of the peaks, and the easy habits of Custis. She rejoiced in household chores after work and on Sundays. She found vindication in cooking meals and conducting a vindictive warfare against dust. She had in Custis exactly what she had dreamed of having on Twenty-third Street. It was real, rewarding, good in itself. It was what she wanted. She was fulfilled and she was happy. Well, at least, sometimes. At least, in a way.

Of course she remained an outsider with the women who had been her friends. They were absorbed in their own lives, which had grown out of contact with hers. And, in spite of the satisfaction which Asa and Hattie took in her, in spite of their pleasure in her renewed vigor, there was the never-spoken accusation. Their love swallowed up their bewilderment and incomprehension, but most of all they would have loved to have her—well, say it, to have her an honest woman again.

Curiously enough, Asa had enjoyed Sam's novel. He laughed over it, quoted it, and had no layman's difficulty with the subtleties Sam had been so proud of. And he was not fooled. "This grubby college prof with the petty soul that loves to raise Cain with pure ambition," he said, "you wouldn't have been describing your old man to Sam, would you, Jo?"

Jo laughed. "Sam had a lot of grudges to pay off. It was so much fun paying them off that he went looking for others."

"They didn't write books that way in Miss Alcott's day. Maybe it ain't very good—but I like it." Then Asa added, "Sure has caused a lot of talk."

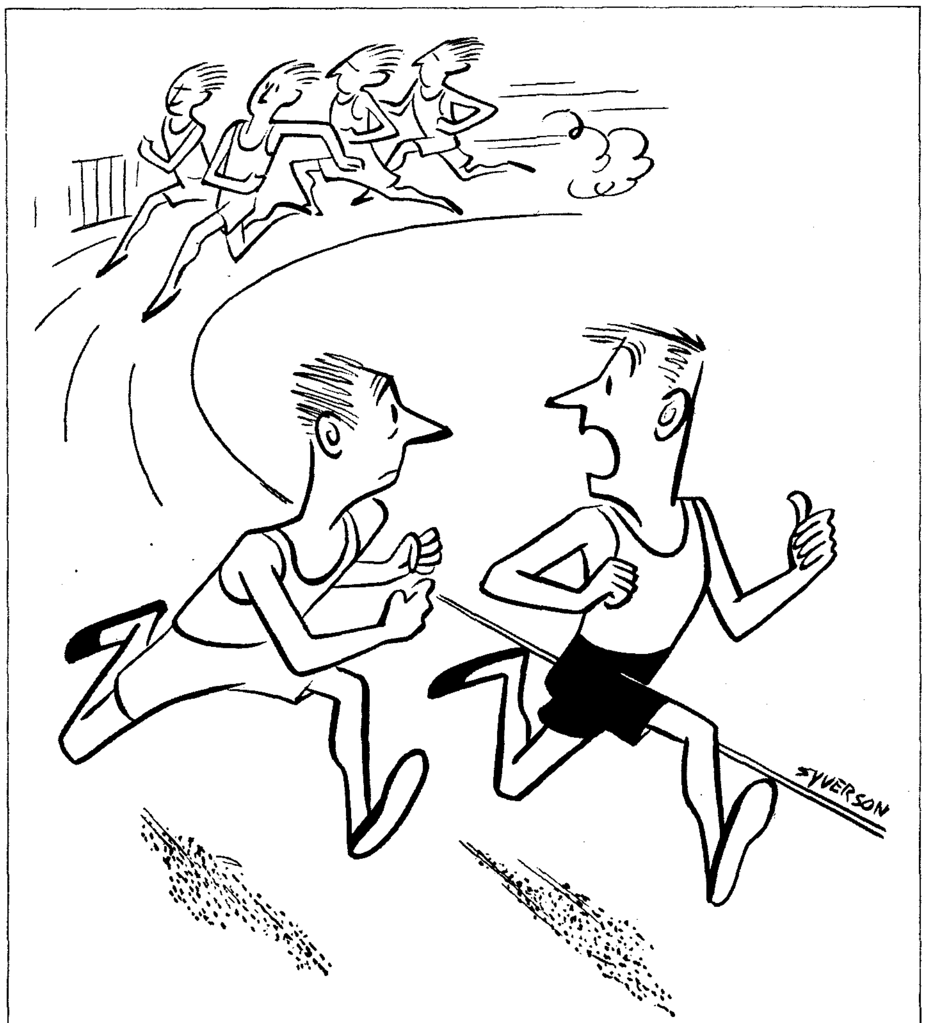
Yes, she thought, almost as much as he used to cry like a baby for fear it wouldn't. That, however, was a reflex of her own resentment, and why waste emotion on a long vanished ignominy? Sam was entitled to all he was getting now. "The reviewers like it and it's selling big. I'm glad. Sam's a nice guy."

"Is, huh?"

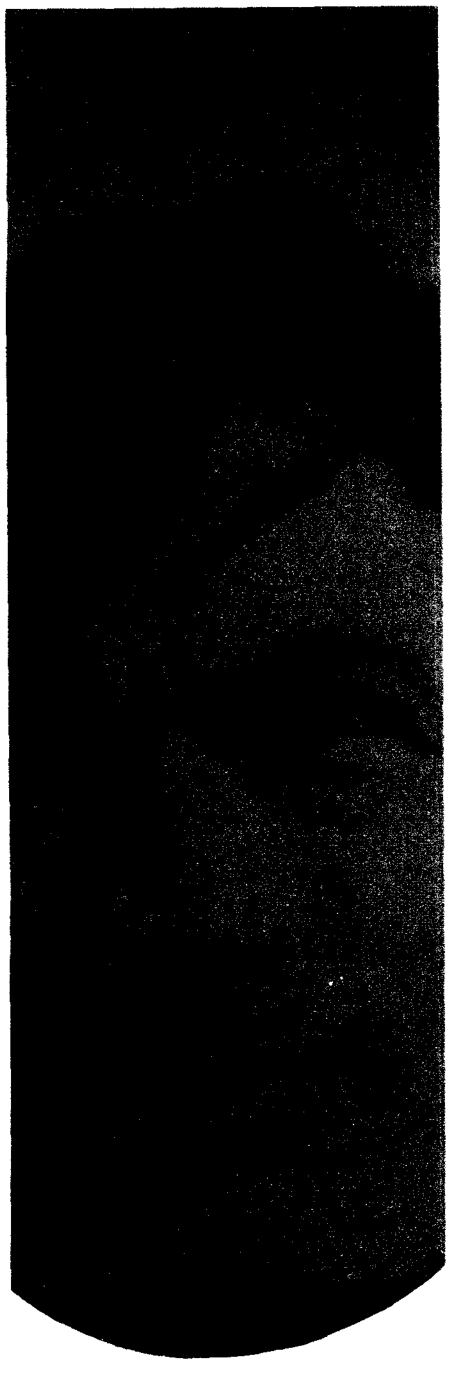
She smiled straight at him. "But not for me, Father." She could read Asa's transparent mind: Why didn't you stay with your husband if he's a nice guy? Why not live with a man who has become a success and made some money? Why forfeit marriage and success for a compromising relationship with an outcast and a fool?

Like everything else, it led straight to Cy. The crescendo of impatience developed steadily, if slowly. Yet one vestige of her old awe remained: In one way Cy was still the master of destiny. It was her complete faith in him that kept her from anxiety about Deborah. Whatever might be wrong with the child, she was certain that Cy could find out in time and take care of it.

He had gone mad on the subject of food



COLLIER'S "Look out—here they come again!" HENRY S. SYVERSON



GREGORY PECK

is one of the stars of

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and insisted on their stuffing Deborah. He made Hattie make her eat enormous meals. He had them pour milk into her and he himself fed her ice cream and candy. He made her eat everything and in huge amounts. And Deborah was not even interested. She was Cy's abject slave and so she obeyed him. But, as Hattie said, "She don't seem to get any good of it," and Josephine thought it made her sick.

"What's the idea of feeding her so?" she demanded repeatedly.

"She's got an anemia," Cy explained repeatedly. "What science knows about anemia is exactly zero-minus. But you're supposed to treat it with food."

DURING these months Josephine was coming to understand that wisdom was irony, that you lived at peace, or as nearly at peace as might be, by accepting the contradictions which you could not resolve. But there was still one to which she could not reconcile herself. She owed Cy sanity and health and perhaps life itself, for she was by no means sure she would not have killed herself when the terror was on her. She owed him hope for Deborah. Most of all she owed him steadiness in friendship, the bedrock strength of nights and days together, of personalities wholly opened to each other. On the other hand, his cravenness, his cowardice—whatever it was—his failure to be the man she had thought he was, his refusal to use his talent, call it his disdain of the obligation to live greatly, well, it undermined her basic beliefs about life and mankind. If Cy could turn out to be like that—Cy who had been endowed with mastery—then nothing was true.

CONFESSIONS OF A HANDBAG HOARDER

A partial list of things I keep
Within my purse's boundless deep:

The ancient ardent letters of
A lot of men I used to love . . .

Some crumpled pictures (stained with tears)
Of beaux who haven't beaued in years . .

Address book full of friends who've proved
Remiss, remarried, or removed. . . .

On inventory, I concede,
Who steals my purse steals trash indeed.

—ANITA LIPTON

Yes, more than that, she had a new kind of insomnia. Not the old quaking by night with disgust at the world's vileness. There was restlessness, there was hot and futile rebellion, tossing in bed with a knowledge that was positively funny.

She and Cy were like the most tranquilly married pair in the world, when they weren't hacking at each other with axes, a hair-trigger anger about whose true nature Josephine felt no doubt whatever. That abominable little apartment in the barn might have been a Custis bungalow where she presided from time to time, like any Custis wife, and where Cy was alternately as considerate and obtuse as any Custis husband.

Any typical evening ended with an hour or so at the barn after dinner and a drive through the hills in his ramshackle car before he took her home. The hills had the rank smell of summer, of drying grass and wood smoke, and there would be the illimitable dark, the wind, the whole intimacy of night that was close to the heart of their mystery. At the barn she might sing for a while, rebellious with impotent knowledge of what her voice did to him, and watch his face screen a dozen emotions which she was quite sure came to the same thing in the end. They would talk desultorily, with a free and ready sympathy for each other. They were a married couple, well weathered in marriage. Their lives were married, but not they. . . .

On one of these evenings she picked up a pamphlet from his desk. Selective Absorption of the Intestinal Tract, with Special Reference to the Ileum and the Jejunum. By Ezra Bartlett, M.D. Josephine recognized a vague name in Cy's talk. "What's this?" she asked.

"I thought it might cast some light on Deborah. It didn't. It's just laboratory medicine. The sort of thing Little Mac was so superior to."

Sharp impatience showed in his face, mingled somehow with stubbornness. She studied that roughly sculptured, massive, homely face. It had changed during the year. It was furrowed as it hadn't been, there were creases in it, a kind of coarseness was gone from it. It lit up suddenly and Cy said, "And yet Bartlett is opening up something that will change medicine forever. He's a revolutionist, he's creating a new medicine. . . . Did I ever tell you that I wrote to him, asking him to let me work in his lab, just before I left Mercy?"

"No. Why didn't he?"

"For one thing, I didn't mail the letter."

So there was another item to add to the complex mystery of Cy Kinsman. Josephine hoped profoundly that some day she would understand whatever collapse, akin to her own, had brought him tumbling down. She felt a small pang of pity, no doubt quite unjustified, for what she took to be bewilderment, perhaps pain, in that rough face.

"Do you remember my father?" he asked suddenly.

"Of course. He was enormous, with a thick brown beard, and always rumbling with laughter. Or profanity. I loved him. A horse threw me and he sewed up my knee. I remember when Andy was born. Old Doc Kinsman brought all the Canedays into the world."

"Everybody says that automatically—you'd think he was midwife to all Colorado."

Josephine had suddenly become aware that an intense pressure was at work in him. "The old man knew about my hands." He cast a sneering glance at them. "He knew I was a good baseball pitcher. He was always thinking up something to test my control—my selective skills—what we call neuromuscular co-ordination." Cy sniffed again. "He told me I'd make a good watchmaker, or a good machinist, or a good surgeon. He wanted me to be a good surgeon. But he damn' well wanted me most to be good at my trade, whatever it was. Bootlegging or studying Deborah."

Cy picked up Ezra Bartlett's small pamphlet, glaring at it as if it were evil. He opened it aimlessly and then flung it across the room. "There's the best argument he ever had. He used to say medicine was on the threshold of its great age and he'd like to stick around to see what was coming. Used to regret all the soldiers' legs he'd cut off when he was an Army surgeon in the Civil War. Wouldn't cut off so many now, he said, and tomorrow they wouldn't cut off as many as they did today. Sure enough, when Old Doc Kinsman's boy, Cy, got to be a captain in the A.E.F., we didn't. . . . He used to say medicine would go pretty far and pretty fast from now on, people were going to learn a lot they didn't know now but ought to have known long ago. I can hear him— 'Ain't no pain nor shame nor mortification in the world like seein' a man or a child die because you don't know enough, because nobody don't know enough, but you always take the blame.' By God!" Cy said with a hard, dreary bitterness. "I've been there. I know what he was talking about—I know what that shame feels like."

DEEPLY moved, not understanding precisely why she was moved, her eyes stinging, Josephine sat on the floor at his knees and laid her hand on his. He clasped it and there was a tangible current flowing through his hand. "He was right as hell!" Cy went on. "In the last fifteen years medicine has learned more than it did in fifty years before. Ezra Bartlett alone is evidence enough that in the next twenty years it will learn ten times as much. And by the Lord I learned it too. When I came into the operating room, well, there was more medicine trained into my finger tips than Old Doc Kinsman ever heard about

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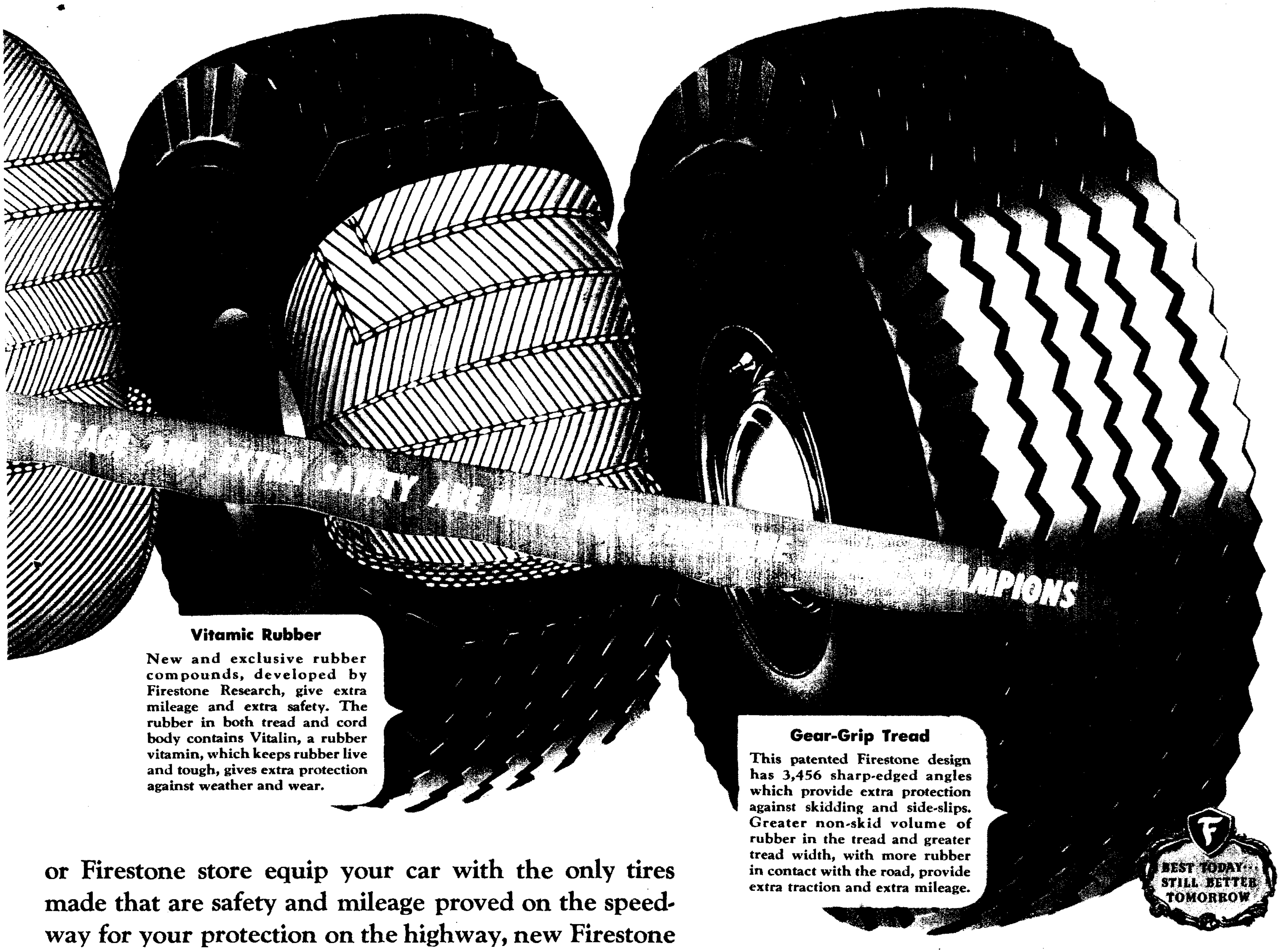
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JOSEPH
COTTEN
is one of the stars of

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in a long life. Too bad he didn't live to learn it. Too bad he couldn't be born again to learn it. He might have saved a leg or two more, or a life or two. He might have been spared some of the shame of watching a child die because he didn't know enough, because 'nobody didn't know enough'."

Cy's hand was crushing hers; she nearly cried out. This was a lightning flash, a sudden light on Cy's own sleepless nights, the agonizing path he had to walk. He dropped her hand and stood up. He pushed both hands straight out from his chest, as if fending something off. "Even in his lowest moments my father was a better man than I'll ever be! I could operate rings round him. I did in my stride things that were altogether impossible to him. There wasn't anything I couldn't do. But he had the bowels of life in him and he was inside the art of medicine. I wasn't. I was outside—turning flips on the flying rings. I was just a pair of hands for people to admire. I was a damned vaudeville act. I was the village show-off." A muscular spasm contorted his face and he said horribly, "What right did he have? I hate his guts!"

This was making Josephine physically sick, she was actually nauseated, her stomach was twisting. What he was saying was unbearably horrible. It was evil itself; it reeked of evil. She stared at blasphemy. Then a furious wrath leaped up in her. What he was saying was *not evil, it was wrong, it* was a lie. It was as wrong as possible, hideously and wickedly wrong.

"But you wouldn't pitch in and help with some of the next twenty years," she said, hot and headlong. "Good heavens, no! Not such a pure soul as you. Not with this up-country hospital and this bush-league medical school and all the tank-town doctors. Not with your inferiors. Not Cy Kinsman, never in the world."

"I would not. And you'd better stay away from me or you'll catch the infection," he warned her.

"I know all about you," she plunged on. "All my marriage was spent among people like you. You're one of those great artists with a noble soul. The vindictive world wounded you and how pitiful you are! You're one of those two-for-a-penny egos that the world hurt. So to hell with saving lives or standing up straight."

"The hell with medicine," he agreed. "The hell with Wes Kinsman and Sandy McAllister and Ezra Bartlett. And the hell with you, sweetheart."

She went over to the piano stool, staring at the keys. Anger had made her muscles taut and she abominated Cy Kinsman, she loathed him with a queasy detestation. Then she didn't. Who was she to condemn Cy, or for that matter anyone? Moreover, he had talked straight, he had tried to show her, he had been as honest as anyone could be.

"I'm sorry, Cy."

"Hell, we're both sorry. We'll say worse before we're done. It's just part of this . . . this imperfectly mated *gemütlichkeit* of ours."

SHE sat down at the piano, struck a few chords and sang softly, aimlessly. It turned out to be Everybody Got to Walk That Lonesome Valley, one of the songs Cy loved best. She turned round—and this queer room with its faint smells of horses and leather and grain had grown electric. Everything in the world was in his eyes, everything she had hoped for, everything she had believed. Her heart began to labor and skip. I've done it, she thought triumphantly, I sang through the barrier—good old voice! Or anger got through it, anger is almost . . . Unsteadily she got up and crossed to a chair and sat in it. . . . It's coming now, here it is, she thought.

"Jo! Take down your hair!"

She glanced at him obliquely. Half drugged, her fingers clumsy, she took out a half-dozen pins. She could hardly speak. "This is . . . it's loose behavior." Her hair fell all about her face.

"Never cut it!" Cy said explosively.

Half-whispering, she asked him, "If you want me to be a woman, why can't you treat me like one?"

He came to stand above her. His hands were touching her hair, as awkward and fumbling as hers. She sat quite still, quite powerless, her lips stiff with a frozen smile. With slow effort she managed to say, "Then after all I'm not . . . then you're not . . ."

He reached for her and she stood up in his arms and fled against him. She had wanted that kiss all her life, flame and light brimmed through her body, she pressed closer in those strong arms, against those powerful and safely defending shoulders, and he could not get enough of her lips and she could not give him enough. Need and necessity, desire and destiny, in a burning moment fused. . . . Then Cy kissed her differently, dropped his arms, stood back from her, and muttered, "That's what you wanted—well, you got it."

She slumped to the arm of a chair. "Not altogether," she whispered. She rejected the chair, crossed to the Army cot, stretched prone on it, chin in her hands. "Only in small part." Her breath was still rapid and her heart painful, but she was altogether tired. "Still, we seem almost daring to face something. Or are we?"

"You want to be paid in full, don't you?" He was scowling savagely, a turbulence of arrested and dissatisfied desire scrawled plainly on his face. She was glad it was his turn to feel that way, his turn to have difficulty with his voice. "All right, here goes," he said. He drew a deep breath, waited, let it go with a long sigh, then began again: "For sixteen months now I've had no escape from you, Jo. I close my eyes at night and there you are—every night. I come to suddenly in the street, or at the garage, or here—and I've been hearing your voice in the dark, you've been *with me*, I've had you *in my* arms, I've been living with you all of my life. You were just any pretty girl that didn't like her life too well—and then you were the one thing that meant anything—God knows more beautiful than I could believe. I had to live with you all my life—"

She said contemptuously, "Quite accomplished poets have said those things to me. Yes, Cy, you're very eloquent, that's beautiful, beautiful language. I wonder why you never do anything about it."

"I'm not going to."

"Oh?" She made the syllable mildly inquiring, then repeated it with simple disregard. "Oh." Now the fool was making love to her and rebuilding the wall between them at the same time.

After a while, she sat up and said, "Aren't there any more words that go with that?"

"Sure, you want the full fee. Payment in full. All right, want a popular song? Okay—I love you, I have for sixteen months, it's something new, there's never been any other woman I absolutely had to have—or couldn't. All right, come down front under a pink spot and sing it: I love you. Want a comment from the gallery? There's nothing to do about it except laugh. Laugh and laugh."

"One trouble with that speech is, it's a filthy lie!" Josephine retorted. "You don't love anyone but Cy Kinsman and you never will."

"All right, say I was just tipping you your dime. Love? Almighty God, Jo!" Cy jerked a shoulder with sudden violence. "Love? It's a pale, fragile thing compared to—all right, I will talk like a drunken poet. Look at what we've worked through together since you came home—can a man and woman go through something like that together and not get deeper than love ever goes?"

She nodded. "Anyway, there's one thing you've said that's true. Only, it seems to mean different things to us."

"Love? Good God, Jo, we won't be free of each other till we die."

"That's true. I still say, it doesn't seem to mean the same to both of us."

HE APPEARED to have nothing more to say; that was the end of the road. Presently she began to put her hair up—the hair that stabbed him with desire, but not quite deeply enough. End of the road. Finish. Or was it? Would she be under some pressure to keep on trying? She would not! She had seen enough of the disease that was Cy Kinsman.

"You know, Cy, my mind is rudimentary. The things you've just said—they're the center of the world. And if they're true, they're what anyone's life means and it's indecent just to say them— You don't just say them, you act on them."

Cy said quietly, "I've done my damnedest to make you see that there is still one *integrity left I can keep*, Jo. *I'm not only in* love with you, I seem to be in love with death, too. And I won't bring that into your life."

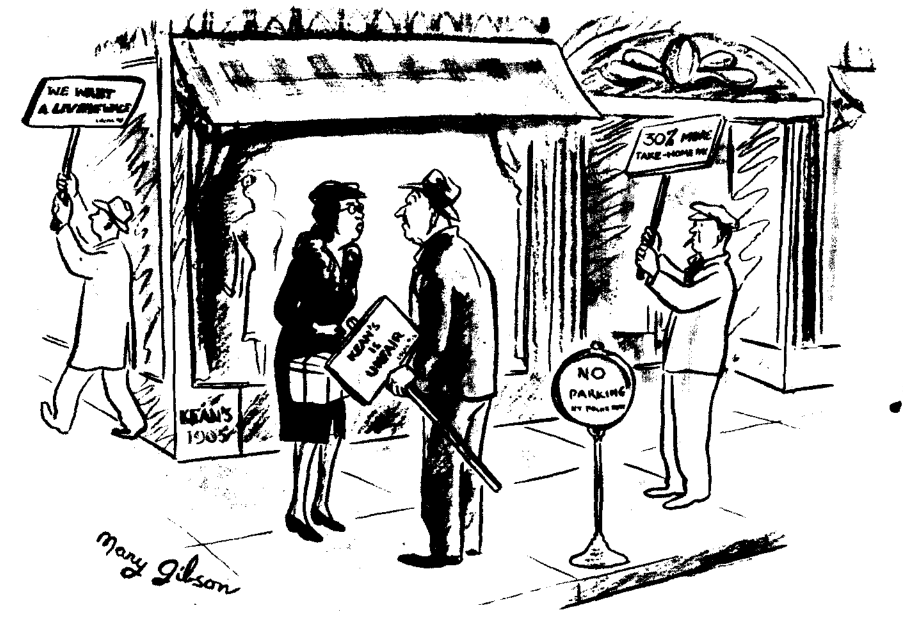
"I hope you understand what that means, for I don't. For your sake I hope it does mean something. But I don't think it means anything at all. Just pretty words."

She picked up her hat, then put it down again and faced him. "Well," she said, "no one can say I didn't try. I tried hard but one of us didn't have quite enough. It's hard to tell whether that's a reflection on me or on you."

She smiled at him, sweetly, she hoped. She went up to him and locked her arms back of his neck. She knew that her nearness would stagger and distress him, and felt her heart race and her breath catch. She stood back and smiled again. She hoped the smile carried the full contempt she felt.

"It's been the hell with so many people tonight, Cy, hasn't it? The hell with your father, and Dr. McAllister, and Dr. Bartlett and me. Well, at last you've made it plain, anyway. So have it your way. Go on back to your grease cups and your bootlegging, and your blind-pig pals. That's all you're good for."

(To be continued next week)



"Maybe you people wouldn't be so discontented if you cultivated an outside interest in books or music"

COLLIER'S MARY GIBSON

So Safe –
So Simple –
Now –

ANYBODY CAN FLY AERONCA!

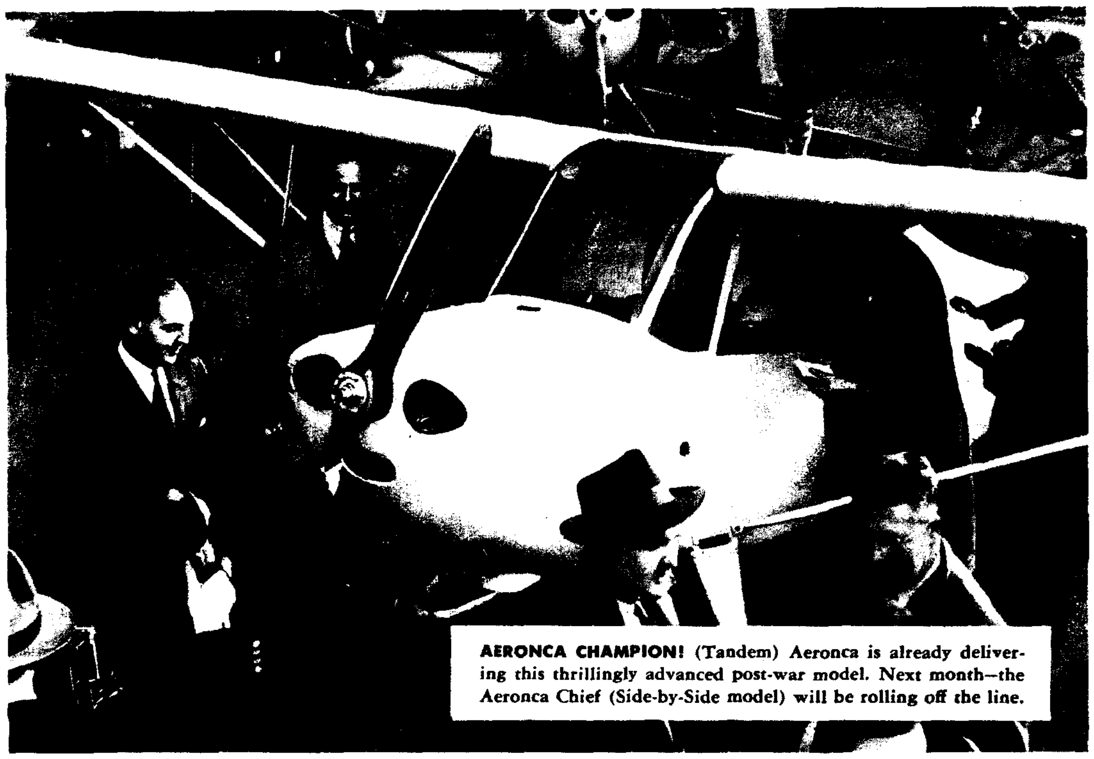
HERE'S YOUR POST-WAR PLANE! Completely New in Design!
AERONCA Champion is today's easiest plane to fly! Requires no special skill!
THOUSANDS ACTUALLY SOLO IN 8 HOURS OR LESS!

Throw away your old ideas of travel! The age of flight has arrived—for YOU! If you drive a car, you can fly this Aeronca. It's vastly improved! Completely new in design. A personal plane built for average people. So easy to handle, so steady in flight that thousands learn to solo in 8 hours or less.

Think of the many ways you could use Aeronca . . . the pleasure you and your family will get out of it. It's the new way to commute from country home to city job. Such an easy, pleasant way to visit family or friends in "far off" places that are now only hours away. Thousands fly Aeronca in business—to cover territories faster.

Right today, there are 3400 airports operating in America. You can land "almost anywhere". You can take-off and land an Aeronca on a 3-acre field. Its low landing speed and greatly improved visibility have made flying infinitely safer and simpler.

Go see your Aeronca dealer. Take a flight in this plane that has made flying simple . . . discover yourself how easy it really is. Remember—if you drive a car, you can fly Aeronca. *Thousands learn to solo in 8 hours or less.*



AERONCA CHAMPION! (Tandem) Aeronca is already delivering this thrillingly advanced post-war model. Next month—the Aeronca Chief (Side-by-Side model) will be rolling off the line.

NEW LUXURY AT LOW COST!

Aeronca cabins are big, roomy. Luxuriously finished. Lounge-type seats. Wide automobile type door affords easy access.

Aeronca Aircraft Corporation, Middletown, Ohio
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GO PLACES FAST . . . ECONOMICALLY!

You can go so many places—so much faster—so much more pleasantly—in Aeronca. 500-mile trips are a matter of a few hours. You cruise along at 90 miles an hour. Many use Aeronca in business—to cover territories faster.

Aeronca Service! Over 900 Aeronca qualified dealers to serve you. Write us for name of one nearest you.

AERONCA America's No. 1 Low Cost Plane

ACCENT THOSE *Precious Moments* OF REAL LIVING

Carling's Red Cap Ale is a supremely fitting companion for your cherished leisure moments. Whatever your recipe for rest and recreation—the opera or a neighborhood movie . . . a big night or a quiet evening—this mild, mature beverage provides the accent that makes even a simple pleasure a memorable event.

Red Cap
CARLING'S
CONTENTS 12 FLUID OUNCES
INTERNAL REVENUE TAX PAID
Red Cap
Brewing Corporation of America
RED CAP ALE
CARLING'S Red Cap ALE
Since 1840.. Quality that never varies

Cities of Chaos

Continued from page 28

American kids have learned the folded-arms cavorting of the Hungarians while teaching the gypsy maidens the Lindy Hop. A book of chits sells for $2 American—no canny doughboots will take chances with funny money in their own place—and will last well through the average evening.

But the Park Club's something to set visitors dreaming. Before the war it was a luxurious sort of country-club-in-the-city for some 500 extremely rich and dissipated Hungarian noblemen and tycoons. Most of these characters (Americans in Budapest say all Hungarians are characters) ran out of money and some out of life in the recent upsets. The club stood vacant and not too badly battered on the fashionable Stefania Utca when the Allies finally joined Stalin's lads in Budapest. Someone got the idea that a very pleasant way of helping the Hungarian government discharge its obligation to support the occupying forces would be to reopen the club. The staff of the completely destroyed Donau Palace (Ritz) Hotel was taken on, and workmen requisitioned to fix up the place. It's unquestionably one of the great spots of Europe today.

The Park Club is fronted by a superb doorman, known as Tiny because he weighs 300 pounds, resplendent in a veritable Hungarian admiral's uniform. Tiny has a few words of English and vastly ingratiating gold-toothed smile above a multiple collar of chins. Like all his compatriots, Tiny has something to sell foreigners. His specialty is guns. German, Hungarian and even American pistols, burp guns and automatics appear from unsuspected recesses in his tentlike overcoat. Prices range from $25 down to $3 depending on how new in town Tiny thinks you are. What startles the customers is Tiny's willingness to demonstrate his wares. "Shoots good, see," he will say, blazing a whole clip into the sky. Actually it's just a few more shots in Budapest's bullet-riddled nights, but a newcomer starts looking around for the cops he knows must be coming. Tiny can produce cameras and liquor and diamonds from other pockets in his costume. But his most fantastic deal involved a war correspondent who paid one package of cigarettes, a chocolate bar and $3 for a small nickeled pistol with ammunition and a blonde who was waiting conveniently by.

People dine late, long and luxuriously at the Park Club. The by-laws state it's an "Allied Officers" club, but no Russians belong and few are guests. The members, paying no dues, are American and British officers and civilians of the resident and visiting diplomatic and military missions. Meals are on the superb side. Champagne which compares favorably with French, the fancier still wines and most hard drinks short of Scotch are available. Music in the dining room is by an eight-piece gypsy orchestra and is more intoxicating than Tokay.

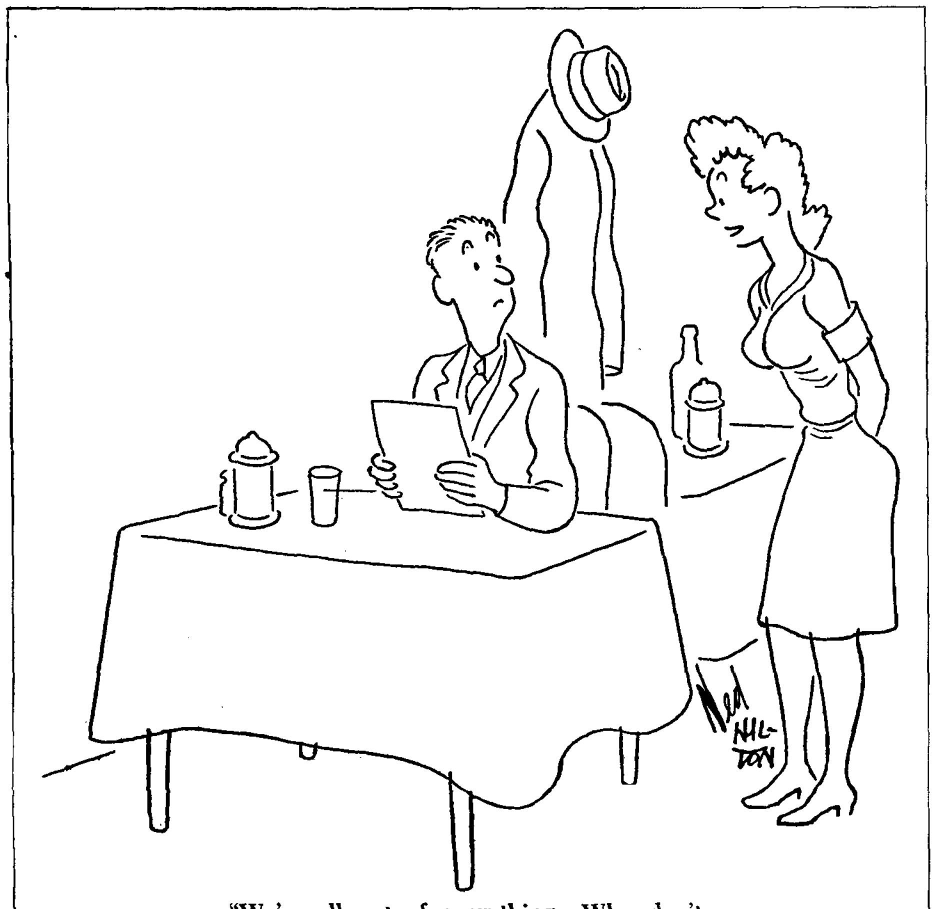
After dinner Park Club guests walk into another wing of the building to a charmingly decorated *intime* bar. There's a night-club-size dance floor, a two-piece band (fresh from Dachau) playing late New York stuff and a sultry blues singer named Ania Suli from South Bend, Indiana, who married in Hungary and sat out the war in Budapest. Newly divorced, she left her job recently to marry a New York major from Vienna headquarters.

All This for Three Bucks

The bar runs till exhausted—or until its customers give up. There are U.S. movies upstairs three times a week, game rooms, private dining rooms and barber and hairdresser. But it's the checks that leave the customers popeyed. Reduced from astronomical numbers of pengö to dollars, a big champagne, eating, dancing and tipping evening for two may cost $3. The club operates at a deficit. But that doesn't worry the customers from the States. The deficit is paid in reparations under Hungary's armistice.

But it is just one more item in a generally grim economic mess of which Park Club celebrations, cheap cameras and stockings are mere externals. For while all this is going on, Hungarians are in a desperate struggle for existence. Wages can't keep up with prices. A worker makes in a month what it costs him to feed his family for a week. Housewives go to markets, piled high with food they can't afford. They haven't dollars to sell for stacks of pengö at the latest black rate. There's a good chance of civil disorder in Hungary this cold hungry winter. And it will spring from food, money and politics.

Park clubs, black bourses and cheap lux-



"We're all out of everything. Why don't you come home and have supper with me?"

COLLIER'S NED HILTON

TOUGH
BUT OH SO GENTLE

When you install new piston rings, it will pay you to get Hastings rings. They *stop* oil-pumping, *check* cylinder wear, *restore* engine performance. Ask your motor specialist.

HASTINGS MANUFACTURING COMPANY
HASTINGS, MICHIGAN
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HASTINGS STEEL-VENT PISTON RINGS
TOUGH ON OIL-PUMPING GENTLE ON CYLINDER WALLS

WANT
KITCHEN and BATHROOM
WALLS
THAT
WASH?
USE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS
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SWP
AMAZINGLY WASHABLE WALL FINISH!
SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PRODUCTS
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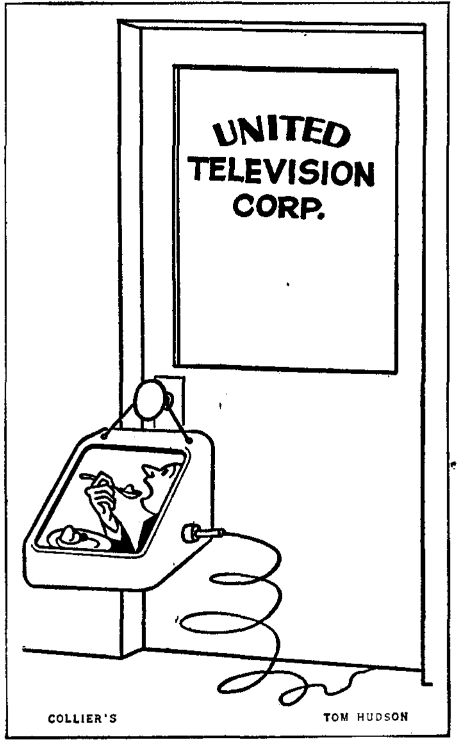
A SATIN FINISH FOR INTERIOR USE
CREAM
THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.
LOVELY NEW COLORS!
COVER THE EARTH

Heavenly pastel colors and white...
wonderful for walls, ceilings, woodwork.
SHERWIN WILLIAMS
PAINTS

uries, together with the underlying wreckage of lives and living are the same all over Central Europe. Take Warsaw.

Those who have seen the destruction in places like Berlin, Frankfurt and Cologne still gasp at the ruins of Warsaw. Mile after mile of city lies in appalling devastation made doubly tragic by the fact that the capital died in a carefully engineered and executed plan. The Nazis blew up and burned 17,000 structures in retribution for 1944's ghetto-started insurrection. Neither the shrines, placarded with bald statements that here 200 or 300 Poles died under Nazi bullets, nor the fact that under the utterly pulverized ruins of the ghetto lie the uncounted bones of some hundreds of thousands of Jews have suppressed the mid-European passion for living and doing business. Much more than in Vienna, the Poles have overcome war-born lacks and hindrances to meet the desires of those with money to eat, drink and play.

Warsaw's foreign colony, almost without exception, is billeted these days in the Hotel Polonia, not too snazzy a hostelry in its best days. With diplomats, military and naval personnel and journalists of America, Britain, Belgium, France and assorted other nations, to say nothing of UNRRA and miscellaneous People With Missions, you live five and six to a room. The business desk of a military attaché is likely to be the bed he sleeps in.


UNITED TELEVISION CORP.

COLLIER'S TOM HUDSON

This visitor to Poland expected to find things pretty grim in the eating and purchasing line. Crossing eastern Czechoslovakia up from Hungary the country had looked neat and little scarred by war. But in the Czech towns, belts are still a lot tighter than in Poland. In Ruzomberok, a sizable provincial capital with a big Nazi-built chemical works, the Hotel of Culture's dinner menu was potato soup. Just that. And that's all anyone expected.

So, pulling tired, dirty and cold into Krakow's undamaged streets, I expected to take a couple of cans of C-rations into the Grand Hotel for lunch. A rather dispirited violinist perked up and went into Swanee River when the Americans entered the room. But there was hot water in the washroom, a good sign. The headwaiter came over and asked in passable English if we would start with the hors d'oeuvres or the soup. "Just bring in the stuff," we said. "We'll eat it." Tasty smoked meats and fish, delicately pink slices of delicious Polish ham (the kind you haven't seen in the States since 1939) and a reasonable amount of caviar were followed by turkey giblet soup, roast turkey with plenty of vegetables, a handsome salad and an impressive plate of French pastries.

And then coffee with thick whipped cream schlagobers such as hasn't been seen since Adolf the paperhanger started swapping Europe's butter for guns. We sat back and wondered contentedly when wonders would cease. They tapered off with shots of krupnick, a potent Polish liqueur made from honey and spices that leaves a long, warm memory in the gullet. The bill translated from zlotys was about $4. We hit the pretty fair military highway strewn with rusted Kraut and Russki armor much refreshed and invigorated.

In Warsaw even a bed in the jammed Polonia proved impossible but Corporal Abe Wolf, of Chicago, and I wound up in the adjoining Central Hotel, which is not very fancy, but has the immense advantage of big tiled coal stoves (and coal) between bedrooms. Except for frequent starts in the night as the result of rifle and machine-gun fire below the windows the Central turned out to be a pretty good place to live. The firing came from somewhere in the awesome, tumbled recesses of what had been Warsaw's modernistic railway station across the street before Hans Frank's boys had spent a few tons of TNT razing it.

Warsaw's eating and night life centers within a few blocks of Marsalkowska or "Times Square." In fact few of the foreigners who are its principal patrons care to try the dark streets far from this center. Margot's, around the corner from the Polonia, draws the ambassadorial trade with delicious French-style meals including tasty steaks and filets. On Margot's sort of menu one can afford the mistake of mispronouncing what seemed to be the Polish word for smoked eel (a Warsaw specialty) and getting a cassoulet of spicy sausages and beans instead. It was good too.

Swing Music in Warsaw Rhythm

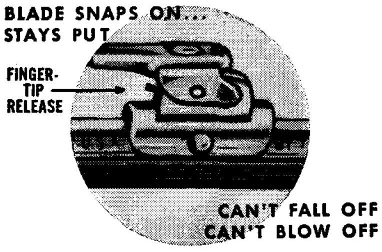
Every table is adorned with a pint bottle of clear and potent vodka and some pretty good beer to wash it down. A gentleman with a guitar and a sonorous voice wandered around the tables singing, apparently to himself and quite agreeably. The Polonia's own dining room dishes up pretty impressive meals if the diner is willing to be subjected to the pandemonium of the Warsaw idea of a swing band grinding out Dinah and Beginning to See the Light to the endless delight of young Polish soldiers and their girls. The frogs legs here are pretty good, as are the sizzling skillets of fried ham topped by six fresh eggs which are available for breakfast to visitors long allergic to egg powder.

Mike Fogg's place down a couple of blocks is something the British and Americans don't miss. More a saloon than eating place, the filet steaks are small but delicious. And at those prices (50 cents) who can't afford two or three? Mike himself lived in Chicago for some years and sang concerts all over the U.S. before coming back to his aged mother in Warsaw in 1939. He fought with and sang for the guerrillas and was wounded several times. He's waiting to go back stateside and busy singing and counting zlotys in his cash register meanwhile. He has all Warsaw sobbing in its vodka with a sad number of his own composition called My Warsaw. The text is in the spirit of The Last Time I Saw Paris and the music reminiscent of Down in the Old Neighborhood.

The 400,000 people who remain of Warsaw's prewar 1,500,000 live and work and sell in the ruins. They may occupy a single chamber in a gutted house and build a shack of bricks and wood debris on the sidewalk for a store. But these stores are stocked with a variety of luxuries to eat, wear or send home the like of which have not been seen in places like London, Paris or Berlin for many years. The political and economic mystery of this is something no one I met could satisfactorily explain. But there it is. English kippered herrings and American chocolate bars. Angora sweaters and silk stockings from Switzerland; Dutch cocoa and Portuguese sardines. Prices in dollar terms are maybe twenty-five per cent above Budapest. But the wonder is that the stuff is there at all.

Here again it's the Poles, not the visiting firemen, who are having tough going. They don't buy their zlotys with dollars at 280 to $1 from a shady character in a hotel lobby. (Such trading is strictly *verboten*, but who wants the official rate of 12 to $1?) They do

ANCO RAIN-MASTER
"Dead-Locker"
WINDSHIELD WIPER
ARMS and BLADES



(A war-born invention—by ANCO—first for military aircraft—now for your car.)

DON'T SHOOT YOUR GAS-PUMP MAN!

He's doing the best he can. Sure, he knows how dangerous it is for you to drive your car... in stormy weather... with your dull old windshield wipers that smear and smear. He'd gladly put on for you quickly a pair of keen new ANCO RAIN-MASTER Wiper Blades and Arms. He has them—Newest Models! But he forgets to remind you? Too busy? You can't shoot him for that!

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After all, it's *your* car to protect. So *you* remind *him*. Get RAIN-MASTERS... patented features...original equipment on many makes of high grade cars and trucks...used in war—on our fighting tanks and trucks and ships and bombers too...because ANCO RAIN-MASTERS clean quicker, clean cleaner . . . last longer. May save you a costly smashup.

Ask for RAIN-MASTER Windshield Wiper Arms and Blades next time you buy gas.

THE ANDERSON COMPANY
Established 1918
GARY, INDIANA

The Perfect Valentine

THERE'S NO MORE ELOQUENT way to say "I love you" than the gift of a fine Hamilton Watch. Your jeweler has a limited supply of men's and women's models. Price: $41.25 and up, including tax. Write for booklet, Hamilton Watch Co., Dept. D-2, Lancaster, Penna.

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America's Fine Watch
Makers of "The Watch of Railroad Accuracy"

most of their buying in long ruined streets where the wares, mostly much bedraggled, are laid out on the sidewalks or displayed in rude shacks. But there's butter, fish, meat and wool underwear. No store in Vienna has displayed anything like that this year.

Bucharest and Sofia are on the fabulous list, too. Some connoisseurs say Bucharest tops them all. But Sofia puts it out pretty well in a quiet Bulgarian way. The Rumanians have always been proud to call Bucharest "the Paris of the Balkans." But today their town puts poor, tortured Paris very much in the shade. The prewar price of lei was 160 to $1. Twelve thousand is a pretty fair figure today. Life, for foreigners, centers in and around the slightly fabulous Athenee Palace Hotel.

In prewar days the Athenee's guests and staff seemed compounded of equally imaginative parts of Vicki Baum and E. Phillips Oppenheim. Chic, inexplicable women vied with Rumanian officers in Graustarkian uniforms and made-up faces (corsets, too) along with shady-looking foreigners to give visitors the impression every potted palm concealed an intrigue. And many of them actually did. Today's Athenee is much the same and doubly notable for being about the first place this traveler ran into (including the U.S.) where a luxury hotel's rooms, service and food were as good in 1945 as in the best times. And the prices!

A beautiful room, with a balcony conveniently overlooking the plaza before the royal palace where all the best rioting is staged, costs the equivalent of seventy cents a day. A caviar and scrambled egg breakfast with champagne to wash it down is twenty cents. Four plates of the best astrakhan caviar in a restaurant cost half a dollar. The big night spot is Mon Jardin which tries hard to be Parisian. A redheaded blues singer from Indianapolis does the American numbers here. The good meal with tips—$2.50 for four—here would cost a common Rumanian laborer a month's earnings.

What fascinates newspapermen the most in Bucharest is the procedure for filing a story to the States. The copy must first be taken to the Rumanian propaganda minister for his censorship. Then to the Russian embassy for a political going over from Moscow's viewpoint. Then to the Russian military censor for security checkup. Then, if anything's left it may be taken to a languid national telegraph office which doesn't much care whether the message gets sent today or tomorrow.

The few G.I.s in Bucharest are pretty well swamped with extremely chic and pretty women, many of them rich, who want only two things—and money isn't either of them. Cigarettes ($1 a package in the black market) and the prestige of going with an American are the big attractions. Bucharest has gasoline for its taxis and "for hire" cars. It has silk stockings under $1 and a plentiful supply of jewelry from the impoverished nobility. A handsome dark mink coat can be had to order for $500. Turn the page of "Graustark" to Bulgaria.

Sofia was always a sedate town with religious scruples and an early-to-bed mood that sent pleasure seekers to places like Bucharest and Athens. It suffered a fair amount of war damage, but nothing like Vienna or even Budapest. Its Hotel Bulgar is the center of things. Just about the whole town, male and female, takes a traditional walk in the square in front of the Bulgar at 6 P.M. sharp.

A Cheap Evening at the Astoria

The lev is about 1,700 to $1 in strictly black channels. It's unlawful to own dollars and the law is often enforced on storekeepers without frightening the sidewalk traders in currencies. Caviar costs fifty cents a big bowl and champagne is on the Bucharest and Budapest scale. The Germans left a legacy of night life Sofia hadn't known before the Nazi occupation. The Astoria is the hot spot. There a recent American visitor who felt like spreading himself entertained ten guests, plus practically the entire staff of forty with dinner and drinks, tips and music all evening. The cost was $40.

The girl singers, who haven't a word of conversational English, have painstakingly memorized the two big hits of the moment—Minnie from Trinidad and Beginning to See the Light. They love to jitterbug. Bulgarian officers are generally small and fierce-looking in swords and daggers. They are quite willing to look the other way when the 10:30 P.M. curfew rolls around and the Americans "arrange" with the militia squad, bristling with tommy guns, for the club to run a couple of hours longer.

But away from the small center of Sofia the town is, by eleven, quiet as a New England village. There are no cabs and the nightly shooting has tapered off. The Bulgarian people live a little better than the Hungarian, Rumanian or Austrian workers. But not much.

Visiting firemen usually don't waste much time in Sofia. The fleshpots are boiling more fragrantly elsewhere. Life there is too much like normal in a Europe where one can all too easily join the dancing on the tomb. After all, the dead millions on Hitler's charge account wanted to live, too.

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

conclusion that "the trouble is that we have too many first-class ideas in the hands of third-class men." He suggests that we dig up a few third-rate ideas and turn them over to first-rate men. This formula, he contends, has made this country the mighty power that it is and we should stick to it.

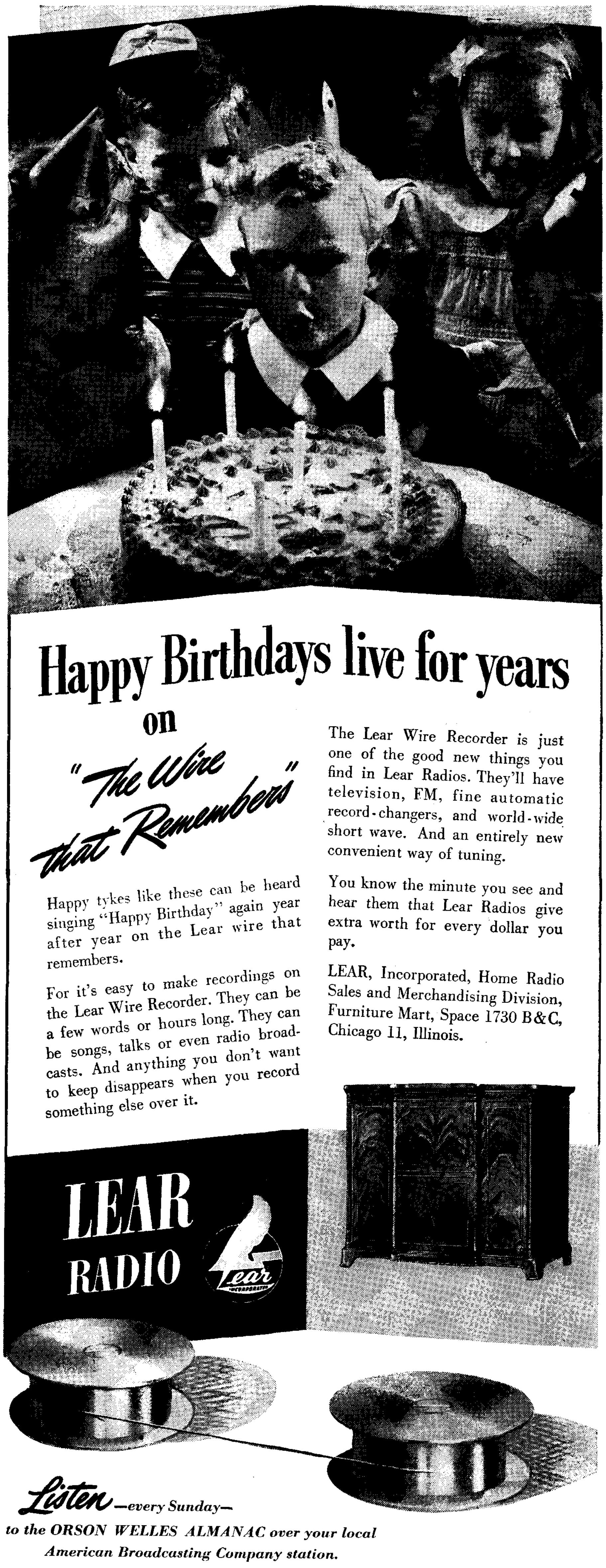
BUT Mr. H. Durrell of San Diego, California, but born in Maine, believes that all would be well, or at least a lot better, if we were to start in all over again. For example, he'd simplify the drinking habits of America and get back to hard cider. He recalls his uncle, Mr. Ike Phinney, in Bangor, who drank fifteen barrels of hard cider every year, lived to be ninety-two when he fell from a trapeze on which he was giving an exhibition at the county fair. Mr. Durrell says that his uncle would never have fallen that fifty feet from the trapeze had he not, just before the exhibition, won a hundred-yard dash carrying two ten-gallon kegs of cider. Had he had that cider inside him instead, he'd have been okay, thinks Mr. Durrell.

AND Mr. Russ Brinkley of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, found in his newspaper—The Patriot—the following: "Personal: Veteran wants hot bath showers one hour each week. Winter only." And an unidentified customer sends us another from an unidentified paper: "Veteran with family that demands feeding desires steady job at living wage plus ten per cent. Would prefer one without interference by Congress or a labor union."

A GENTLEMAN for some reason not clear to us—probably modesty—has notified us that he has solved the problem of the atomic bomb. It's absurdly simple, too. "Simply destroy the scientists," he says. "They'd never be missed. Scientists are always getting the world in trouble. I don't mean inventors. I'm an inventor myself. Scientists never invented anything worth having. Plain inventors gave us the steam engine, the cotton gin, the locomotive, the harvester, the washing machine and so forth. All that scientists do is sit around in stinking laboratories and think up ways to get rid of people."

AND Miss Justine Gilkey of Muskogee, Oklahoma, wishes to communicate with anybody who can tell her why she has "never heard of or known anyone who has seen or heard of a bald Indian." Miss Gilkey does not say what she intends doing with a bald Indian if found and it's none of our business. . . .

W. D.



Happy Birthdays live for years on "The Wire that Remembers"

Happy tykes like these can be heard singing "Happy Birthday" again year after year on the Lear wire that remembers.

For it's easy to make recordings on the Lear Wire Recorder. They can be a few words or hours long. They can be songs, talks or even radio broadcasts. And anything you don't want to keep disappears when you record something else over it.

The Lear Wire Recorder is just one of the good new things you find in Lear Radios. They'll have television, FM, fine automatic record-changers, and world-wide short wave. And an entirely new convenient way of tuning.

You know the minute you see and hear them that Lear Radios give extra worth for every dollar you pay.

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WILD MAN FROM HOBOKEN

BY KYLE CRICHTON

A little something about Referee Pat Kennedy, the whirling dervish of the basketball courts

SOME night in Madison Square Garden a young man is going to be crowned king. He may be a little king and many people may dislike him but his followers will cherish him tenderly. He will not be a box-fight king or a hockey king; he will merely be a basketball player who hits a referee smack on the button.

The referee is Mr. Pat Kennedy, and by some he is regarded as the most dramatic figure in the sport. Others maintain that no more annoying individual has appeared in public life since the early days of Milton Berle. Mr. Kennedy has brought gestures, apoplectic paroxysms and plain obnoxiousness to a pastime that was weaned in a Y.M.C.A. and in some places is played by girls.

Kennedy operates on the principle that a basketball foul is a carnal sin that must be answered by the wrath of Jove. At the height of the excitement his whistle blows with an agonized, outraged note. He then comes charging down on the malefactor like a giraffe that has been stung by a cobra. He literally leaps through the air, his arm outstretched in anger and his finger pointing with the venomous persistence of an asp.

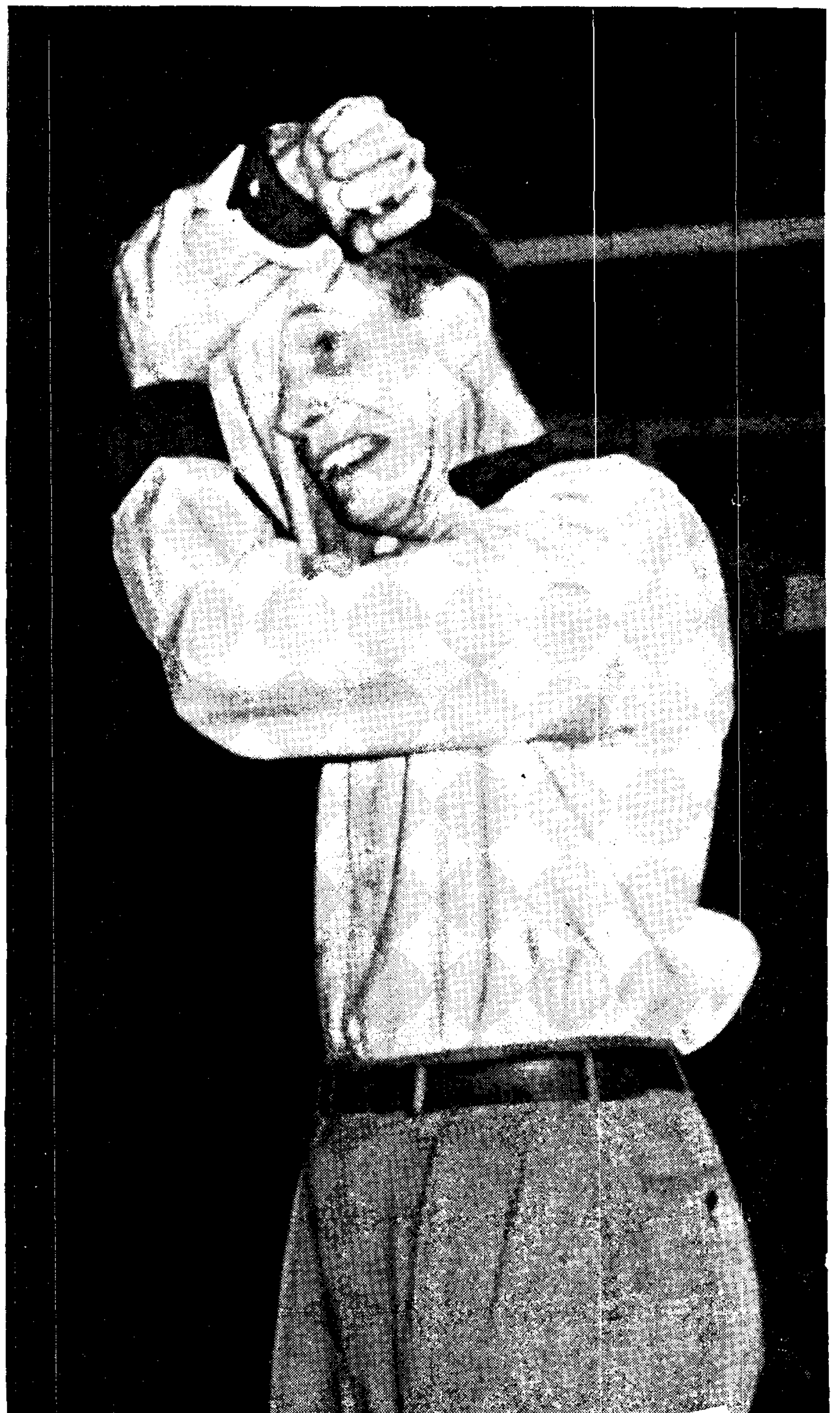
"You-u-u-u-u-YOU!" he shrieks at the poor offender, who cowers like a man caught with a stolen purse.

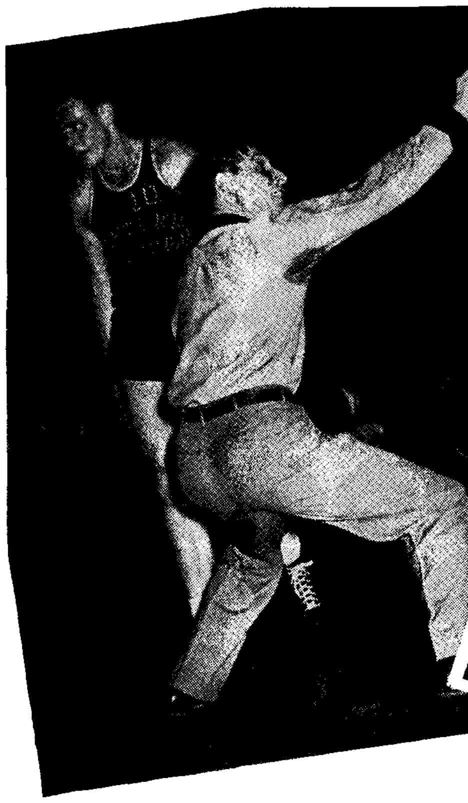
Then Kennedy throws himself into a final contortion with the intent of explaining the crime to the spectators. If it has been holding, he cradles himself in his arms and shakes himself violently back and forth to show just what the criminal has done. If it has been hacking, he whacks at the air in a perfect frenzy.

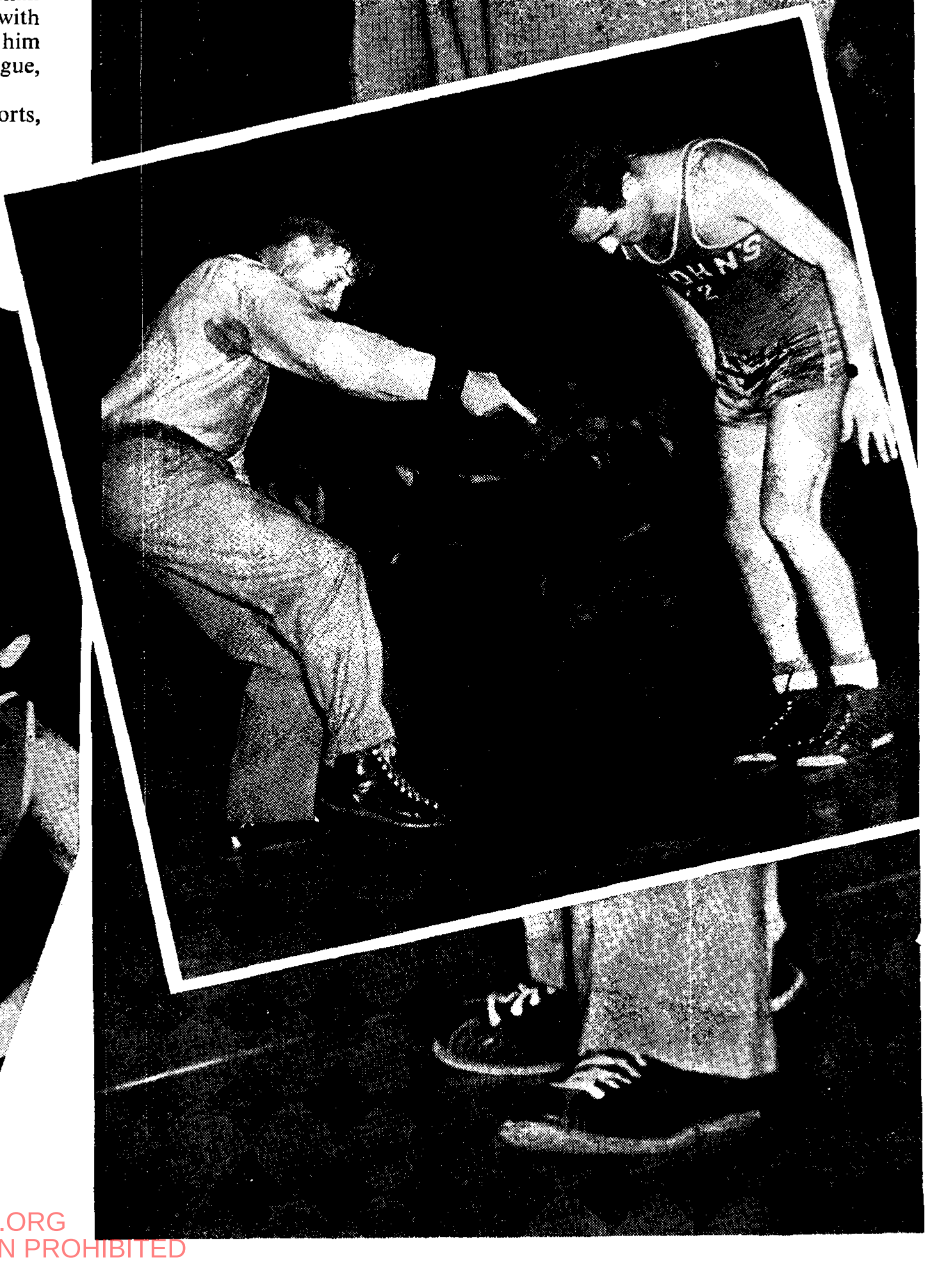
When, therefore, our little king reaches up and pops Mr. Kennedy in the midst of this pandemonium, the reaction will be divided. The majority will be shocked because most basketball patrons consider Mr. Kennedy's operations an elevating spectacle. There are others who for years have been restrained only by early divine training from going out and personally whacking some serenity into the gentleman. They will now descend as a phalanx and carry the little king off on their shoulders, offering him love as a reward for his martyrdom.

Kennedy is a man who was born, reared and remains in Hoboken, New Jersey. At the age of five his Uncle Bill gave him a toy whistle and he has been blowing it ever since. He was a high-school athlete under Dave Walsh but it soon became apparent that he would rather referee than play, and almost immediately he was busy with intramural games. His first pay job brought him three bucks for refereeing in the Bankers' League, an industrial conglomeration in Jersey.

"That made him so cocky," history reports,



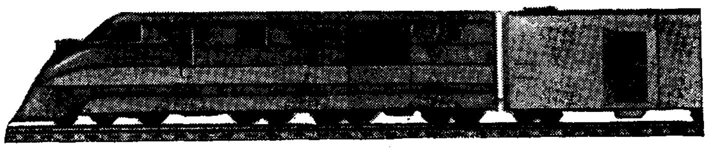




As a basketball referee Mr. Kennedy seems to operate on the theory that a foul is a carnal sin that only divine wrath can deal with. To a great many spectators his weird contortions constitute an elevating spectacle, but others look upon them as just a spectacle. They could do without it

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY PAT TERRY—EUROPEAN

"Don't forget to telegraph us . . . 'cause We're on our way!"



Wichita? Minneapolis? New York?. . . It all depends on a sheaf of telegrams . . . on lightning contacts made after the carloads start rolling

DELAY can make snap beans lose their snap, or lettuce turn to rags, or baby green peas wrinkle with age. *Telegrams prevent delay* . . . speed perishable foods to your table, deliciously fresh.

As fast as hands can move, produce is picked, crated and shipped . . . often with no knowledge of final destination. Just get the carloads rolling toward the markets. Then, in a rapid exchange of telegrams, buyers are found, prices are agreed on, and the carloads are sold *while still on the move.*

"Diversion" telegrams then route the rolling cars to market. Last-minute buying, via Western Union, means fresh produce . . . helps prevent local shortage or surplus.

Western Union telegrams serve as the legal records which make these swift transactions binding, thus giving stability to the entire distribution system for perishables.

Thus, on a path of yellow blanks, melons, strawberries, potatoes—all kinds of fresh fruits and vegetables from all parts of the United States—come to you in delicious condition . . . "via Western Union." Just another way that telegrams serve everybody in the community every day of the year.

For nearly 100 years, Western Union has been pioneering in communications. Recent Western Union developments in automatic telegraphy and electronics foreshadow a new era in the transmission of the written word. . . . The Western Union Telegraph Company, 60 Hudson Street, New York 13, N. Y.

WESTERN UNION

"that from then on, he walked exclusively on the balls of his feet."

He was born in 1908 and by the time he was twenty he was refereeing in the American Professional League. This was an extremely bellicose aggregation of teams, and on several occasions Kennedy's friends feared for his life. The pros had an annoying habit of accidently elbowing an official as they passed him, and Kennedy was the recipient of various hacks, sideswipes and rolling blocks during his career.

The Night He Bounced Rusty

He had the effrontery in Trenton one night to throw out Rusty Saunders, who was the town hero, and as a result he sat in his dressing room for three hours after the game before he could get away. He was surrounded by policemen during his enforced idleness and at the end of an hour suggested tartly that if the armed minions had any courage they'd go out and disperse the agitated multitude.

"Oh, no," said the cops. "You're the brave one. *You* go out."

It would be redundancy to refer to any crowd in that circuit as a "home-town crowd" because they were all home-town crowds, not exactly ready to die for their favorites but at least willing to dent any conk that thwarted them. There was the night in Prospect Hall, Brooklyn, when Pat waved out the famous Joe Brennan of the Visitations. Prospect Hall's main feature is a balcony running along both sides. In the balcony were booths at which the gentry daintily wet their gullets with brew while watching the warriors. When Brennan resolutely refused to leave the floor, the burghers aloft went into action. They had an excellent vantage point in altitude and in addition were fully munitioned with beer bottles. Brennan hastily brought that conflict to an end by departing.

"I don't care about *that* louse," he said heatedly. "But what's the use of *me* getting killed?"

Kennedy got his first college job when Nat Holman called him in to handle the Rutgers game at City College. His success in that field was so pronounced that he was a natural choice when Ned Irish first put basketball into Madison Square Garden. He has been there ever since, a fixture, and is now an integral part of the Ned Irish circus, which promotes games also in Buffalo and Philadelphia.

He averages 125 games a year, including high-school and professional dates, and estimates that he has handled approximately 3,000 games in his time. During the season he referees a high-school game almost every afternoon, a college game at night and two professional games on Sunday. He makes a lot of people happy, a lot furious and ends every game wringing wet.

He is excessively proud of a week's work, which he thinks constitutes some sort of a record. He first handled the Temple-West Virginia game one night in Convention Hall, Philadelphia; next afternoon he was down at Annapolis keeping Army and Navy straight; that same night he came back to Palestra, Philadelphia, to cow Pennsylvania and Columbia; he took a plane for Cleveland and conducted services at two professional games; next night he was at New Haven ordering around Yale and Dartmouth. What this proves is not apparent but Pat likes it.

A Victim Protests—But Mildly

Kennedy is perhaps the only sports official in history who is himself a gate attraction. Newcomers to the Garden are found leaving the place shouting "No-no-no-NO!" which is an exact replica of Pat's chiding when he catches an infraction of the rules. There was a night when Duquesne was playing in the Garden and Kennedy was No-no-noing Serany of Duquesne all over the court. Serany protested and Pat placed his face close up to the heretic and demanded an explanation.

"I don't mind your hollering at me," said Serany, "but for heaven's sake don't crucify me before all these people."

In late years Kennedy has taken up baseball umpiring, starting in the Interstate League and progressing to the International. He was going good there when pneumonia floored him and for a time made a tame mouse out of him. He is probably the only basketball referee in history who has a personal following. When he sprained his ankle a few years ago at the Garden and was carried off the floor, the crowd cheered in active sympathy; there wasn't a Bronx bleat in the gathering.

However, there was a period when the coaches felt he was going too far with his histrionics and asked him please to pipe down. It bruised his spirit but he did his best and proved to be a pitiful spectacle. The sight of Pat acting like an august member of the Supreme Bench brought tears to many a stolid figure. It was even too much for the coaches who assembled another delegation and asked him sadly to "Be as you were, Pat."

"You've not only lost control of the game," they said, "but you're making everybody miserable."

Most referees prefer to remain outside the game, keeping a benign eye on its perversities, and a light rein on the players, and acting like a Lord High Justice. Kennedy is "in" the game, a part of it. The officiating in New York is very strict and is not particularly liked by Middle Westerners who prefer a little friendly jostling with their cleverness. As a result the games at Madison Square Garden are almost entirely a theme in musical notes tooted by Mr. Kennedy. He races, he gyrates, he throws himself into contortions, he points the indignant finger, rasps the accusing "No-no-no-NO, you held!" and then wraps himself around himself in his fury.

To keep this up Mr. Kennedy needs condition. Before the season he repairs to a Hoboken gymnasium and beats himself into shape. He spends two hours running. Then he takes a breather and engages in a handball game, the most strenuous sport in history. After that he takes a swim in the pool and goes home to dinner. He drinks a beaker or two of beer and then returns to the gym for hand and leg exercises. And so to bed.

Living Up to a Balanced Diet

He invariably loses ten pounds during a game but immediately begins getting it back on a diet of beer and midnight sandwiches. He makes a point of keeping away from coaches. If he works the first game of a double header at the Garden, he disappears for home as soon as it's over. If he's in the second game, he comes in early and sits by the timekeeper until the first half of the first game is ended. He goes then to his dressing room, takes his time about getting ready and then comes out just before the game starts. Again, when it is over, he promptly beats it.

The gentleman is a dapper dresser who favors white shirts and somber ties. Rumor has it that he possesses a wardrobe of twenty suits, which is not much in competition with Lou Little, the Columbia football coach, but which is regarded in Hoboken as rather genteel. He is a great man for parties and fancies himself a tenor, being given to song at the wink of an eye.

"No harm in the man," say his friends, "no harm at all."

The Kennedy family, down to the latest cousin, are public-spirited folk who also know a bit about politics. Pat is now a member of the faculty of David Rue Junior High in Hoboken. His salary for the Garden games is not public but rumor reports it at $100 a game. He must average around $500 a week during the rush of the season.

The basketball coaches consider him an honest and capable official but feel that he sometimes wastes time with all his shenanigans. They also remark that they could do with not quite so much of the John Barrymore, but Pat snorts at this.

"Me an actor!" he scoffs. "Did you ever see those coaches on the sidelines, throwing up towels, holding their heads in agony, falling off the bench in the excitement . . . Bigger hams than I've ever been."

Even so, some young man is going to be a hero to a few Pat Kennedy abhorrers some night. Pat will screech "You-u-u-u-u-YOU!" at some sensitive soul once too often—and then the reflex: *Pop!* Right on the button.

THE END

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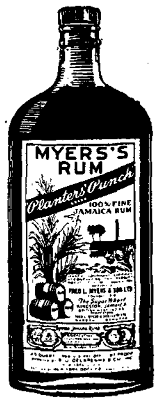

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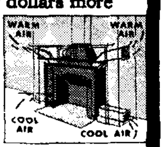

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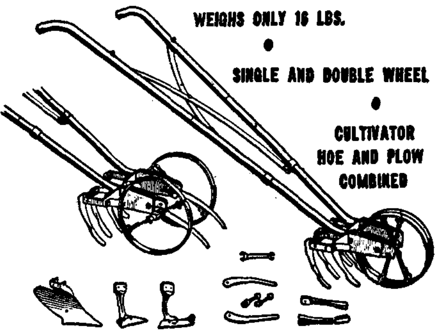

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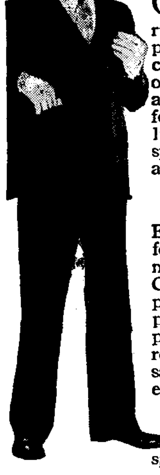

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The Guinea Hen Type

Continued from page 24

in well-polished shoes, and he was staring at them. He said, "How should I know? Oh—you're the hungry gal."

"Meaning that I'm the hungry type?"

He said, "Oh, you. Women, in fact. You may get hungry, but you don't do anything about it except eat."

Emma listened to this in fascinated silence, turning it over in her mind, and suddenly she began to laugh. Her gurgles rose into whoops and the man turned red and seized her by the arm and said, "Come on! Let's get out of here."

HE PULLED her through the door after him and walked her firmly around the corner, while tears ran down her face. There were a couple of curbs and some steps and a door or so, and then Emma found herself sitting on a deep and comfortable couch while her mirth rose in recurrent waves.

She waved a feeble hand and managed to say, "I'll be all right in a minute," before she went off into another spasm.

"Oh, come now, it wasn't that funny," the man said, smiling—in spite of himself.

"Maybe it wasn't," Emma admitted and leaned back to ease her aching ribs. Her eyes crinkled, and another chuckle threatened.

"Wait a minute there!" he said hastily, and poured some brown fluid into a couple of glasses. "Drink this. You can't drink and laugh at the same time."

Emma sipped, and closed her eyes. There was a lovely taste in her mouth and a heavenly feeling went through her. She tried it again. She asked, "What is it?"

"Calvados. Twenty years old. And much too good for you," he added gloomily.

Emma nodded. "I don't doubt it." She looked at him curiously. "You're beginning to haunt me, Mister."

She looked him over—tweeds, a discharge button, something fancy in ties in subdued tones, and rather craggy good looks, deep-set gray eyes, wavy brown hair. Rather sulky-looking. She said, "Calvados. Guinea hen with green grapes. Ham basted with sherry. . . . Who do you think you are, anyway?"

He looked down at his shiny shoes. "I'm a guy who knows how to live and how I want to live, and I intend to live that way."

"What do you do for a living?"

"Is that any of your business?"

"Nope," Emma said cheerfully. "What's your name?"

"Thorne Gilbert. Pretty, isn't it?"

"Very," Emma told him. "And I think you're pretty, too. A little rude in spots. Why did you drag me up here anyway?"

"Because you annoy me. You dress wrong and you waste what could be spectacular looks. You don't know how to eat." He went on dreamily, "It might be fun to change you around."

Emma stared at him. "Look," she said patiently. "It takes money to dress in any spectacular way and I make forty-five dollars a week."

He paid no attention to her. "We'd start with that tan gunny sack you're wearing—and burn it. We'd get the friz out of your hair and dress it simply, up and high. You've got red hair and brown eyes and good amber-toned skin—we'd play up to your eyes." He went on abstractedly, "I've got to change my shoes. My feet hurt."

Emma watched him go down a little hall and disappear, and she looked around her unbelievingly.

She hadn't really noticed the room before. The entrance door centered a wall that was books to the ceiling. Even in the twilight, the dim, rich colors of the room tugged at her—the muted crimsons and blues in the old Persian rug, the pots of scarlet roses, the vari-colored backs of the books, the dark amber velvet of the couch she sat on—it was a blend of quiet, restful beauty. She put down the glass with its stem of amber dolphin and stood up. She was going to leave now, this very minute. She didn't want to know anything more about Thorne Gilbert.

HER living room looked about the same when she stalked resentfully into it—sensible and nonrevealing, rather like the old brown suit she was wearing. Emma looked at herself for quite a long time in the dressing room. The panel of mirror on the door stared back in noncommittal silence. "It might be fun," Emma admitted, "to make *myself* over."

She was a businesswoman, and she thought it all out carefully and then went about it in a businesslike manner. She began at the office.

"Mr. Harvey," she began without preamble one morning, "I want to talk to you about my salary."

Mr. Harvey, the president of the office supply company which had taken up Emma's time for ten years, leaned back and made a church steeple with his fat white fingers. He beamed at her. "Certainly, Miss Adams. I've been meaning to get around to that for—"

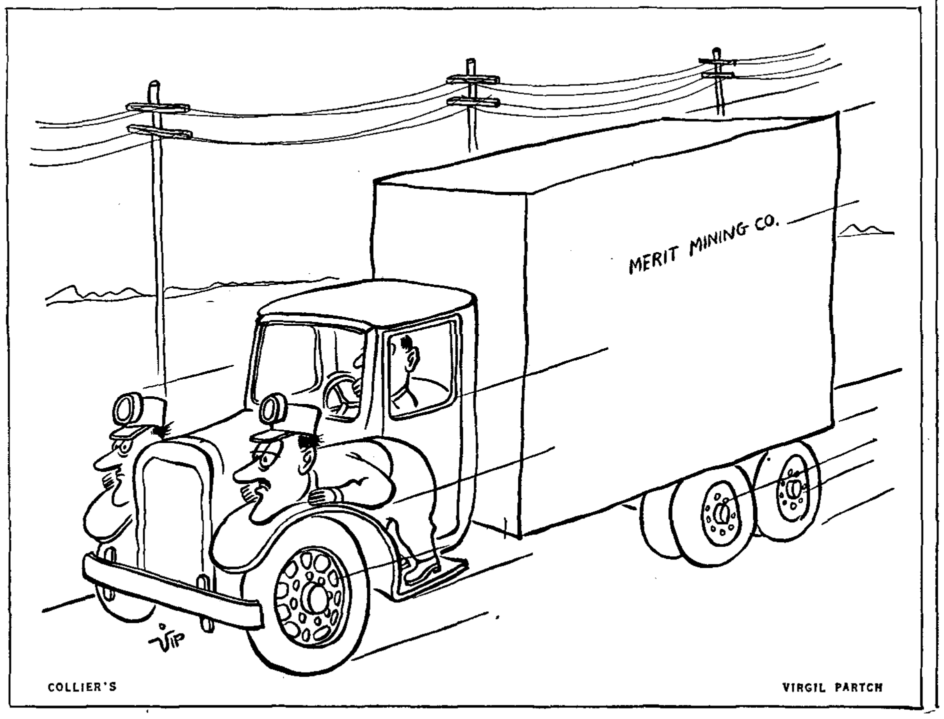
"Five years," Emma said crisply. "I've had another offer—at seventy-five a week."

"Seventy-five! But that's impossible! Times being what they are—"

"I know," Emma said swiftly. "We can't even fill our orders. Still," she meditated, "I've been handling Mr. Meade's work since he left here, and I shall probably continue to do so. If I leave, you will have to hire two people to take my place—and train them."

Mr. Harvey revolved these matters in his mind. "Very well," he said suddenly. "You win. What's come over you, Miss Adams?"

"I have an added responsibility nowadays,"



BRIGHT IDEAS from Hollywood

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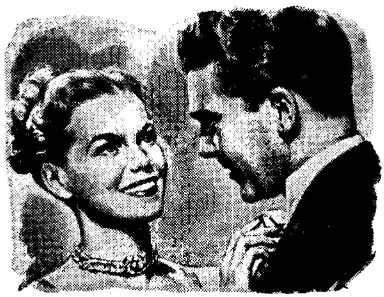
grows her own earrings! She had clips designed that hold real flowers; now Dottie shops in the garden every morning to pick her fresh-and-fragrant jewelry for the day.

Another bright idea that Dottie shares with many other movie stars is cleaning her teeth with Calox Tooth Powder. Calox has five different cleansing and polishing ingredients to help remove all kinds of surface stains and bring out all the natural lustre of teeth. "I depend on Calox for daily care," says Dottie.



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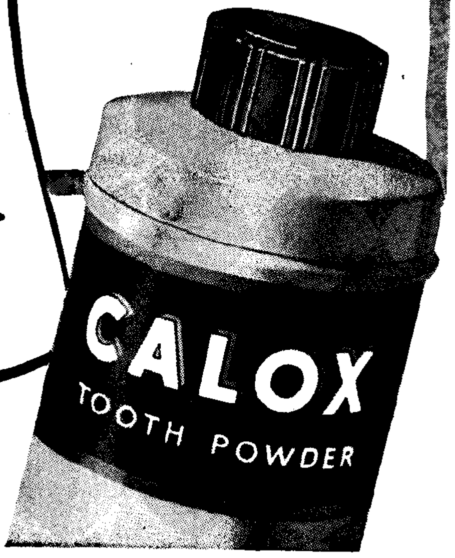

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Don't miss the full enjoyment of a drink by using an inferior mixer. Stick to Canada Dry Water—your drinks will sparkle longer, taste better.

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she told him sweetly. "Thank you, Mr. Harvey. I'll go and do the pay roll now."

Mr. Harvey drummed his fingers on his wide mahogany desk for quite a long time after she went back to her own office. "Bless my soul," he said finally. "Emma Adams! Maybe she hasn't got that red hair for nothing!"

It took Emma a few weeks to make the next step, and it involved some earnest study of fashion magazines. That being settled, she had her hair done in a twisted coronet and got a box of face powder blended for her skin. She bought lipsticks in sample sizes at the dime store and experimented with them. There was a red one with a brown cast that seemed about right, so she bought a large one and nail polish to match. That being settled, she went and looked up a copywriter she'd known some years before, when they both lived in an antiseptic girls' club uptown.

This girl, Myra Kennedy, was still working in the same place but she was style consultant now. "Why this sudden interest in clothes, Emma?" she wanted to know. "I thought you *liked* looking like that."

"A guy made me mad," Emma said succinctly.

"Not love, then. Well, let's see. How about a couple of simple basic dresses and a few accessories to change them around?"

"Okay," Emma told her. "Keep the price this side of madness, and remember that my hair is red and my eyes are brown and my skin has an amber tint."

Myra Kennedy looked at her in some surprise. "You could use a little mascara," she vouchsafed, "but that's about all you need. That lipstick is stunning."

It was the hat that was Emma's undoing. She submitted meekly enough to the dress selections, and very nice they were—plain basic frocks, two in number, size twelve—but she balked occasionally at what went with them. Green gloves, for instance, and a small patent-leather hatbox which pretended to be a handbag. It added up to horrendous prices, Emma thought privately. Then she saw the hat.

It was a smallish, rather plain sailor. But it was wreathed with great roses, exactly the coppery rose of Emma's new lipstick, and there was veiling somewhere about it. "Ah!" said Emma.

Myra looked at her approvingly. "That's more like it, gal," she said. "That's really a hat. Let's see it on you." She poked and arranged for a moment, and stepped back. She nodded. "It's lovely on you."

The madness of Emma Adams, Emma thought. "How much?"

Myra told her.

Emma gripped the hand mirror tensely. She made play with it for a long moment, pretending to study herself fore and aft. She shut her eyes and took a deep breath. She said, "I'll take it."

HER living room had never looked less inviting. Emma sat down in the midst of her domain—"For Rent, furn. 2 Rms, kit., bath, $42.50"—and shuddered. How dim a chrysalis from which to crawl! "I must have been mad," she said to herself, looking at the usual print of Van Gogh's Sunflowers, which hung askew over the mantel. She glanced around her wildly. Paint the walls? Slipcovers? Drapes? My heavens, thought Emma, have I got to go domestic, too? She got up and made herself a tomato and lettuce sandwich and went morosely to bed. *What* had started all this? She cursed the day her hunger drove her to a shrimp salad made by Frieda's plump little hands. . . .

The next day was Sunday, and she dressed up in her new finery and went to church. It was, she discovered belatedly, the day when great personages were attending service. Photographers decorated the curb, and sighted listlessly through their cameras. One of them, a hoodlum named Dooly Schultz, spied Emma, who looked at him coldly.

"Smile, lady," he said professionally.

Emma gave him a dirty look. "What for?"

"You want your pitcher in the paper, don'tcha?"

"No," said Emma. "I'm not the type."

She smiled sardonically, and there was a small click in the brilliant sunshine, followed by several others as Emma turned and walked up the church steps.

The morning papers—it was a poor day for news—made much of the great personages, but Dooly Schultz's employers gave thought to Emma. "Lovely Unknown," they burbled, "Spurns Publicity," and the fashion editor, who had been dragged into it, stated that the costume photographed was what the well-dressed woman of today was wearing.

Emma knew nothing whatsoever about this startling publicity. She had spent a miserable night, falling asleep at dawn and thereby failing to hear the alarm clock. She drank her coffee standing, threw on her old brown suit and went to work, twenty minutes late.

It was, therefore, somewhat of a shock to Emma when Myra Kennedy called up, around noon. She said earnestly, "Emma, will you have lunch with me at the Colony?"

"Not unless the Colony goes for gunny sacks," Emma said crossly. "What's come over you?"

Myra said something about her—Emma's—not having seen the papers, and Emma said, "Look, pie, call me later." She hung up and went back to the matter of some missing invoices from Omaha.

THE phone rang again, and Emma answered it. It was Myra, and she was perturbed. She said, "Emma, *listen.* This is important! Did you see your photographs today?"

Emma left Omaha. "*What* did you say?"

"Photographs. Today. In the paper. In the clothes you bought the other day at the store."

Emma said, "Myra, look. I haven't had any photographs taken in five years."

"Did you go to church yesterday?"

"Church?" Emma came to life. "Why, yes, Myra. I went to church. Why?"

"They took pictures of you coming down street and then going up the steps. Remember?"

Emma concentrated. "Not of me they didn't. I told them I didn't want my picture in the paper."

Myra said patiently, "Emma, what are you wearing now?"

"My old brown suit, darling. And I look awful, too. And I'm knee-deep in some invoices that turned up missing. I simply can't talk now." She hung up.

Myra arrived at four o'clock with a cab and a determined expression. She hissed in Emma's ear, and spread a page of tabloid pictures in front of her. Emma looked at them, and a pleased expression crossed her face. "My, don't I look pretty, Myra?" she asked. "That is me, isn't it?"

Myra said, "I have here, compliments of the store, a little outfit I want you to retire to the ladies' room with—and put on. Let's see your shoes."

Emma thrust out a foot shod in brown alligator pumps.

Myra said, "Well, that's a break," and looked a little happier. In the rest room, she thrust a large package on Emma, and attacked her hair with a beautiful new hairbrush.

The package contained an afternoon dress in a soft crepe with a cluster of jeweled pins at the shoulder and a three-quarter-length fur coat. The hat was a mere fluff of feathers and the handbag was suède. Her gloves were long and wrinkled delightfully.

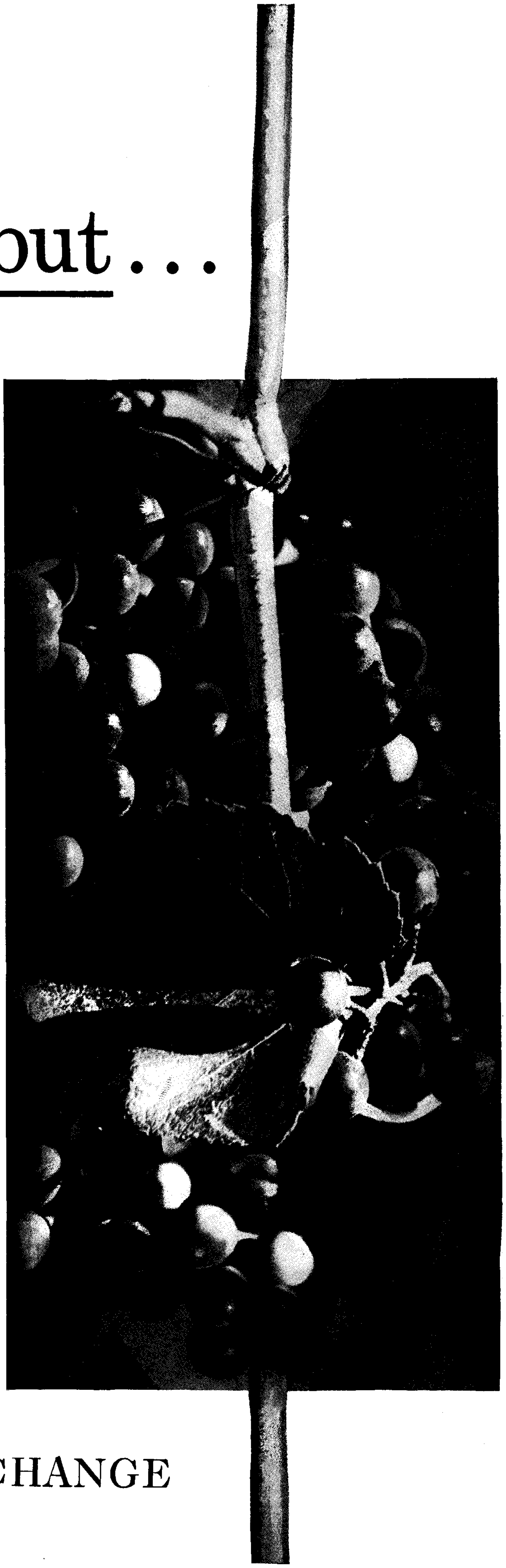
Myra slung the old brown suit into a corner, and said venomously, "I hope one of the cleaning women adopts it." They left in silence and by the outer hall door.

After that, quite a lot of things happened. Tea at the Waldorf, for one thing, with photographers—by prearrangement—for a reception committee. Emma was very quiet. She thought about her boss, with some reluctance. She thought about her shabby apartment, with despair. The quiet tenor of her life was all shot. Myra had the bit in her teeth, and Emma was just going along for the ride.

She was just part of a publicity campaign that Myra had dreamed up. She was Cinderella, but the glass slipper wouldn't come off at midnight . . . she gritted her teeth and thought about slipcovers, drapes and kidneys sauté in a modicum of sherry.

Myra said something, and Emma looked at her. It sounded like, "Don't you know *any-*

So tempting, but...



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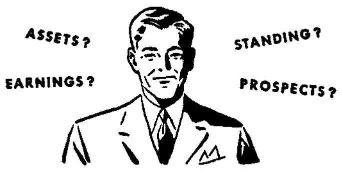
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STANDING?
EARNINGS?
PROSPECTS?

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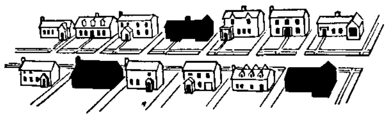

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body who could take you to the Marimba Club, Emma?"

Emma shook her head, wearily. And then nemesis stepped up and overtook her.

A large male form materialized at their table, limping a little, and said, "What do you mean by standing me up the other afternoon?"

Emma looked up. It was Thorne Gilbert. "Hello, there," she said coldly. "Is the Calvados holding out?"

He pulled out a chair and sat down. "My feet hurt," he said plaintively.

"Why don't you go home and change your shoes?" Emma inquired. With acerbity.

Myra was looking dazzled and Emma said, "Miss Kennedy, Mr. Gilbert."

Myra smiled a wide smile, and Thorne Gilbert nodded abstractedly. "What *did* happen to you the other day?" he asked Emma.

"If you want to know the cold facts," Emma said, "I'm not the guinea hen type. The whole business got me down."

He looked puzzled. He asked, "Miss Kennedy, do you know what she means? That's a nice hat, isn't it? Did she throw away the gunny sack?"

A LARGE girl foaming with pink lace slid to a halt by their table, like the Queen Mary coming into her pier. "Oh, there you are, Myra!" she said brightly. "And this is Emma Adams!" She put a small notebook unobtrusively on the table and said, "Now, don't tell me you hate to be interviewed! It's really painless—"

"Emma Adams," said Thorne Gilbert reflectively. "It's a lovely name. She doesn't eat enough," he told Myra. "Something should be done about it. Let's go on someplace from here and have dinner."

The large girl shook her finger at him. "Not until I've interviewed Miss Adams," she said with authority. "People want to know all about her. And where she gets her clothes. And what she does."

Emma stood up. "Miss Kennedy will tell you all about me," she said. "I really must be going. Good night, you odd people." She turned and walked with great dignity into a small side door. It led to a freight elevator, and Emma pressed the button and eventually sat on a trunk, going down, and wondered what was happening to her.

She found out at the outside door. Thorne Gilbert was standing there. His face broke into a wide smile when he saw her. "Come on," he said, "I've got a cab waiting. I hate photographers, too."

Emma got into the cab, and leaned back with her eyes closed. "Next week, East Lynne," she muttered.

They had dinner someplace, and Emma ate hers with great appetite. Thorne regarded her with satisfaction. "I've always wanted to have dinner with a woman," he said, "who didn't quibble over sauces."

Emma regarded him. "Really?"

"Certainly. I've dreamed about good food for years."

"Why?"

"Because there wasn't any where I was."

Emma thought about that, and finished her salad.

He said, "It's grand eating with a woman who really appreciates a green salad. And I like your hat. You know, you look quite different tonight."

Emma said grimly, "I feel different. Would you mind telling me how I got into this? You can't tell me it all happened because I had a shrimp salad in Sam's kitchen!"

Thorne Gilbert looked at her in amazement. He laid down his fork. "Why, you're one of the most beautiful women I've ever seen in my life. I suppose you go around the way you do in the Village to avoid the natural attention you'd get. But you don't have to live in the Village, you know. There are other places in New York. Park Avenue, for instance."

"Not on my salary." Emma ate the last bite of endive and took a sip of coffee.

"I like," Thorne said, "a woman who doesn't bother with small talk."

Emma just looked at him. There ought to be something she could say, but she couldn't think of anything. While he finished his coffee and his liqueur, she concentrated on the missing invoices from Omaha. He paid the check, which was not small, and she got up automatically and they walked out.

"I like," he said raptly, "a woman who doesn't prink at the table. And you look simply lovely."

They got in a cab, and he said, "I do hope you don't have to go home right away. There's a really good little singer just starting her career at a new and rather pleasant night club downtown."

Emma nodded, and they were off. It was better this way, Emma decided. Tomorrow she could always change her name and find another job. The world had gone mad. Or maybe there was something radically wrong with her: maybe it was simply that she couldn't adjust to affairs outside her norm. Perhaps she was born to wind up an old maid in an office supply company. They passed her apartment on Fourteenth Street, and she was sure of it.

Thorne took her hand. He said, "I mustn't keep you up too late. I gather you have a busy and important job."

It was a couple of mad hours later that they got into another cab. Thorne's arm was around her shoulders, in a companionable way. The dazzle of the evening had dulled Emma's fighting spirit.

She gave her address in a dispirited tone, but when they got there she braced herself with sudden determination. It was time this nonsense was ended, once and for all. She said, "Come on up for a moment, Thorne. I'd like to talk to you."

He said, "I'd like to talk to you, too."

Up in the utilitarian living room, he slung his topcoat on the gray sofa and waited until Emma sat down. He said, "Emma, I want very badly to say something."

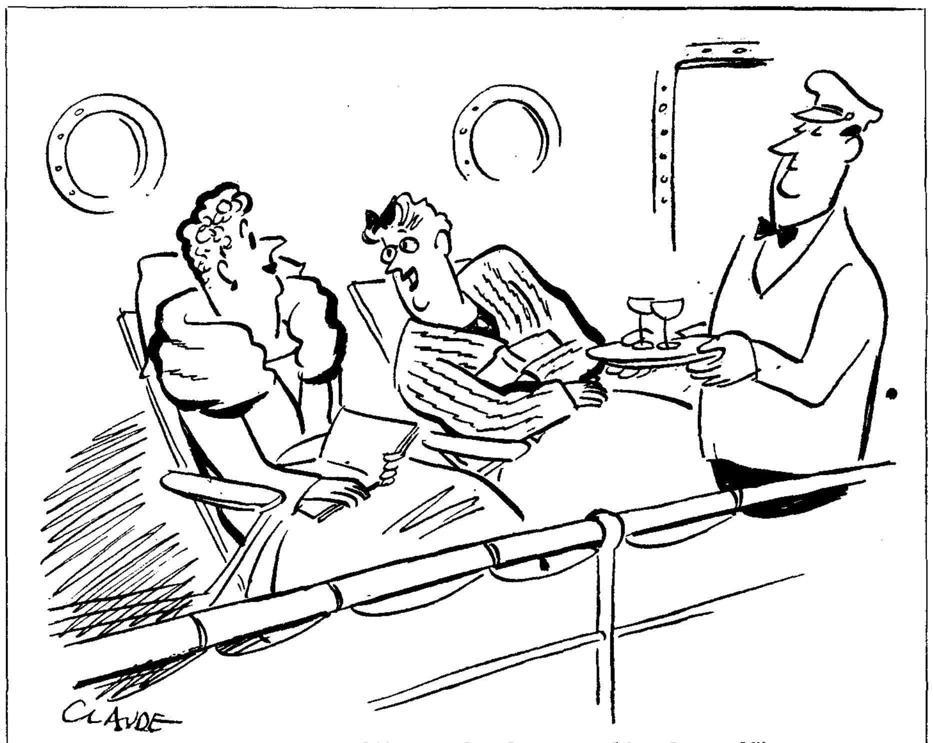
"So do I," she said grimly. "Isn't this an awful hole?"

He glanced around. "It certainly is. Not that I haven't lived in worse. I remember a cellar in Holland which had less attractions."

"Oh!" That seemed to dispose of that.

HE TOOK the measure of the tired paint on the walls, the drab, limp draperies, the grays and tans and browns. He said, "This is certainly no place for you. I knew that before I saw it. There's only one place for you, and that's with me."

Emma looked at him. She looked at him closely. This was the capsheaf of the madness of Emma Adams. She got up and walked over and sat down beside him. She said gently, "Thorne, I am a completely unimportant person, and none of this is real. A lot of things have happened suddenly, and all of them began that evening you and I ate shrimps in Sam's kitchen. I don't know who you are or what you do, but I'm beginning to think you're either quite a person, or completely nuts."



COLLIER'S "What a small world! I used to be at Lockheed myself" CLAUDE SMITH

Thorne took her hand, and covered it with a large, warm one.

She went on, "I don't know anything about food or epicures or tea at the Waldorf or men who spend money as if they were tossing confetti. I'm a kind of bookkeeper, and I've had the same job for ten years. I will probably have it for twenty more years, until they turn me out to grass with a gold watch and a small pension."

He began to bend her fingers into a fist, and then he opened them again. "You haven't kissed me yet," he said, as if that were some kind of answer.

Emma reached her other hand over and patted his cheek kindly. It was the smallest thing she could do under the circumstances, she thought. But Thorne turned and took her in his arms and kissed her.

A MINOR explosion took place in Emma, somewhat like the beneficent action of the Calvados, and the whole mad sequence of events revolved like a pattern in a kaleidoscope and fell into a beautiful sunburst of color and light.

She sat up and patted her hair in the immemorial gesture and said, "Things like that don't happen to me."

He kissed her again, and then he pushed her firmly over to her side of the couch and beamed at her. "I knew it," he said. "I knew it would be like that."

Emma braided her gloves and listened.

"We're going to have a lovely life," he said. "We will get married as quickly as possible, and we will get rid of this dump and you will just move into my place and we will learn all about each other."

Emma shook her head to clear it.

"Oh, yes, we will," he said. "We'll get a license tomorrow. It's time someone took care of you. You're the kind of girl who needs to be taken care of. You need to lie on a white coral beach and sun yourself and be given long cool drinks. And I will mix them."

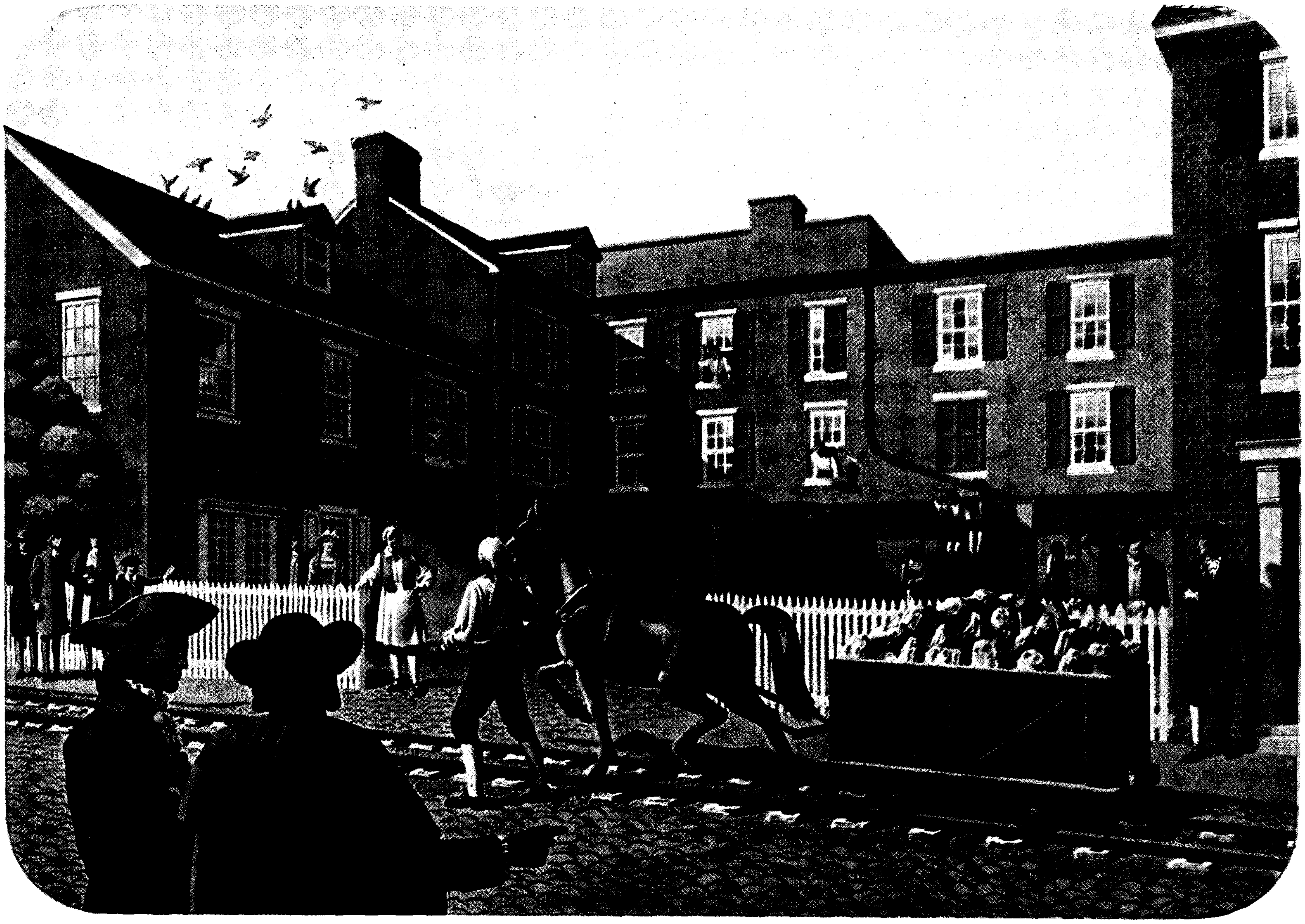
Emma sighed, and abandoned herself to this final insanity. "But I don't know anything about you," she said weakly.

"No," he agreed, "that's the delightful part of it. You don't know why my feet always hurt or what I was doing in Holland or how I got all my money. You don't know anything at all about me, or how to live. But you're going to find out, Emma. And I'm just the guy who can teach you."

He looked at her fondly. He said, "And you can begin to learn right now. You can say, 'Kiss me good night, Thorne.'"

She said obediently, "Kiss me good night, Thorne," and then she held him off with one hand and chuckled, and added, "and come take me out to early breakfast, darling!"

THE END



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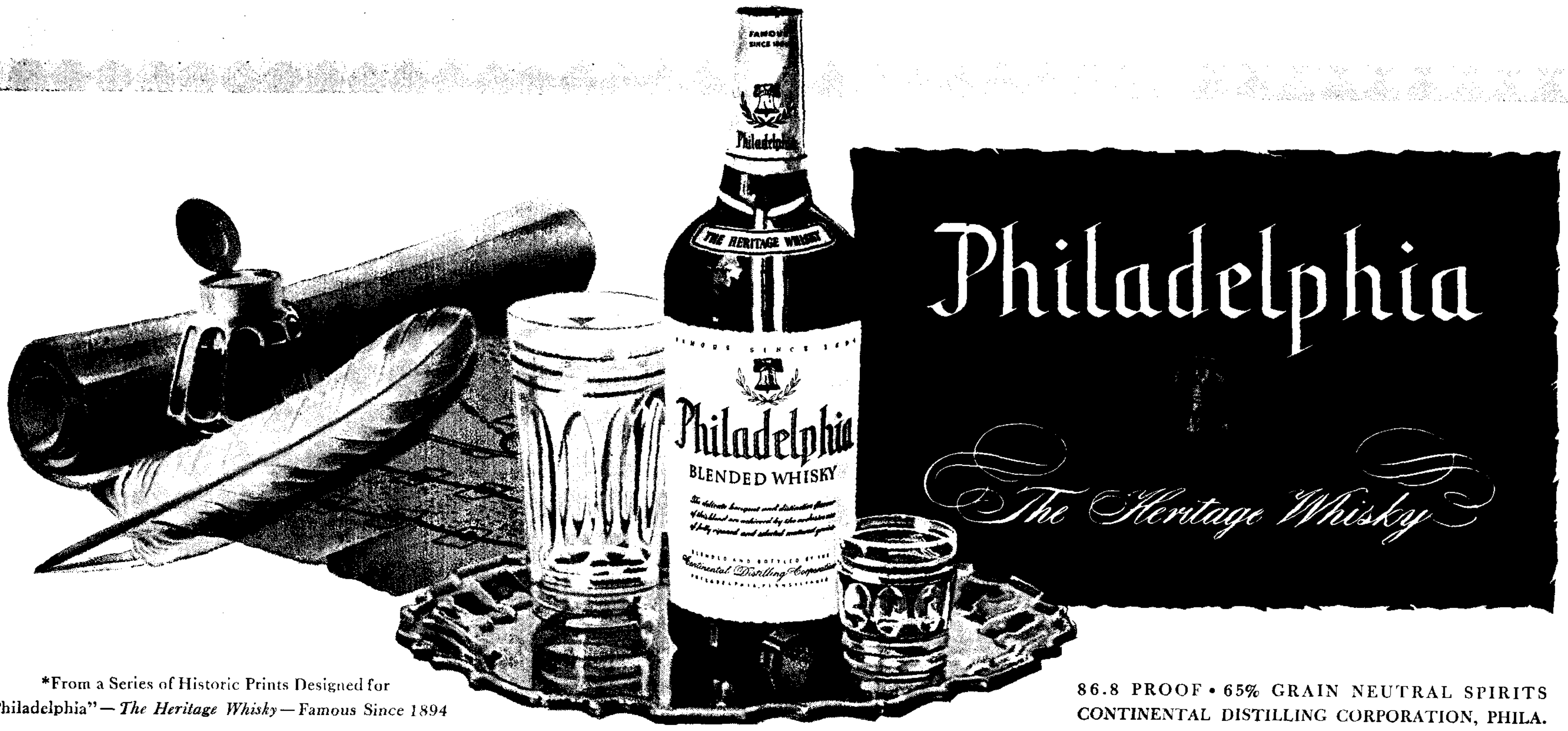

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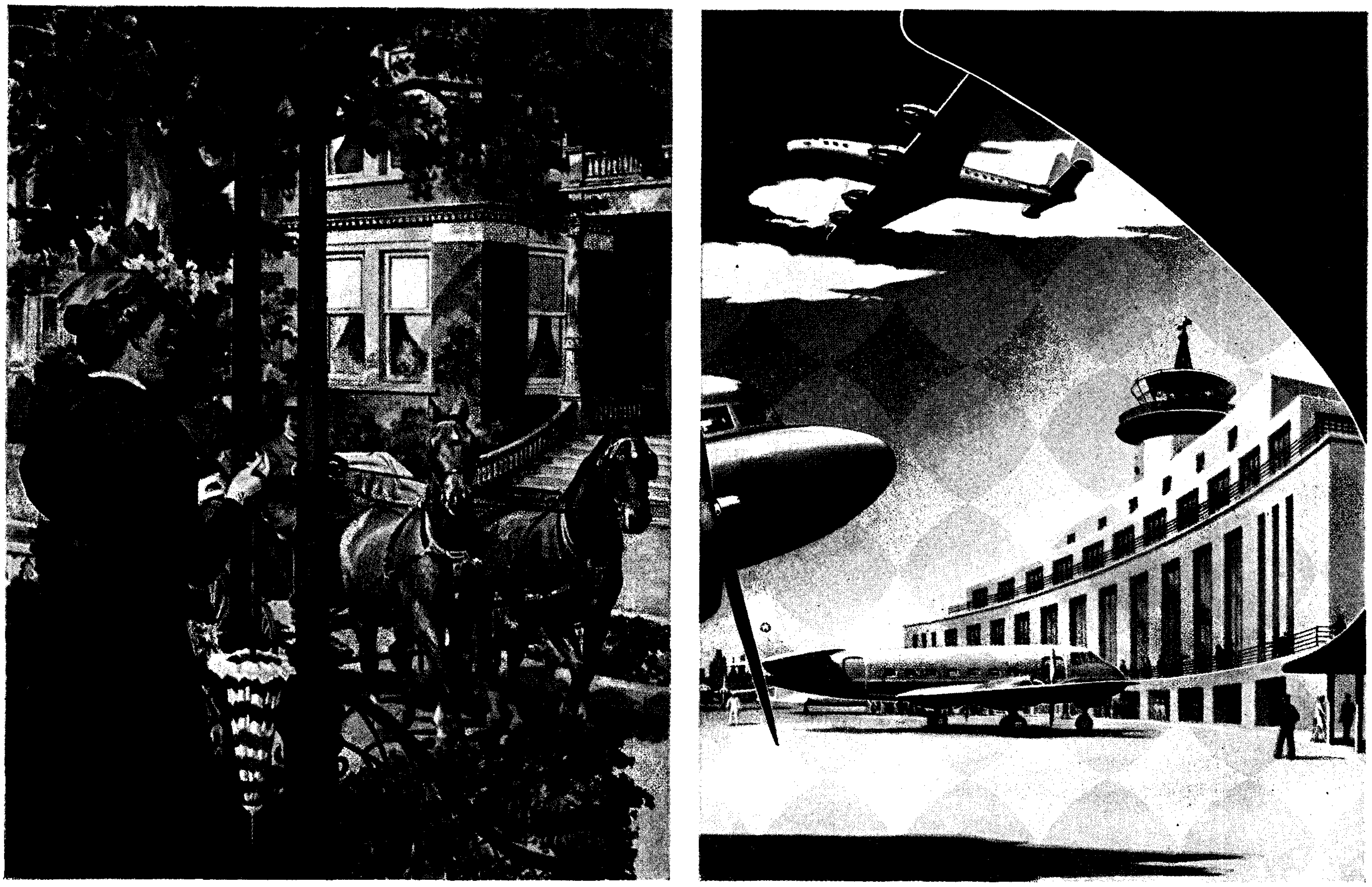

From the Victorian Age to the Air Age

The year was 1896. Only 45 states made up the Union—McKinley was campaigning for President—the needs of American business for corporate suretyship led to the formation of United States Fidelity & Guaranty Company. ℭ Today, its 8,000 agents, located throughout the United States and Canada, help safeguard business and the individual by writing practically all forms of fidelity and surety bonds and casualty insurance policies. In the Air Age, as in the Victorian Age, U. S. F. & G. *is* Protection!

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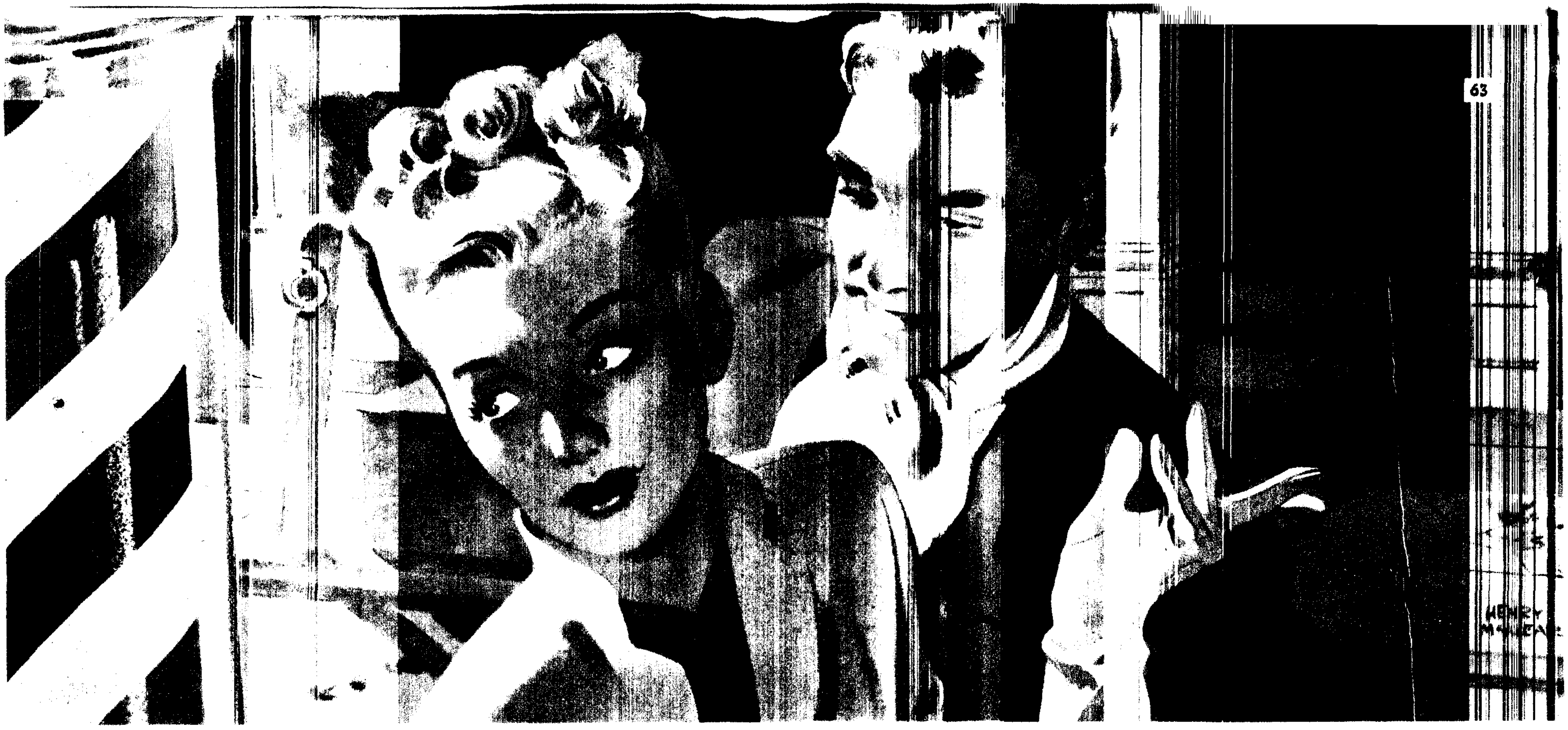


"What a town!" Joyce said. "What do they do here? Roll up the sidewalks at nine o'clock?"

Not so Different

BY FRANK O'ROURKE

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY McALEAR

THEY drove over a long hill and saw the village below them just as their motor spat and began running knock-a-knock, and Blake turned off the highway over a creaky wooden bridge and coasted slowly across the railroad tracks into a service station on the west side of the main street. He got out and stood wide-legged, staring at the motor, and Joyce lighted a cigarette and looked through the windshield at the frame building and the two cars parked before the saloon, and the litter of old papers and dry manure on the gravel street. She said, "My God!" and got out and walked around beside him.

"Big, isn't it?" he said softly.

"I'd never believe it," she said, "if I didn't see it."

A boy, about sixteen, crawled up from the grease pit and walked toward them, looking admiringly at Blake's car. The boy smiled and said, "What can I do for you, mister?"

"My engine is missing," he said. "Will you take a look at it?"

Joyce looked curiously at the boy's grease-stained coveralls and his thick yellow hair falling over his thin, smudged face, and touched Blake gently in the ribs as if to say: Look at the hick.

"Well," the boy said, "let's take a look."

The boy opened the hood and bent over the motor, his fingers moving across the spark plugs, the distributor cap and the fan belt. He loosened the distributor cap and lifted it out.

"This is it," he said. "Your points are all fouled up, mister. Won't take me more than ten minutes to clean them, though. You can go inside and sit down while I'm doing it if you like."

"Fine," Blake said, and looked at Joyce. "Want to sit down?"

She stared at the service station and the grease pit, and shook her head. "I'd rather not, darling. Let's just walk a bit and see this metropolis."

The boy smiled shyly. "That means a big city, don't it?"

Blake took her arm and turned her uptown toward the business block. "Don't kid these folks too much," he said; "they aren't that dumb. You want him charging me two prices for that job just because you hurt his feelings?"

"Oh," she said. "I never thought of that. But it is a dump. Look at it. Of all the places to be stuck in! How would you like to live here?"

"It might not be too bad," he said.

They were walking up the sidewalk now, passing small buildings and coming to the alley, and he saw the bank and the grocery store and, beyond the bank, the saloon and the two parked cars; and he thought, with some small wonder, that these little towns rarely changed.

The bank was always red brick, and the stores had false fronts, and the sidewalks were weather-cracked and dirty. The gravel in the street was thin and needed a few more top loads dumped on and spread out, and the windows of the implement shop across the street from the saloon were flyspecked and half-filled with sun-faded posters advertising the last 1942 model tractors and combines.

IT WAS part of an old memory that lay shadowed in his mind and came back as he saw the business block and, on up the wide, quiet street, the thick trees and square white houses, each one occupying a quarter block, with a green lawn and a garden out back and a dog sleeping on the front porch.

"My God!" Joyce said again. "What a town! What do they *do* here to keep from going nuts?"

"They live," he said. "They live about like anyone else."

"Why, Charles," she laughed, "the way you talk, someone might think you were a native here. And you get lonesome two blocks from Park Avenue."

"Funnier things have happened," he said.

A small boy was coming down the street on his bike, weaving back and forth in intricate gyrations that ended with putting his feet on the handlebars and coasting grandly past them toward the depot. The boy waved at someone down the street and dropped his feet, pedaling fast and letting out a whoop.

Blake smiled after him and said, "We aren't so different. We're all American, you know."

"But in this town!" she exclaimed. "Come now, Charles. You're a writer but you don't have to live every rustic scene you see."

He looked at her and grinned, his face breaking into rough, irregular planes and curves. He saw her blond hair, her wide red mouth and the dress that looked so simple and must have cost so much, and her slender shapely legs and the expensive high-heeled pumps. He saw her like this, as he had known her for a year, and was glad that he had thought of making this detour from the main highway on their way north to spend the week end with friends in Vermont.

There was something important about getting persons out and away from their usual associations and environment if you really wanted to see how they were under the surface. It had been quite a struggle to get her started in time to allow for it, and he felt a little guilty for having insisted, but things had come to the point where a lot depended on it. He had thought many times in the last five months about popping the big question to her, and for both their sakes he didn't want to make a mistake. . . .

"Yes, in this town," he said, "and you're not so much different from the women here."

"Charles!" she said. "Really!" and he let it go.

But he thought as they stood on the corner that she should see the women in this town, not on this hot fall afternoon at their work, but when they stepped out at night to have some fun. He would bet that at least one of them had a dress like hers, same color and design, fitting just as well, with as much chic as hers; and it hadn't cost one tenth as much, because it was probably homemade, and he thought how the women in this town dressed on so very little and would look just as nice as Joyce, maybe without all the little tricks she knew, but here they would be the tops and that was what mattered.

"The boy must be about finished," he said. "Let's get back."

"With pleasure," she said. "I've had my fill of small-town life.". . .

At the service station, the boy was standing beside the car, wiping his hands on some oily waste. He looked up and Blake asked, "All set?"

"I think so," the boy said seriously. "Turn her over and we'll see."

Blake got behind the wheel and started the motor; it ran like a clock, smooth and soft. He raced it for ten seconds and then let it idle, getting out and grinning with satisfaction. "Good work," he said. "I'll bet you started on Model Ts with pliers and a hunk of baling wire."

The boy grinned broadly and wiped his nose with the back of his hand. "Sure did," he said. "Tore her down and put a racing engine in the rear end, and she did eighty."

Blake wanted to tell the boy that many a time he had done the same thing himself, but that was going back too far and remembering the old things better forgotten. He said, "How much do I owe you?"

The boy shook his head. "No trouble at all, mister. Just a sharp knife and a little scraping. Glad to help you out."

"All right," Blake said, knowing that arguing was a waste of time. "Thanks a lot."

Joyce got into the car, and he thanked the boy again and stood for a moment, staring at the town and hills around it. Then he slid behind the wheel.

"Well," he said. "Goodby."

"Goodby, mister," the boy said warmly. "Have a good trip."

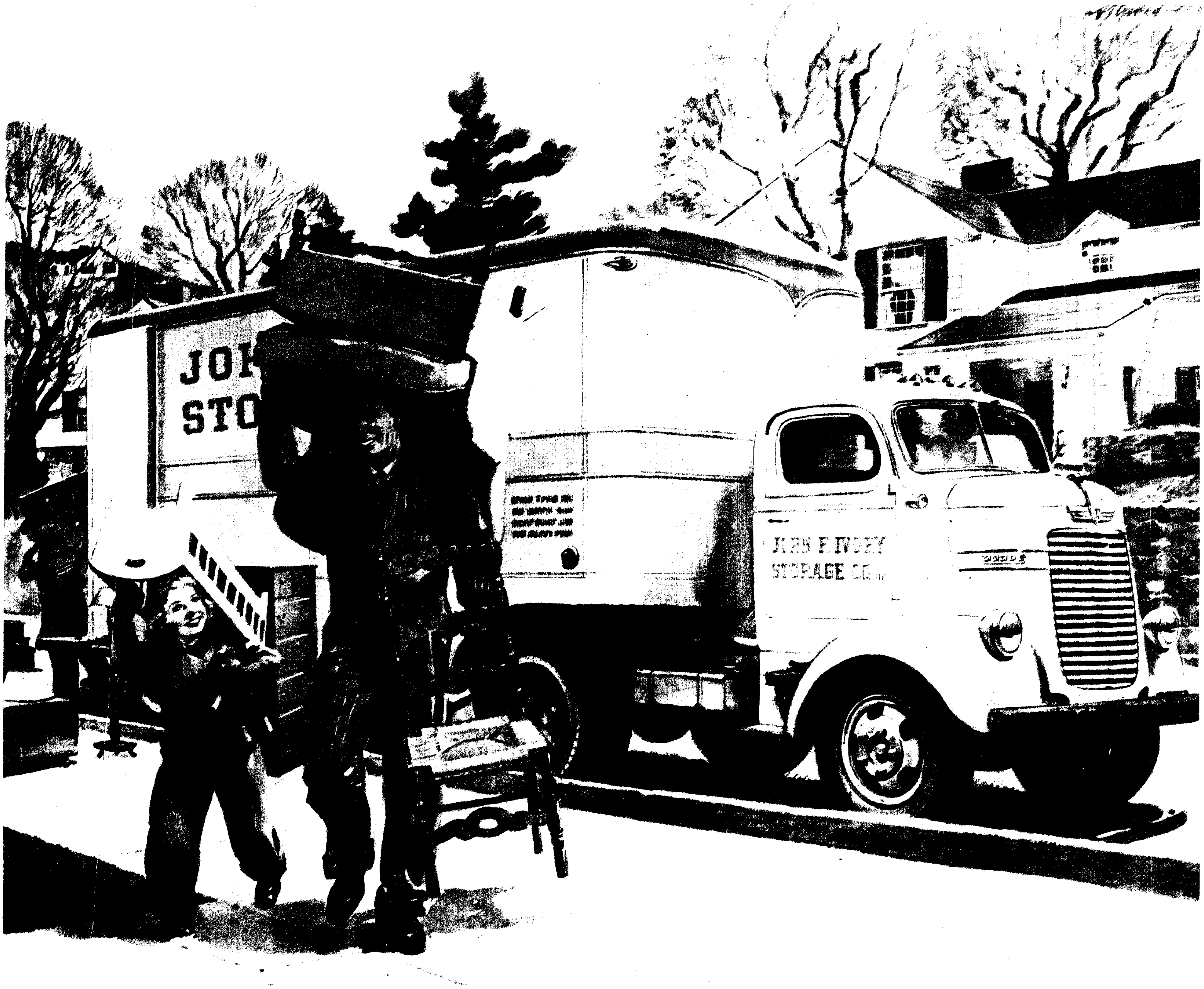
BLAKE drove into the street and across the tracks toward the highway. When they swung out on the pavement and picked up speed, Joyce said, "Well, what do you know! He didn't charge you a cent." She laughed and kissed him on the cheek. "You have that certain way with you, Charles. Did he think you were a country boy or something?"

He drove a little way before he answered, "He might have, at that."

He swung around the first curve to the east, remembering that over the slight rise was George Langenberg's farm and the hay pasture where the black and white cows stood belly deep in the swamp grass and the pheasants were thick in the fall. Joyce lighted two cigarettes, slipped one between his lips, and put her arm around his shoulders. He inhaled deeply and allowed himself a quick look to the right and a soft, short laugh.

"Get some music on the radio and go to sleep," he said, and drove faster up the road.

a short short story complete on this page



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China's Mystery Man

Continued from page 19

memory, study the whole Asiatic picture.

When Miles landed at Chungking on May 4, 1942, he was not sure how to proceed. Back in Washington he and his boss, Vice-Admiral Willis A. (Ching) Lee, USN, had talked the problem over with Colonel Sin-ju Pu Hsiao, acting Chinese military attaché. He knew Colonel Hsiao had asked Chungking for approval of the mission and had received it. He knew little more.

At the airport a Chinese civilian came out of the crowd and asked simply, "Do you know Colonel Hsiao?"

"Yes, I know Colonel Hsiao."

"Good."

With that, Miles's baggage was magically whisked past the inspector of customs, and he began to climb the interminable steps up into the city. At street level waited trim Eddie Liu and big-eyed Peter Pan—Tai Li's first-string interpreters, Miles learned later. They took him in a car through the crowded, bombed-out city to a place on Hsien Shien Tung Street. It was a big establishment, with a high wall around it. A sentry stood at the gate, and servants were all over the place.

Eddie Liu said, "This is to be your house."

"Whose house has it been?" asked Miles.

"General Tai Li has provided it for your convenience. He hopes you will find it comfortable."

Miles knew little of China's Tai Li, though in Washington he had heard both good and bad said about him—mostly bad: From one source—"Tai Li is a straight-talking Chinese who has plenty of power out there and can help you . . ." From another—"Tai Li is the most cruel thug in China. He's worse than Germany's Himmler. Stay clear of him."

A Portrait of the General

Next day Tai Li called. He was a short, heavily built man, rather swarthy for a Chinese. There were things about his face—its length, and the big, projecting jaw—that didn't look Chinese at all. He wore a plain blue, Sun Yat-sen type of semimilitary uniform without insignia. His manner was courteous but forceful, and during the conversation Miles knew that the intent black eyes were sizing him up. The visit was only for getting acquainted, but Tai Li invited him to dinner.

That night when they had proceeded through many dishes of the excellent Chinese meal, Miles realized he had been spared an embarrassment usually experienced when he was entertained—the necessity of refusing any form of fowl, to which he is allergic.

"I notice you serve no feathered foods, General," Miles remarked.

"I am informed that you don't eat feathered food."

"That's right." Miles grinned. News of his allergy had preceded him.

They discussed prospects for weather intelligence, but talked mostly of the war situation in Asia. Miles found Tai Li more Western than Eastern in his direct manner and positive way of speaking. As a host he showed grace and consideration, but none of the lush hospitality offered by many political notables in the Orient. It pleased Miles to note that Tai Li lacked also the subtle arrogance being displayed by some Asiatics during that time when white men were being chased out of the Far East. Tai Li's attitude seemed to be, "Well, maybe the Japanese have chased them out—We've been taking a licking, too."

During the next few days Tai Li revealed the effectiveness of his intelligence service—reports came in from practically every city in occupied China, from Indo-China, Burma, Bali, Borneo, Formosa, several places in the Philippines. Tai Li wanted to play on Miles's club, too. He needed radio equipment. His guerrillas and agents lacked arms, ammunition, training in modern techniques. He desired a source of general intelligence to supplement his Asiatic information. There were fine possibilities for exchange of skills, services and supplies.

Already the two men were beginning to feel mutual confidence, but Miles had to know more. "With your permission, General, I want to visit the coast. Before bringing in men and matériel, the Navy desires more definite information on the possibilities for joint operations."

"Good," said Tai Li. "I will go with you."

On the road with Tai Li 24 hours a day, Miles first realized the man's terrific energy and stamina. He walked as much as 30 miles a day, conferred with his leaders far into morning hours, demonstrated his power among Chinese behind the lines as well as in Free China. Miles no longer could doubt Tai Li's ability to move men and equipment into occupied areas and protect them there.

The Japs were busily slicing off more territory every day. Once, separated from Tai Li, Miles was caught behind a fast-moving enemy column and escaped only because his alert 15-man guard knew the way through a hidden pass in the mountains.

Jap agents were puzzled by the new man traveling with Tai Li. He was reported to be a Russian aviation adviser. Whoever the man was, he and Tai Li made a worth-while target . . . Jap planes bombed their overnight stop time after time. Near Amoy, fourteen light bombers celebrated July 4, 1942, by plastering the town of Hai Chang just as they entered at four in the afternoon. Tai Li escaped untouched with his charmed life; Miles caught five fragments in his legs.

Guerrillas His Chief Interest

The two men talked of every possibility—weather stations, mining operations, coast watching, guerrillas. Tai Li's prime interest seemed to be arms and training for guerrillas. This puzzled Miles at the time. Two months passed before he discovered that Tai Li was also commander in chief of all organized guerrillas.

By August they were in Chungking again. Back in Washington an old Navy partner of Miles, Captain J. C. Metzel, USN, became project officer for "Friendship," and with Colonel Hsiao began turning the messages from Miles and Tai Li into a program. More Americans and a limited supply of arms were flown over "the Hump."

Not far from his own residence Tai Li provided a "Friendship Headquarters"—twelve miles west of the city near the Chialing River in "Happy Valley." Happy Valley is Tai Li's own tight little kingdom, where at every entrance and cross path sentries armed to the teeth stand 24 hours a day. It really is not a valley at all, but a ragged succession of stony hills and deep little vales close under a towering mountain. Yet the flowers, the neat cultivated green hillsides and the friendly Chinese people make it a pleasant place.

Families of BIS men killed in the war are given employment here in small industries for making paper, shoes, cloth and uniforms. Several hundred work in Tai Li's offices, in the gleaming new hospital, and the two schools. One is a crowded elementary school, the other a special school-home for the orphans of Tai Li's agents.

Tai Li's wife died a few years ago. His personal life in the valley was a closed book to all Americans save Miles, but he entertained with no lack of poise, or of beautiful, smartly-gowned Chinese women. Every American who came to the valley was told the story of how Mary Miles "ruined things" for the boys. This account had it that when Miles began arranging to care for the personnel he planned to bring in, Tai Li offered a suggestion.

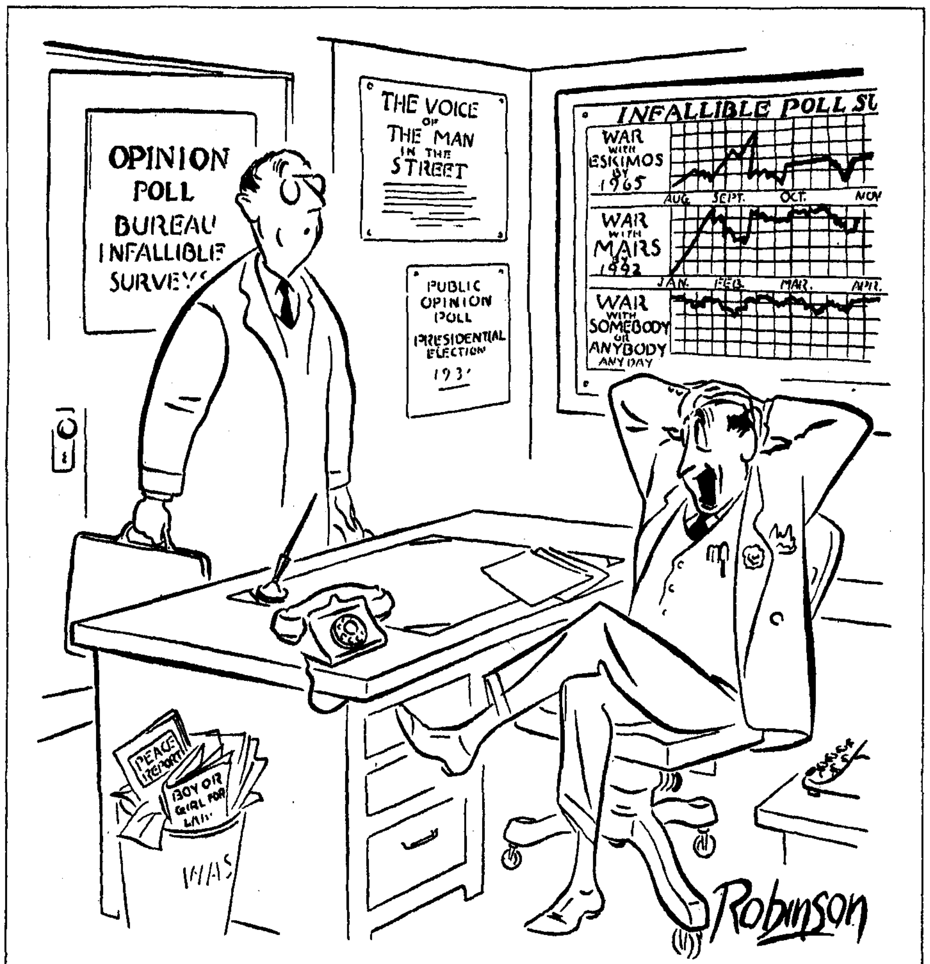
"Of course," he is supposed to have said, "we must make your men happy."

"Sure," said Miles, "they'll be happy . . . What do you mean?"

"I mean that each American should be provided with a suitable female companion in order that he may enjoy his service in China."

That is where Miles was supposed to have put his foot down—hard. The facts are different. Miles did put his foot down—but not against Tai Li. It was a Chinese doctor and a member of Miles's own staff who were making the arrangements for "happiness." When Miles and Tai Li heard about it, they were equally emphatic in opposition . . . The Chinese doctor was most upset of all, claiming that failure to provide was contrary to nature. "General Tai Li," he sputtered, "is being a fuddyduddy about this!"

By the end of 1942 Miles had arranged for the fleet to get limited weather reports from Chinese sources, and had trained a promising small group of Tai Li's guerrillas for special sabotage work. But progress toward the goal of important co-operative effort was being severely hampered by administrative problems involving other American agencies in China. Tai Li suggested to Miles that, as a means of clarifying matters, they have a written agreement setting forth exactly what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COLLIER'S "Well, Jinkins, what do you hear from the mob?" ROBINSON MCKEE

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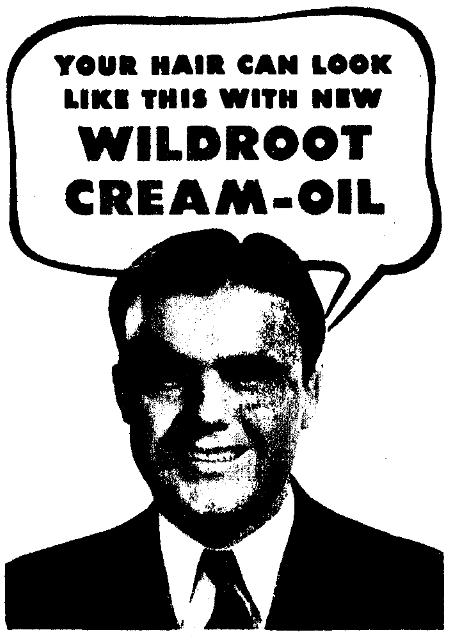
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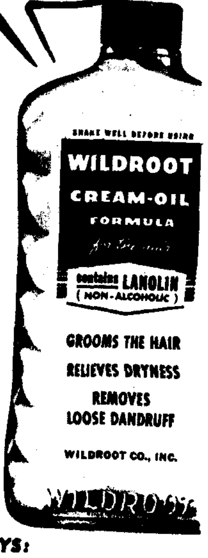

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responsibilities the U.S. Navy and the Chinese government would assume.

Miles accepted the suggestion. After months of struggle an agreement, establishing the "Sino-American Co-operative Organization," was signed April 15, 1943, with Tai Li as director and Miles as deputy director.

Under SACO things moved. More Americans—aerologists, communicators, combat experts—flew in over the Hump bringing weather and radio gear, arms and explosives. Tai Li threw the full power of BIS and his guerrillas behind the American program.

Under his protection American convoys roamed China setting up fourteen main units for weather observations, radio communications, coast watching, guerrilla training and combat operations. Even in the smallest villages Yanks always found the omnipresent Tai Li men ready to help. By Tai Li's authority Americans were able to go anywhere, be fed and housed as the locality could afford, receive every available aid in carrying out their missions, while representatives of some U.S. agencies found tough going.

Moving Supplies—the Hard Way

When Miles and Tai Li agreed upon a new location for a SACO unit, a convoy of decrepit trucks, doctored along by two Chinese mechanics per machine, would set out from Chungking or Kunming with supplies and the initial Sino-American complement. If it were a coastal destination, then the party must cross Jap lines on foot and walk for days or weeks, followed by a coolie train of 100 or more bearing supplies. Going north the trip could be made only in dead winter so that trucks could cross the Yellow River on the ice.

The concentration of units was behind Japanese lines along the coast where shipping could be observed and there was greater opportunity for guerrilla operations. Such a unit was Number Six, at Hwaian, in south Fukien Province not far from Jap-occupied Amoy.

Ancient, semiabandoned Buddhist temples were everywhere most commonly selected by the Chinese for use as American headquarters, and such a temple was provided at Hwaian. Chinese personnel established themselves in adjacent quarters, which were generally less desirable.

Technical men at Unit Six went to work at once setting up communications with Chungking and equipment for weather observations. Combat instructors began preparation of a drill field and firing range for their 300 Chinese guerrilla trainees soon to arrive. What with all the tasks of setting up for living—piping water via bamboo, striving to shut out the hard-working malarial mosquitoes, and building a flyproof latrine—the place was a hive of industry for weeks. Eventually, though, life became quiet around camp, and the business was carried on mostly in offshoot activities.

Some of these were rare. There was the time Ensign John N. (Tarzan) Mattmiller, USNR, of Kellogg, Idaho, spent weeks training four Chinese swimmers to go with him on a special job. On May 4, 1945, Mattmiller and assistants embarked in a junk for a point adjacent to enemy-held Amoy harbor. That night, with explosives strapped high and dry on their backs, they waded through mud and swam to a freighter tied up at Amoy docks. Working rapidly they set time charges and swam hard for safety. Just as they were being hauled aboard their junk, four violent explosions shook the harbor area. The freighter sank at the dock. Chinese agents from within Amoy reported Japanese running madly about, many of them sure they were being attacked from the sea.

Unit Six was the base for a chain of coastwatcher stations, manned jointly by Chinese and Americans for some hundreds of miles up and down the coast. Their reports, flashed to Unit Six and on to Chungking, then to the fleet and waiting submarines, were responsible for sinking many thousands of tons of Jap ships.

This coast watching was a tough business. Alfred Warner Parsons, RM2c, USNR, served on a regular two-man watch maintained at Sungseu Point due west of Amoy Island.

On December 21, 1944, he and Chinese Captain Lin boarded a sampan for the usual 150-yard trip over to Whale Island where they could have a better view of Jap shipping at Amoy. As the two men walked across Whale Island 50 Japs, hidden in the tall grass, sprang up and overpowered them. They were taken to Amoy, where Tai Li agents sought by every possible stratagem to achieve their escape. But Parsons was reported taken to Japan, and Lin killed. Parsons has since been liberated.

Americans learned that Tai Li controlled police everywhere, in Jap-held China as well as Free China.

Whenever the Japs advanced into a city they had to have Chinese police, and always Tai Li men were at hand to take the jobs. Even in the big occupied cities—Hankow, Shanghai, Nanking—the long arm of Tai Li somehow held on to police power.

Incredibly, his domination extended even to Japan's puppets. Long before war was over, it was made known to Miles that at the proper time, puppet troops could be expected to throw whatever strength they had against Japan. Americans in the field with guerrilla sabotage units discovered that in attacks on bridges, rail lines and warehouses, they could always discount effective defense by puppets. Tipped off by Tai Li's men, the puppets always "arranged" to be elsewhere.

Many phases of this complex, paradoxical power of Tai Li were beyond the understanding of Miles and his Americans. They could only be grateful it worked for their cause.

On the Communist question, Miles's policy was simple. He said to his men, "We have been directed to co-operate with the Central government of China in order to meet essential needs of the Fleet. General Tai Li has been authorized by the Generalissimo to work with us, and with his help we are accomplishing our mission. As for the Communists, you are ordered not to oppose them, help them, contact them, or deal with them in any way. They are not our pidgin. They are China's problem."

Charges and Counter Charges

Though SACO's program advanced, there were many complications and at least one serious crisis. Tai Li was charged with accepting American arms ostensibly for carrying on the fight against Japan, but in reality for use in China's postwar internal battles. Because he feared discovery of this deceit, it was charged, he would not permit Americans with guerrilla columns at the front. Miles faced Tai Li with the charge. In a violent conference Tai Li and his staff denied the charges, countercharged that Friendship was not meeting its promises in arms and equipment.

For a moment Miles saw his mission at a disastrous end. But on both sides there was earnest desire to go ahead. The basic question was permission for Americans to go with guerrilla columns into combat. It was finally agreed that Americans should go with the columns so as to continue guerrilla training begun in the camps, advise Chinese commanders on tactical use of weapons, and make official reports on combat achievements.

And when men like Captain Theodore R. Cathey, USMC, Captain Milton A. Hull, USMC, and Lieutenant Joe Champe, USNR, went into the field and fought with the Chinese columns, there no longer could be any doubt that Tai Li's men were using American guns and ammunition for fighting Japs.

Champe led the Yangtze River Raiders, a Chinese-American unit that operated in the Tungting Lake area astride the Yangtze River shipping route and Japan's most important north-south rail lines. "Little Joe," a business-machine engineer before the war, fought from a pocket deep behind the enemy lines, depending for supplies on a two-week coolie walk and occasional air drops. He and his Americans, reddened by sun and yellowed by atabrine, achieved perfect deception in their knee-length coolie garments and big straw hats. Alternating between attacks on trains and Yangtze River steamers, Champe's raid-

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ers repeatedly severed Jap supply lines in central China.

Captain Hull, a powerful, broad-shouldered Floridian who could never quite look the part in his coolie costume, fought with guerrilla units in northern Chekiang Province just below Shanghai, blowing up trains and ripping out rails under the guns of protecting Jap pillboxes.

Captain Cathey, from his long service as instructor of trainees and as adviser with columns in the field, became a sort of unofficial "dean" among American guerrilla men and wrote a Textbook for Chinese Guerrillas. A quiet-spoken South Carolinian (men from the South seemed especially effective in liaison with the Chinese), Cathey developed a philosophy of co-operation which he once expressed this way:

"From many experiences I have learned to take things easy. One trivial matter is an example. The general would never buy oil until dark. One day I knew we were out of oil and I said, 'Look, the sun is shining now but in another six hours it is sure to be dark and we have no oil for our lamps. How about sending for oil now while there is plenty of time?' But the general said, 'Oh, no, it would never do to buy the oil so early. The men would use it up before night and we would have to buy more. We shall buy oil when it is needed.' "

Added Cathey, "You can't drive a Chinese, you can't push him. It takes some Americans a long while to learn that. But you can be his friend, get out ahead of him, and lead him!"

A Grim Toll of Destruction

In the last 13 months of war Tai Li's guerrillas, aided and advised by Miles's Americans, destroyed 209 bridges, 84 locomotives, 141 ships and river craft, and 97 warehouses. They killed 23,540 Japs. Tai Li protected Americans so carefully that not one was lost in combat, though three coast watchers were captured.

But all this was beyond the objectives of Miles's original mission. SACO weather stations by 1944-45 were functioning smoothly. As the fleet advanced westward, Fleet Weather Central at Chungking became the key weather source for final operations of the U.S. Fleet against Japan.

It was from China weather reports that Task Force 58, moving in for the first full-scale, 1,500-plane attack on Japan's homeland, in the late fall of 1944, was able to predict the cloud cover that permitted unobserved launching of planes only 60 miles from the target. China data were equally indispensable in the attacks on Iwo Jima and Okinawa.

China coast watchers gave Halsey detailed locations of Jap ships when he made the "clean sweep" of the south China Sea and its ports in January, 1945, and gave intelligence that led the U.S. Submarine Barb to her "PT boat adventure"—an incredible harbor slaughter of Jap ships by the surfaced submarine.

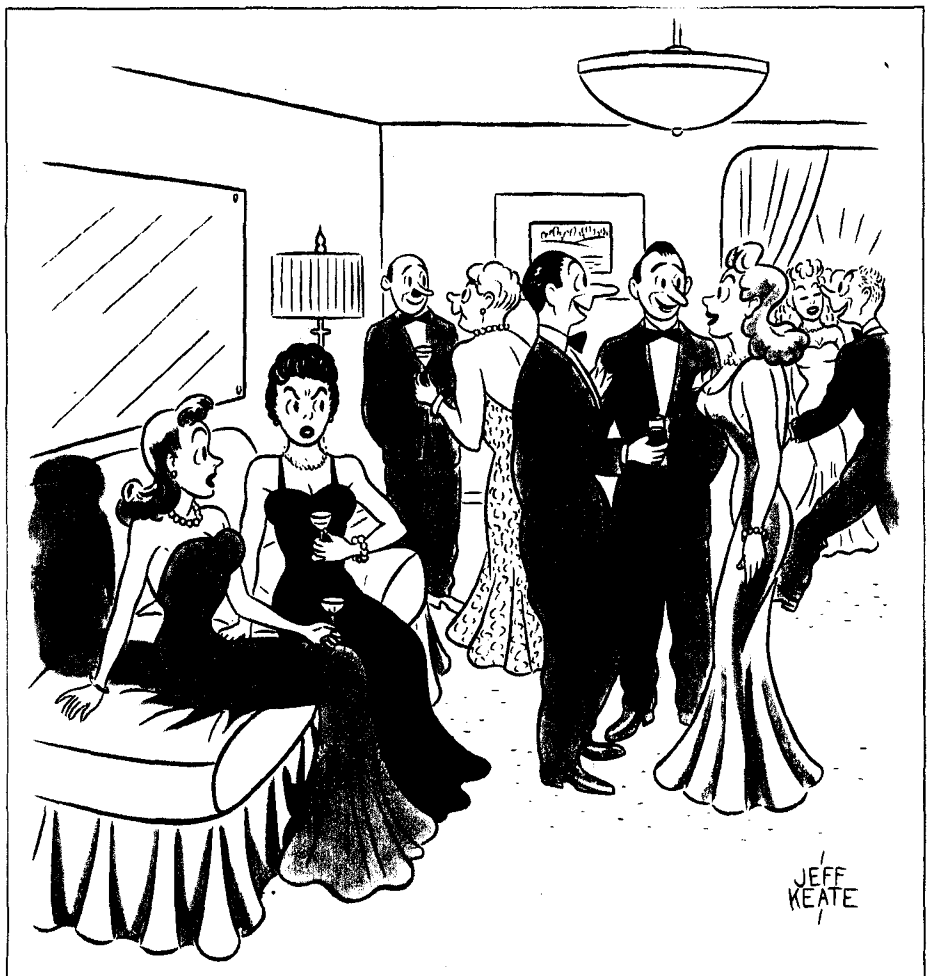
Under protection of a special guerrilla detachment assigned by Tai Li, two major Navy reconnaissance groups studied the China coast for possible amphibious landings. At times only two hours ahead of Jap searching parties, they photographed, sounded, charted all the way from Shanghai to Hong Kong.

Two Years of Sharing Danger

During their two years of teamwork Tai Li and Miles, often in coolie disguise, flew, rode and walked the length and breadth of China time after time on visits to their 14 units and their fighting columns. Experience taught them that each trip through Jap lines might mean sudden death. They were a famous pair now, and since the 1942 bombing, repeated attempts had been made on their lives. Once Miles fought off a lone assailant but suffered deep wounds in his arm and leg. Another time bullets riddled their car in a south China city. For protection Tai Li took along a strong guard—and his own trusted cook. Through it all the two men came to understand and trust each other.

Miles liked the way Tai Li came straight to the point. "You didn't have to go and drink tea two days with him to find out what he meant. If you wanted to put a matter to him you would say, 'Look, General, how about this?' And right back he would say, 'Okay, I agree to it. Now let's have some tea.' He did it backwards from the way most Chinese do.

"Questions of major importance he referred to the Generalissimo for decision. I found that sometimes, too, when he did not



COLLIER'S "Harry hasn't even noticed I'm ignoring him!" JEFF KEATE

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want to do some minor thing and was afraid my feelings might be hurt, he would say, 'I must refer it to higher authority,' and that would mean a long delay. But after we really got to know each other he would just say, 'Look, you know the Chinese as well as I do. I can't do that for you.' "

Frequently Tai Li invited members of the Chinese-American staff for conference at his home in Happy Valley. On such occasions Tai Li made a distinctly formal entrance, going around the room to each guest for a short handshake. There would be a preliminary period in the sun parlor where scalding hot tea and crisp peanuts were served while Tai Li, with Eddie Liu beside him, spoke in conventional generalities. But the meals were no commonplace affair—chicken, fish, liver, pork, bean curd, all in the finest Chinese style.

At such conferences Tai Li gave Americans most of the talking opportunities. He would ask, "What do you need from the Chinese in order to do your work better?" Often this brought complaints about delay in improvement of facilities, or in making administrative changes.

Tai Li accepted criticisms, but reminded Americans that he knew Chinese weakness as well as anybody. "Chiefly we lack education and knowledge of teamwork. Once the Generalissimo said to me, 'If you put one Chinese up against one foreigner, the Chinese will compare favorably. But if you put three Chinese up against three foreigners, the Chinese will not do so well. And if you put ten Chinese against ten foreigners, the Chinese will fall far behind. Why? Because our people do not understand how to work together.' "

SACO Americans for a long time were not sure whether General Tai Li knew what foreigners said about him. One night he let them know.

It was April 3, 1945, the day Chiang Kai-shek reviewed crack troops of Unit Nine, near Chungking. The show went off beautifully, and Chiang praised all the Chinese and Americans responsible. Tai Li was visibly proud and pleased.

He had planned a dinner and Chinese opera in "The Valley" that evening as celebration. It was a splendid affair—the very choicest of Chinese dishes washed down by 200 catties of rare rice wine that Tai Li had brought all the way from his home in Chekiang. The food and wine were duly honored by Americans and Chinese alike. The local band had recently undertaken to learn Yankee Doodle and Dixie, and in appreciation of their efforts the big auditorium rang with clapping, shouts, and rebel yells. The opera never really got going.

Near midnight Tai Li went to the microphone with Eddie Liu. First he said the Generalissimo had expressed his pleasure that afternoon, therefore everybody had reason to celebrate. He was glad to see joy all around him. But, he continued, now while his American friends were there together, all in one big family, he would speak to them on a matter. It was this: He stood for democracy, and he would not have American friends deceived into believing bad things said about him and his organization. He was not a Himmler, he was not a Gayda, he was just "the Generalissimo's Tai Li and nothing more."

THE END

Preacher's Creek

Continued from page 18

and hot by that time and Bill made for the big water oak that grew close by the lake's edge. He got out and hauled the boat up on the sandy shore. Letty followed, and stood on her tiptoes, reaching for some moss to wipe her hands on, while he looked in the fish box and picked out two nice bass. He cleaned 'em quickly and tossed the guts into the reeds.

LETTY was building a fire. She wouldn't let him help, so he sat on his haunches and laughed at her puffin' and blowin' to make the flame catch—scared half the time that pretty long hair would catch too. Then he pulled a whole lot of moss off the low drooping limbs of the old oak and said, "There, honey—you'll be easier . . ." And she sat down, very primlike, pulling her white cotton dress close down to her ankles, locking her arms about her knees. But she tilted her head at him and smiled and her soft, shiny eyes, like a deer's, stayed with him.

And looking at her sitting there, he felt something so big and sweet piling up inside him he almost choked. He tried to swallow but he couldn't and whatever it was came out of itself and he was saying, "Letty—Letty baby . . ." Then he was close to her, and his face was in the hair he'd watched so much. He dared to lift his head and look at her there against his shoulder. Her eyes were closed but her pink mouth was half open and she was smiling. . . . And then he wasn't scared any more.

Later, she said, "Bill, the treetops are so pretty when you're lying on your back. The leaves look like jingle bells. I can see a hawk circling way up there. Do you s'pose he can see us?"

He saw the hawk and he thought of Galloway and he got that feeling in his stomach. But this time he'd face up to him. Soon as they got back, instead of leaving Letty halfway up Preacher's Creek, he'd keep goin' and he'd go on in that house and tell Galloway he was going to marry Letty. That was the first time Galloway beat him up.

Now, rounding the bend, starting up the hill toward the house, Bill remembered how he'd looked and felt afterwards—bloody and battered. He'd slunk off like a bird dog that had pointed a chicken and got what he deserved. Letty had come to him the next day. She wanted to run away with him. Run away, he'd thought . . . How could you run away from the only world you knew? A small world, maybe, all bound up in one little town, but it was his and even then he had sense enough to know he'd have to lick it to live in it—or anywheres else. So he wouldn't leave. When the Army got him it wasn't running away—it was doin' a job that needed doin' before he did the job he wanted to do. Well, he was back now. Here goes, he thought, passing the big cedar, and he hoisted his pants and made his hands swing easy as he walked up the steps to the front door.

Letty opened the front door and she must have heard he was home because she was all dressed up with a ribbon in her hair. But when she saw him her face went to pieces like a baby's and she was crying, hiding her head on his shoulder. He squeezed her hard once and then he said, "Where's your pa?" He could feel her go stiff all over. She pointed to the door of the next room. He said, "Go get some eggs—or feed the dog . . . But get."

Letty stood back and looked at him, but Bill walked to the door with her, and for just a second his hand was tight on her thin shoulder before he shoved her out.

"Galloway!" he called, walking back to the middle of the room. He could feel the hair rising on his arms.

Galloway came through the door slowly. He looked as big and mean as ever but Bill didn't really see him; he was spitting out the words he'd mouthed over and over for so long and it sure felt good.

"Galloway, I'm home—I've come for Letty—but before we go I'm gonna whale the livin' daylights outa you." He closed his eyes for one second and then he opened them and let him have it.

He knew he'd hit him square because he felt Galloway rock away from him and then there was a crash and the pine floor shook with the impact of that big body. Bill didn't look at him right away; he felt kind of breathless and ashamed and he didn't know why. . . . But he sure wasn't gonna back down now. He took a good stand and looked hard at Galloway.

Galloway was mighty slow getting to his feet, and when he'd straightened to his full height, he just stood there, looking at him. Then he lifted one great big hand and ran it through his black hair, thoughtful-like, and Bill could have sworn he was smiling inside.

"Son," he asked slowly, "ain't you had enough fightin'—yet?"

THERE was a chair close by and Bill was sort of surprised to find himself sitting in it. He dropped his hands between his knees and looked down at them and then it came to him and he thought: Why, hell and damnation, he didn't have any right to fight here. For two years he'd been fighting—not just the enemy in the foxhole or up the tree taking potshots—he'd been fighting Galloway too . . . Galloway was that queasy something that lies in every man, that his insides tell him about when they start curling up. And he knew he had that licked. Maybe Galloway knew it too; maybe it stuck out all over him like the spots on a pointer—and maybe that was how come Galloway had left himself wide open for the blow—knowin' the fight was over before it ever got started.

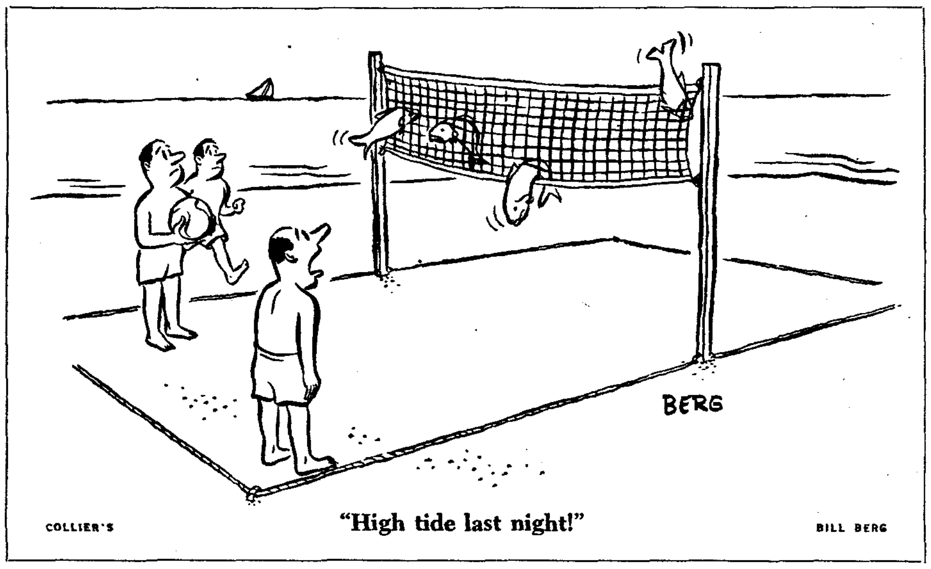
Bill shifted in the chair. He looked up and he wanted to grin seeing that big man standing there looking back at him as if he knew what it was all about. There just wasn't anything to fight about any more. . . . There sure wasn't because there was Galloway yelling, "Letty—" as if Letty didn't have her ear glued to the door— "Letty . . . fetch that jug off the back porch that says Vinegar."

"Oh, Pa," Letty said, the jug in hand, her eyes flashing over to Bill, her cheeks pink, "you said it *was* vinegar."

"Honey," Galloway said, "it's as good for preservin'—but it sure ain't vinegar." He looked Bill in the eye, and Bill looked him in the eye and knew that lots of times there'd been a twinkle there he couldn't see because he never had the guts to look long enough.

"This stuff," Galloway said, tilting the jug, "is so good it'll make a bald-headed man part his hair in the middle. Drink up—son." And he handed it over.

THE END



COLLIER'S "High tide last night!" BILL BERG

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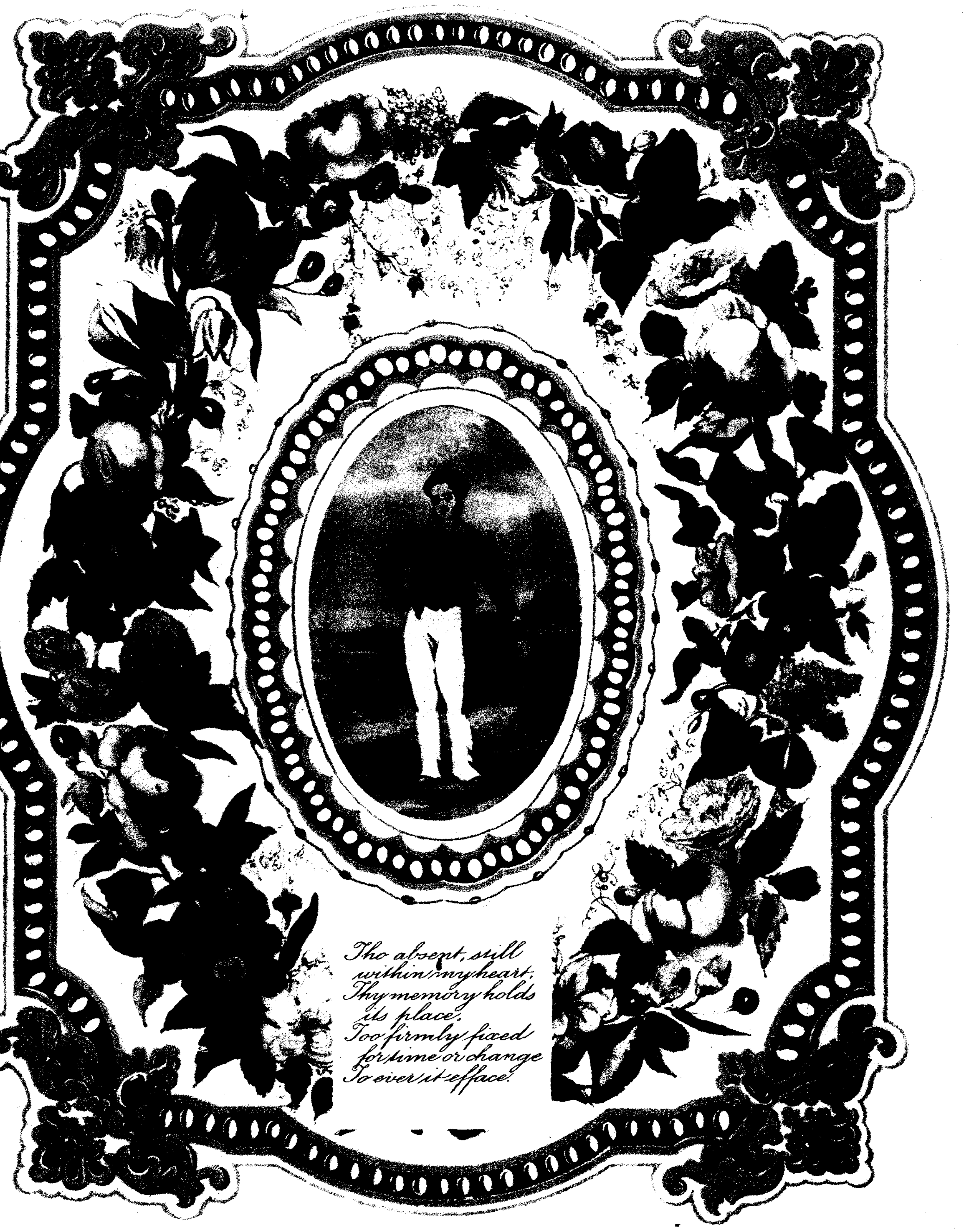
THYMOLINE



FROM THE COLLECTION OF NORCROSS, NEW YORK CITY

Greetings, Pal!

BY ARLENE WOLF

It used to be that most of the greeting cards sold in this country were valentines. Today more than half of the special title cards are bought by the more than 3,000,000 members of secret pal clubs. They send one another some 130,000,000 greetings every year

IN SOME towns they call themselves the Peanut Sisters. In others, they're Silent Messengers, Phantom Friends, Forget-me-not Sisters, Palsie-Walsies or Secret Pals. Whatever the name, the idea is the same. A group of mystery-loving females get together and form a secret something-or-other club whose members send one another unsigned greetings and gifts during the year. The existence of the club itself is no secret.

The members generally know one another as well as their own sisters. The secret part refers to a grab-bag session held at the start of every year, when each member draws the name of her secret-pal-to-be for the coming months. In thousands of towns in the United States, the pals are organized into secret clubs, and all prove false the old axiom that a woman can't keep a secret.

Among the 3,000,000,000 cards printed and sold every year, the secret pal titles are the only ones designed to be sent without signatures. Even valentines, one of the earliest types of greeting cards, today are supposed to be signed, although the number of anonymous hearts a schoolgirl gets is still supposed to be some index of her popularity rating among the males in her class. The old-time valentines, however, are gone forever, and not many ladies of today can boast of having one of the handmade jobs that cost swains of the 1880s a cool $25. Today the price ranges from one cent to about $5 for a really terrific card.

A secret pal club begins with a special ceremony. The Peanut Sisters write their names and vital statistics on small slips of paper and tuck them into empty peanut shells. The Capsule Sisters prefer empty medicine capsules. Other groups use similar techniques, varying from the old reliable hat method to toy balloons hung on a Christmas tree.

After you've drawn a name, the idea then is to keep your identity a secret from your pal, while observing such niceties as sending her appropriate unsigned birthday greetings, Christmas wishes, or anniversary congratulations. You may have lunch with her twice a week while you're her secret pal, or live next door, but the secret must be kept and the secret pal cards sent. Secret pal greeting cards, designed especially for the use of these secret-loving ladies, are just like any other cards, except they read "birthday greetings from your secret pal" and have mottoes like this:

"I could tell my identity
But I don't think I shall.
'Cause I'm your secret pal, you see,
And that's my secret, Pal."

How many secret pals there are is something of a secret itself, but the Greeting Card Industry, a trade association, estimates that almost 130,000,000 special secret pal cards are bought and sent each year. Several members of clubs have said that they send two or three cards a month to their secret pals. If others use a similar proportion, that would indicate that there are about 3,500,000 secret pals.

Even when there's no special occasion to observe, secret pal-ers use "guess who" teasers like:

"A little thought from a secret pal
And a wish for your happiness.
If you want to know who sent it,
Well, you'll have to guess."

There's even a card made especially for revelation day, coyly worded:

"Flash, your secret pal reveals her name!
Don't say you knew it all the time.
Don't tell me you were wise.
'Cuz when you read the name inside
You won't believe your eyes.
S'prise, s'prise."

Once the unveiling is over with, the whole process is repeated, and each member draws another secret pal for the coming year. Some groups change pals as often as once a month, and many women belong to several groups, amassing quite a roster of secret pals.

Origin Shrouded in Mystery

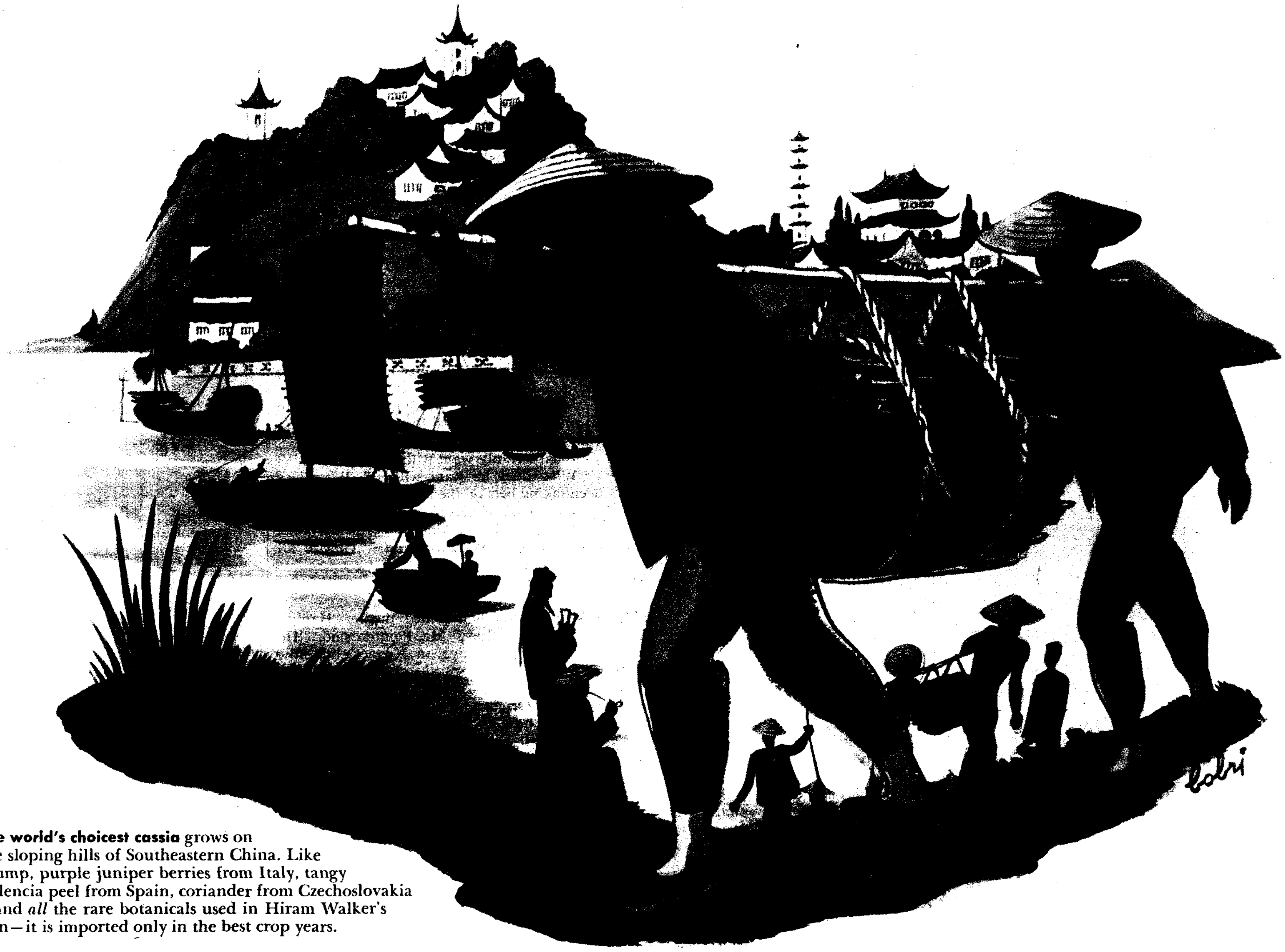
Aside from the secrets the pals deliberately keep from one another, there's plenty of unintentional secrecy about these groups. No one seems to be certain, for example, just when and where the first club was organized, and why. They've mushroomed so naturally and unobtrusively this last decade or so that few members can even explain how the movement began. Like the president of the Stage Mothers Club, which recently started its secret pal group, most members "just heard about it from a friend and thought it would be nice to belong." Some think it's a nice way to keep in the social swim; others fancy the mystery adds a bit of spice to an otherwise unmysterious and humdrum existence.

It's speculated that all the secret pal groups of today can be traced back to 1913, when Eleanor H. Porter wrote Pollyanna and started people playing the glad game. Pollyanna, you may remember, was the youngster who always could find something to be glad about, no matter how black things seemed, and proved it by rejoicing when a missionary barrel produced a pair of crutches instead of the doll she had longed for. Pollyanna was delighted she didn't really need the crutches.

Pollyanna apparently struck the nation's fancy, for soon after its publication, a Missouri Sunday-school teacher notified Mrs. Porter that he was organizing his girls into a Pollyanna Club, dedicated to playing the glad game forever after. Other clubs soon followed, and there's even a record of one in Scotland with 89 members. By 1918, Pollyanna was gladding it about the New York stage in the person of Patricia Collinge, and Heywood Broun, then dramatic critic for Collier's, reported that it was "four acts of good intentions and high deeds—a fearful strain for folks who still have something about them of original sin."

It isn't quite clear how the Pollyanna good-cheer idea got mixed up with the mystery of the church social lunch-box bidding and the ancient practice of young Greek maids and males who used to toss their names into an urn, and then draw partners for Valentine Day revels. But the fact remains that among the hundreds of names given to these secret societies throughout the country, there are many Pollyanna Girls and Pollyanna Sisters sprinkled among the Mystery Friends, Silent

(Continued on page 87)



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It's the imported botanicals that give this gin greatness

James Ungerman (*right*) joins Christenson Studios, New York City, after 4½ years service at Raritan Arsenal, and enjoys a drink with his new boss, Irving C. Christenson—who is pretty proud of his Martinis. The trick, says Mr. Christenson, is to chill the glass as well as the drink—and to always use Hiram Walker's Gin.

Everybody knows that the finer the botanicals, the finer the gin.

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GIN

LILLIAN
GISH
is one of the stars of
DUEL
in the SUN
Made by
SELZNICK in TECHNICOLOR

Wait Till the Sun Shines, Kelly

Continued from page 15

awaiting him. The Yankee Stadium is big and the lights are bright and he'd stand revealed for the world to see. It occurred to him there must be ways of making a living apart from being exhibit "A" or "B" in a national blood-letting that passed for entertainment. Still the pay was good; the pay was almost miraculous.

"I didn't just happen to be passing by," he confessed to Margaret. "I knew you'd be up here now. I remembered your telling me you had an appointment to show somebody the house today at three o'clock. I just took this chance to say goodby."

HE DROVE back, stopping the car at a point overlooking the town. From here, again, he could see the high school (Margaret's peddling of real estate was an odd-time adjunct to her regular job of teaching at Primrose High); he could see the new factory on the outskirts of the town—a war plant converted to the peacetime manufacture of roller skates and ladies' compacts; in the center of the town was the usual grouping of stores—among them Bailey's Drugstore, which was owned by Margaret's father. There was the whole town there before him.

"What do you do up here in the winters, Margaret," he asked, "besides knit extra earmuffs?"

"The winter? Oh, a lot of us ski," she said, "or go to the movies. There are dances sometimes at the church halls or the Y. Lots of people go skating on the lake, then drive back to the drugstore for hot chocolates, sit down and talk, and then— Is this boring you? You're sure not? . . . Well, then, there are the basketball games at the high school. . . . And so on, Jack. Does it sound terrible to you?"

He would guess she was twenty-two or twenty-three, a few years younger than himself. He would guess that she was womanly and that her folks had brought her up the right way and that if he kissed her now she'd not be silly or alarmed but quiet and honest. He told himself: No, this isn't for you; you'll be out of here tomorrow, you'll be back on the Broadway beat and chasing dames and dollars. Won't you? Tomorrow night you'll be a champion or a bum, and this isn't your kind of life, your kind of place, your kind of girl.

"You don't wish to make a statement about life in Primrose?" She smiled at him and wondered at his silence.

"Primrose," he repeated. "That's a heck of a name, isn't it? Well, you're a great girl, Margaret. Here, have a stick of gum." He started the car.

He parked on Main Street, outside of Frank B. Pointon, Real Estate, and Bailey's Drugstore was just a few doors down the street. "I'd like to say goodby to your father," Jack said.

Mr. Pointon, the realtor, stepped out of his doorway. "Well, let's hope it don't rain again tonight," Mr. Pointon said. "This whole town's rootin' for you, boy."

"Thank you," Jack said.

Then he saw Doc Harris, his trainer, walking along the street with Mr. Ed Hanly of St. Louis. They must have deserted the party, too. Ed Hanly said something that Jack did not quite understand; he grunted a reply. But Margaret said, very clearly, "Good afternoon, Mr. Hanly."

Jack kept a hand on her elbow and said, "You *know* him?"

"Mr. Hanly? But of course; I rented him an upstairs office in the Briggs Building. Are you surprised?"

"What's Hanly want with an office?"

"What does he want with it? Why, he's been taking bets on the fight."

"What kind of bets?"

"There's only one kind of bet being made in this town," Margaret said. "They're all bets on you."

Jack swallowed dryly. "What odds is he paying?"

Mr. Pointon had joined them. "Hanly's paying even money," Mr. Pointon said. "He was paying six-to-five on Kovacs, but now it's even."

"Hanly's a crook," Jack said. "You could get nine or eight to five in New York."

"Sure, he's a crook," Mr. Pointon said, "but we all get a kick out of it. This town has turned into a kind of Bingo game. We figure to clean Mr. Hanly like a Christmas goose."

"Suppose I lose?" Jack said.

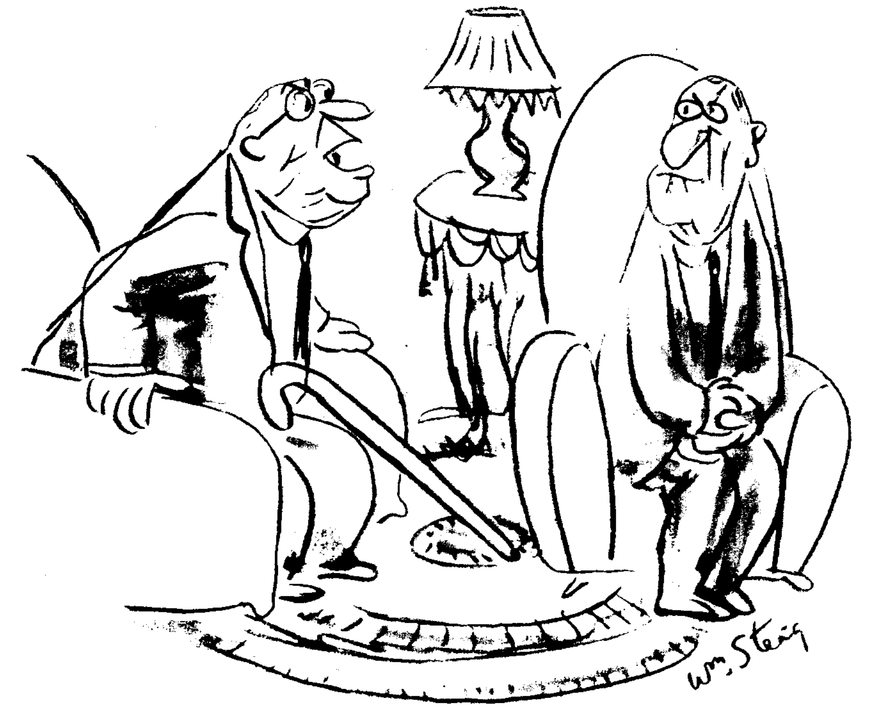
"This town don't figure that way. You're our boy."

Lord help me, Jack thought. "Well, suppose this Hanly runs off with the dough?"

Mr. Pointon laughed. "One of your supporters, son, is Jake Berger, the chief of police. He bet his pension money on you yesterday. All bets are deposited in the First National Bank, the close of each business day. Imagine the fuss Mr. La Guardia would make if he were mayor of this town."

"And imagine," Jack said, "the money you might save.". . .

Back at the camp, the party, though still in progress, had subsided more than a little. Jack avoided the pavilion and went to the big house across the road. Sam Rivers sat in a wicker chair, his feet hung on the porch



"Yes, but what about the time you pushed me out of my crib?"

COLLIER'S WILLIAM STEIG

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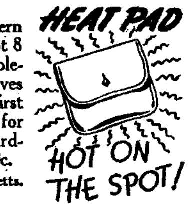

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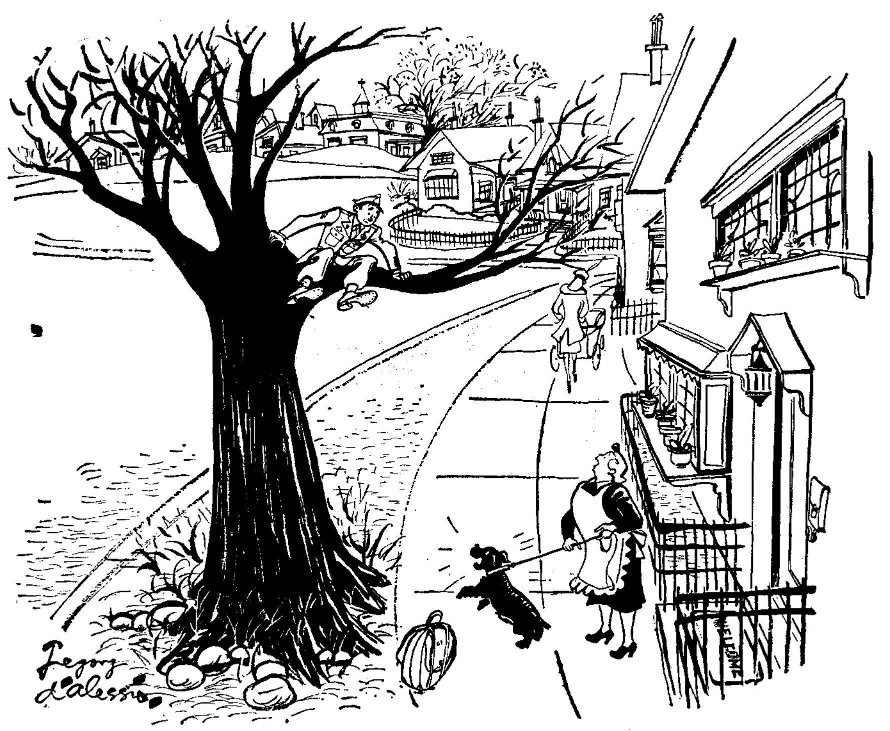
WELCOME HOME! by **GREGORY D'ALESSIO**



"Three years is a long time, Jerry dear. Maybe you smell different"

COLLIER'S

rail, a cigar clamped in his mouth. Jack did not see Gladys, though Phyllis, the solvent blonde, sat unsteadily, and in some distress, in a rocker. Sam said, "A nice ride?"

"Maybe I've had more rides than one," Jack said. "Is Doc back yet? You see that fellow Hanly?"

"I haven't seen them," his manager said.

"What's Hanly's racket, Sam?"

"Don't you know? He's a horse-room guy from St. Louis, but this time he hopes to do it without horses."

"He's got the town on the hook," Jack said.

"Well, he has if you lose. He hasn't if you win."

WHICH, of course, was true. Hanly was not exactly picking pockets. He was merely backing with cash his opinion that Kelly couldn't beat one side of the champion. Moreover he was smart enough to bet his money in this town where sentiment and civic giddiness had raised the odds to even money. Guys in New York would willingly attest that Hanly's stroke was genius. "How are the rest of the boys betting, Sam? I mean, the boys around the camp here?"

Sam looked at him and methodically picked a piece of tobacco from his tongue. He said, "What's the difference? *I'm* betting on you and I chased Hanly out of here. I was a flea-brain for not catching on a week ago. I fired Doc, too—this afternoon. Whitey Bernstein'll work your corner instead of Doc."

So that was it then: Doc Harris, a superlative judge of fighters, and the man they had hired to train him, was betting against him. Sam hadn't said so, but it was obvious enough that Doc had told Hanly of the town's affection for Kelly and the richness of the pickings—along with his opinion that Kelly couldn't win.

He walked inside, heartsick. "You missed a great party, Jack," somebody said. But his sparmates and the leftovers of the Broadway mob were listless, perfunctory in their greetings. He supposed they, too, had been cutting the melon in town by adding their money to Hanly's and betting on the champ. My friends, he thought; hell, this is not a fight camp, it's a wake, and I'm the corpse. All hope is gone. They're not stealing, exactly; they're being practical and betting against me; they don't think I've got a chance.

On the porch again, Sam walked over slowly, put a hand on his shoulder. "Twenty years ago," Sam said, "at Philadelphia, if anybody offered even money that Tunney would beat Dempsey, there'd of been a stampede, an' it would have included me."

Phyllis by now had life enough to consider her nose in a mirror she took from her bag. Jack said to her, "Where's Gladys?"

"Still at the party, I suppose. A lot *she* cares if I have a good time or a bad time. Money, money, money is all she cares. Well, I worked hard for what *I've* got."

"How many husbands did you have to poison?" Sam said.

"What's this," Jack wanted to know, "about 'money, money, money'?"

"Oh, please," Phyllis said, "don't be such a fool." She replaced the mirror in her open bag. Her smile meant nothing because her eyes remained cold. From her bag she produced a ring, which she worked with kittenish blandness onto one of her fingers.

"All right," Jack said, "it's Gladys' ring. You wanted me to see it and I've seen it. Now how did you get it?"

"Well, I'm entitled to some security," Phyllis said. "I'm not lending her a thousand dollars just for sweet friendship, after all. A lot she cares or they care. Suppose you *win* the fight? Then where would I be with my future?"

"Don't say any more, please."

"Don't misunderstand me," Phyllis said. "I *like* Gladys. She has to think of her future, too, and that Mr. Hanly's a smooth talker, but—listen—I wouldn't want you to think I'd talk *against* Gladys, my own girl friend."

He left her there. Sam walked behind him, up the stairs to the second floor, and Sam said, "When I drop that dame in the lake I'll tie a big rock to her tongue. You forget the whole thing, Jack, you understand? Lie down an' take a nap an' maybe later we'll have a nice steak, big as this." He left the room.

Jack stretched across the bed, alone, just looking at his hands and thinking and wishing it all were over. Nice prospects, he thought. Nice girls. Nice friends. The town, his real friend, in hock to its ears as the price of its faith. He closed his eyes. . . .

The noise awakened him. At first it seemed from far away, the merry-sounding noise, especially the *Kelly! Kelly! Kelly!* part of it. Kid stuff, it sounded like. He opened his eyes and the room was dark but the sound was bigger and closer now and not a thing he had imagined. Then he heard the band, the first brave, giddy notes—the high-school band, with the youthful voices rising:

Wait till the sun shines, Kelly,
And the clouds go rolling by—

He couldn't catch the next few lines. It was not too original, anyhow. The "Kelly" part had simply been substituted for "Nelly," but who were these high-school kids supposed to be, Rodgers and Hammerstein? The thrill went up his spine like a frightened cat. Either they had started a bonfire outside his window or the kids were carrying torches.

We'll stand behind you, Kelly,
When the trouble's nigh!
So wait till the sun shines, Kelly;
Sure, it's Kelly—do *or* die!

With all the corn you could pack in seven silos, plus pathos. But he listened and he could have wept at the crowd-noise rising and the calling of his name. He went to the window and opened it wide. He waved to the crowd—the high-school crowd, with adults jointly jubilant and following the band. The night air washed his face and took the sleep away. The night was clear. The sun would shine tomorrow and the waiting would soon be over.

Sam Rivers had entered the room. Sam said, "That's all right, eh? These foreigners are nice people. They're for us." And they stood together, the two of them, watching the marching and hearing the band, and seeing the Halloweenlike business of the torches, borne by the innocent and trustful in a testament of faith.

After a while Jack said, "I could eat that steak now, Sam. Except first I want to phone a guy." He looked through the local book for a number and found it under Pointon, Frank B. He picked up the phone. "Give me Primrose," he said, "3-5-0."

HE CAME out through the Yankees' dugout to the cropped sweet-smelling grass of the infield and started for the ring. Sam hustled nervously alongside. Whitey Bernstein, a taller man, who could survey the scene, was calmer. "A nice house," Whitey said, and the place was packed. The mammoth crowd was buzzing in the stands. Jack went up the short steps and through the ropes to his appointed corner. He rubbed his soft shoes in the resin sprinkled there. The night was unexpectedly warm. The blinded bugs beat at the fierce lights over the ring and died against the bulbs.

The champion came through the ropes—a legendary figure in the soiled white robe he always wore. There was no difference in Willy Kovacs that anyone could see, except that you knew he was a trifle heavier, a bit less swift, a good deal older than he had been in the past invincible days.

Announcements, the introducing of notable cabbage-ears from the present to decades past, seemed interminable to Jack. Let's get going, he thought; this waiting is murder, and Sam said, "Easy, easy—take your time."

And now the business of the evening:

" . . . Wearing purple trunks and weighing one-ninety-three—the capable challenger—"

That's me, Jack thought and took the brief, expected bow. The referee was Arthur Crane and Arthur quoted the rules to them as they stood in mid-ring, shaking hands. " . . . So go to your corners now an' come out fighting."

He gave his robe to Whitey Bernstein. He took a last tug at the ropes. Out of all the black indefinite mass of the crowd he took no meaning. In his mind he saw children and adults, with torches, parading. Out of the wild, bipartisan noise preceding the bell, he heard, from memory alone, a high-school band and voices singing. Then the bell. . . .

He came out quickly, as he and Sam had planned it together. He went straight to the champion and hooked his left hand to the head. It was a pay-off punch, of the Dempsey variety, but a trifle too high. The champion took it on the cheekbone instead of the chin. Willy Kovacs wavered under the impact but his face remained immobile, and his hands flashed in reprisal. Jack had not in his life been hit this way before. The lights seemed to explode, then everything was black. He fell against the champion and held. He shook his head clear, then began to punch, and it was strictly a fight from there.

He kept fighting from a crouch. This was the first round and his mouth was full of blood. He spat it out, then clamped more tightly on his mouthpiece. He moved in, step by little step, and took two punches for the sake of landing one. The champion moved with practiced grace, his left hand a saber, his right hand a maul. Jack knew you

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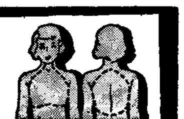

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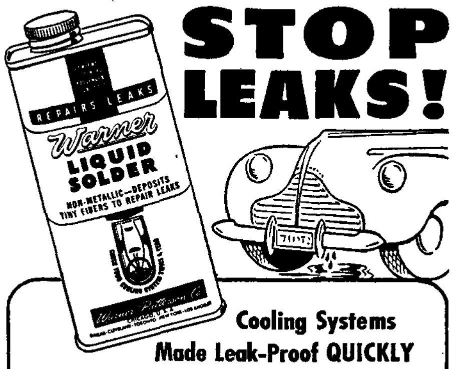
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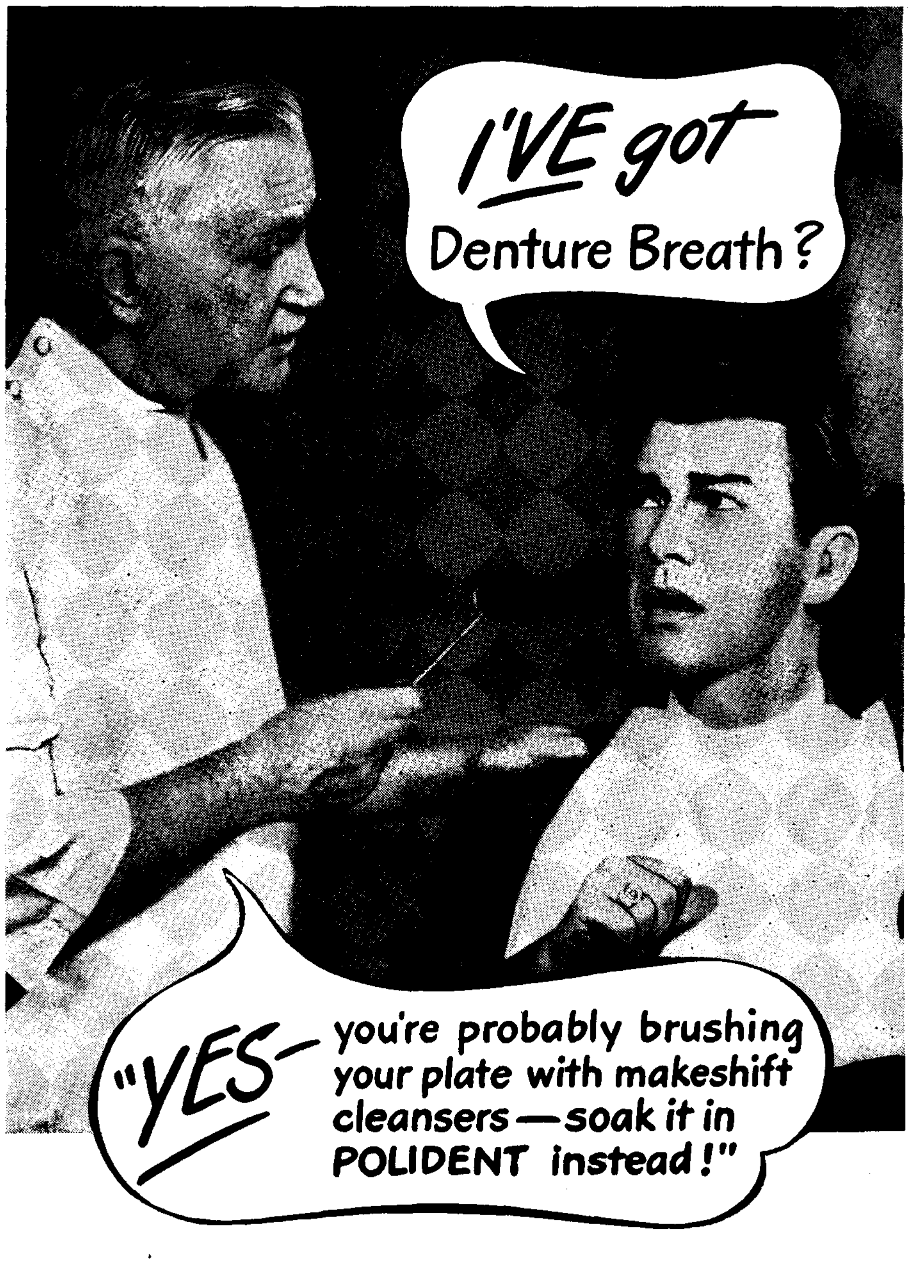
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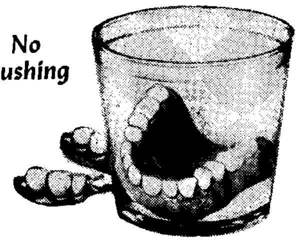

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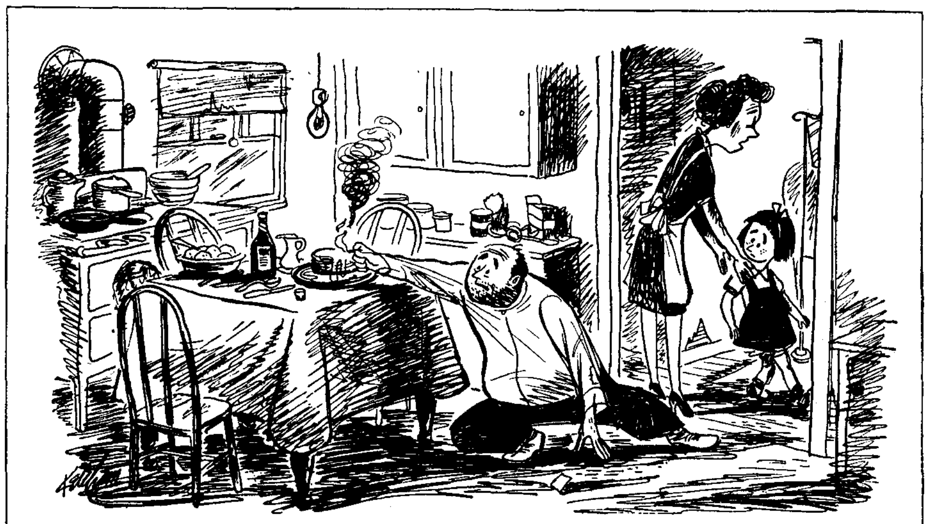


COLLIER'S "Wait, dear, until he gets the crêpes Suzettes started" HANK KETCHAM

couldn't box this man. You had to fight him all the way, as a young Dempsey might have fought him, and hope that the years dividing you would make the difference. . . .

"Where are we now?" Jack said.

"The fourth round comin' up," Sam said. "You're doin' all right, boy. Stay close to 'im."

I'm doing all right like a football, Kelly thought. Yet he wasn't bleeding. Whitey Bernstein had fixed that. The bell, and back to the trouble again.

Just how it happened, he didn't know. He saw an opening big as a door. He stepped in with his right hand trigger-eager. The next thing he heard was, "Four!"

That was Arthur Crane, the referee, virtually screaming in his ear, and holding fingers, four of them, in front of his face.

"Five!"

He rolled over, onto his knees. So this is what it's like, he thought, and Arthur Crane said, "Six!"

He knelt now, with his glove tips on the floor. He looked and saw Sam and Whitey. They gestured to him, shouted to him, *"Easy! Take it easy!"*

"Seven!"

The champion stood in a neutral corner, poised and statuesque, with the sweat on him like oil.

"Eight!"

He got up. He wasn't a fool. He tucked his head within the folds of his arms, and he bent from the waist so as not to expose his body. He walked into, rather than away from, the champion; and this, too, he and Sam had planned. He walked in, expecting the shock of the next blow and he wasn't disappointed. The punishment fell against his folded arms as though from baseball bats, but they had not, as yet, pierced his crablike defense. Their bodies met, and he grasped the champion and held. He felt Kovacs heave with desperate effort, but he held on longer, matching the champion's power, and he thought, with satisfaction: I'm as strong as he is. Let your head clear, let your head clear, let your head clear, Kelly.

WHEN the referee broke them apart he moved in close again and ripped his hands to the champion's body. Don't give him a chance to measure you again, he cautioned himself. And in a little while he was all right. Now things were clear and the champion seemed a little tired, though he fought like the craftsman he was, feinting and ripping with that left hand, poised, collected, razor-smart, neither angry nor vindictive, simply working at his bitter trade.

Jack knew his own energies to be intact. He forced the fight and once the champ breathed openmouthed, a further sign of weariness. Kelly ripped a left hook to the jaw. The punch was solid. He followed with a heavy right hand to the jaw. The champ fought back. Kelly took the punches, reeled before them, attacked anew. He heard the champion's heavy sigh. The champion poised a left hook. Kelly pulled the trigger on his right and beat him to the punch. The champion went down. He crashed to the canvas heavily and the resin dust rose with his falling.

Jack backed away and heard the crowd scream for the kill, the way crowds do.

"Five!" said Arthur Crane and, "Six!"

Kind of sad in a way, Jack thought, and felt no jubilation. He had a job to do. This is the way champs go. Even the best of them go this way if they stay around long enough.

"Seven!" said Arthur Crane and, "Eight!"

The champion was up. Just a small smile tugged at the corners of his mouth. It asked for no pity, no compromise. The champion came forward, a bit unsteadily, his red gloves raised for fighting. Kelly thought, regretfully: Here goes—and drilled his right to the chin. . . .

IN KELLY'S dressing room there was frantic jubilation. Many faces were familiar, but as many and more were strange. They called him "Champ" and said he was as great as Dempsey, even greater. He turned the shower on stronger so he wouldn't have to listen, so that he wouldn't have to answer them.

He dressed quickly and glanced in a mirror. He did not look bad. Just a few lumps here and there and a small cut on one brow. "Thanks, Whitey," he said, "you did a nice job." He reached over to Sam and pressed his hand. Little more was necessary now. "Where is she, Sam?" was all he said.

"She's outside with her father," Sam said. "I paid two ushers twenty bucks to hold them there."

He went out with the Broadway mob behind him. He could see her standing with her father.

"Hello, Margaret. Hello, Mr. Bailey," he said. But he didn't look at her father.

"Hello, Mr. Meatball," Margaret said softly and her eyes were damp with her feelings for him. He took her arm and walked with her, while her father fell behind them, between Sam and Whitey Bernstein.

Jack said, "You've got your car?"

"Why, yes," Margaret said, "we drove down."

"That's good," he said, "because then you can drive me back."

Margaret stopped. "You mean to Primrose? Why, did you leave something behind you, Jack?"

"Yes," he said, after a moment, "I think I left a lot back there—a football team I'd like to coach, a place to live, a girl to date—a lot of things. You know that house you were trying to peddle to Mr. Gripsman yesterday?"

She stared at him and she said, "Yes?"

"Well, you'll get your commission," he said. "I called your boss, Mr. Pointon, last night and took an option on it. That is, if I won."

She was a tall girl and she stood now looking up at him. "*If* you won?" she said. And to kiss her, because she was tall, was rather simple; so he kissed her, in front of all the people. "*If* you won?" she repeated, breathless. "But really, how could you have *missed?*"

"I don't know," he said and took her arm. "Because I don't think I can miss from here."

THE END

Lindbergh in Battle

Continued from page 12

advantage. Lindbergh had, in effect, redesigned an airplane.

It didn't take Brig. Gen. Paul B. (Squeeze) Wurtsmith, commander of the 5th Fighter Command, long to find out what was going on and to realize the implications. He kept close touch with his fighter groups, even to knowing minor details, and this certainly wasn't a minor one. In a short time Lindbergh had sowed the seeds which months later grew into the long-range strikes against Balikpapan and Mindanao and still later the strikes against China and Indo-China from the Philippine Islands.

About the middle of July, our ground forces had cleared out the burrowing Nips from the caves and captured the airstrip on Biak Island. We had hardly set up a temporary camp at the end of Mokmer airstrip when Lindbergh returned.

The latter part of July we were all set for the first strike on the Halmahera Islands. Galela strip was to be the target for the B-25 strafers. Our squadron of fighters was detailed for close cover for the bombers. In our flight, Lt. Joe Miller was flying on my wing, Lindbergh was leading the element, and flying with him was Lt. Bill Richmond. Behind us three more flights of four made up the squadron. Above us were two squadrons comprising the medium cover, and above them were two more as top cover. We were taking plenty of power, for when striking a target for the first time we could never be sure what sort of opposition we would run into. Intelligence reports gave the Japanese strength at Halmahera as between seventy-five and a hundred single-engine fighters.

The Mountain Was a Volcano

Soon, out of the blue and hazy horizon, the indistinct mass of Halmahera rose. The B-25s swung to the right over the low hill on the coast and then along the slope of the high inland mountain. We weren't previously aware that this mountain was an active volcano, and unfortunately for us it was erupting. As we flew over the green slopes, the acrid fumes filled the cockpits of our planes. The wind was blowing the smoke over the target area, cutting our visibility to a minimum. We flew over Galela airdrome with the leading wave of the bombers, and then circled as the succeeding waves scooted by underneath.

The target boiled, as the bombers unleashed the tremendous fire power of their forward guns and the strings of white parachutes, each holding a fragmentation bomb, hit the earth.

As the third squadron went by, we covered it out to sea and got into very thick smoke. By the time we turned our squadron back toward the airdrome the unlucky Jap airplanes which attempted interception had already been shot down, and because of the poor visibility Lindbergh still hadn't seen a Jap airplane in the air.

After supper that evening, Lindbergh strapped on his .45 and began putting on his jungle boots. His insatiable curiosity kept him moving continuously on explorations of the area. Half the time when we were not flying he was out with the infantry or walking alone in the jungle.

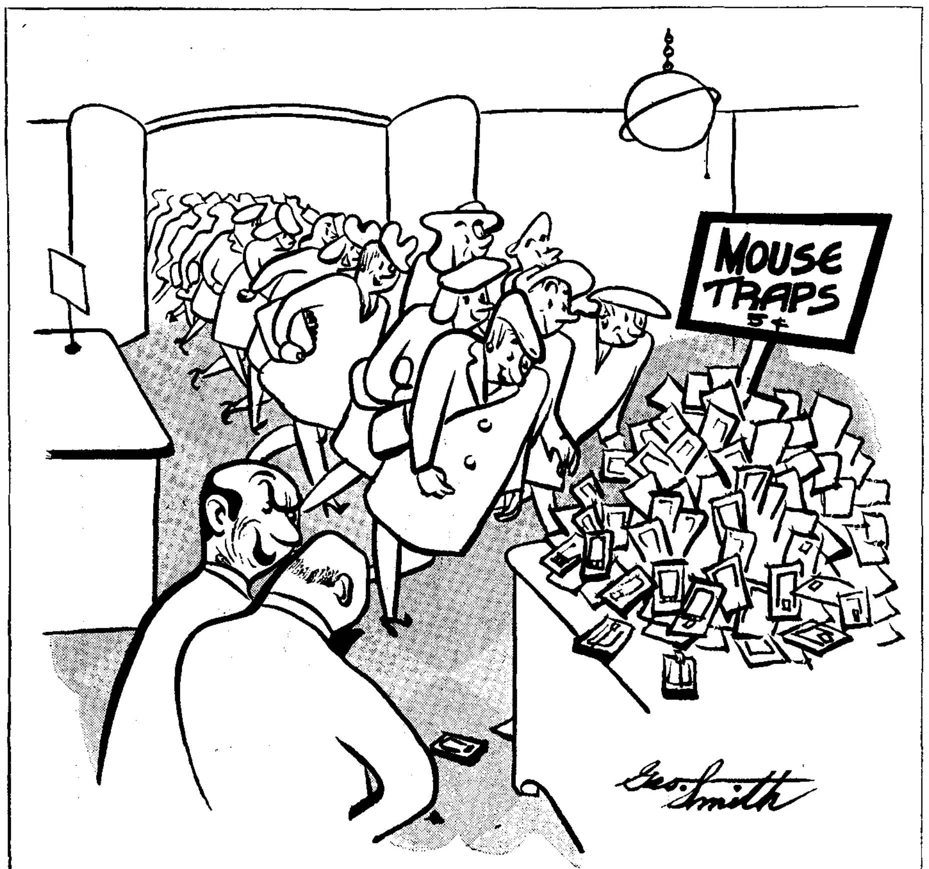
A Man of Insatiable Curiosity

Most of us were worn down to the point where when not flying or working on official business we would hit the sack. But Lindbergh's energy never seemed to flag. You never saw a guy with so much energy and so much curiosity. This evening he persuaded Smitty and me to go with him to one of the caves in the steep coral cliff overlooking the American airfield.

We climbed up the narrow path, passing on the way spoiled and rotting Jap supplies, until we reached the mouth of the particular cave Lindbergh was interested in. The dark, yawning opening was built up with logs which supported a Jap field piece. Tied to an upright pole at the very entrance, was the headless body of a Jap soldier. The stench was terrific. We found out later that this fellow had been killed by the other Japs when he attempted to surrender to the surrounding Americans.

We passed the cave and climbed over the hill to a deep coral pit, down the side of which hung a makeshift rope ladder. In order to prove his theory that the cave we had just passed led into the pit, Lindbergh and Smitty retraced their steps to come through the cave. I climbed down the side on the Jap ladder, using the narrow, slippery footholds which the Japs had hacked out of the hard limestone. Every few feet along the bottom were the remains of the warriors of Nippon. Most of them had been killed by flame-throwers, consequently there was little flesh left on the whitening bones.

Lindbergh was the only one with forethought enough to have brought a flashlight, so we followed him in a line as we entered



COLLIER'S "This should be good. I set them all!" GEORGE SMITH

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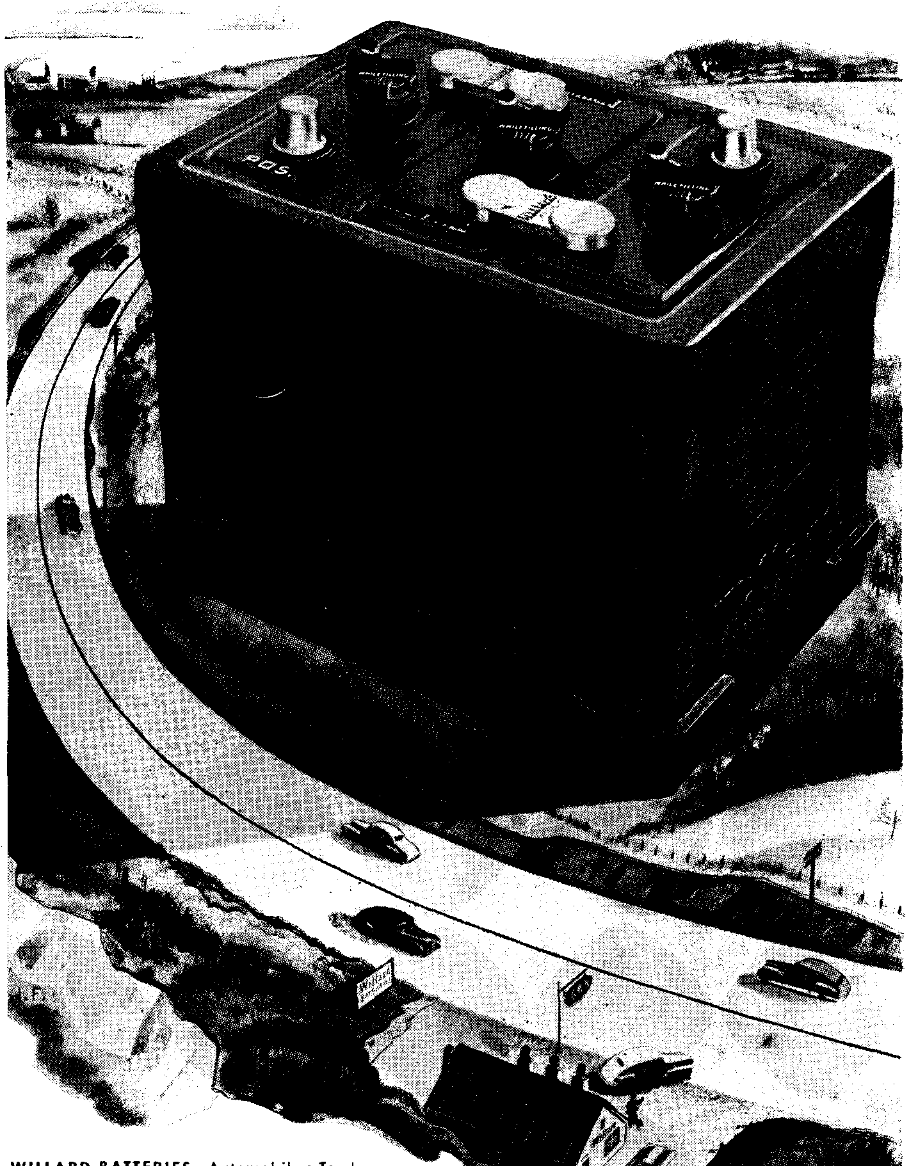

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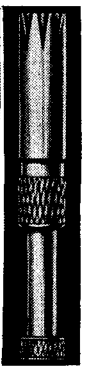

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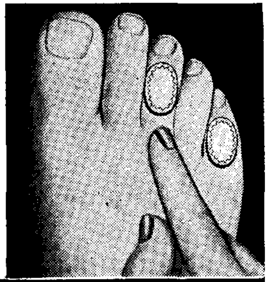

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one of the caves which ran farther back into the hill. The floor was strewn with the belongings of the Jap soldiers—mess kits, papers, rice dishes, wooden shoes (which made very good shower slippers if they were not too small), and the bones of the people who had once used them. Stacked against the walls were boxes of ammunition, most of it made to fit the very small caliber army rifle. However, there were boxes of larger shells which did not seem the right size for any of the firing pieces which they had been able to bring to this last-ditch stronghold. One could see tins strategically placed to catch the water dripping from the damp, slimy roof.

It was the same sorry picture throughout the intricacies of the cave, and I was relieved when we turned back toward the pit. As we went through the entrance cave, Lindbergh and Smitty stopped to examine a small offshoot which seemed full of equipment and food. I continued through the opening and down to the jeep.

It was dark when they came down the narrow path. They climbed into the jeep and we started toward camp. We had gone about a hundred yards over the uneven ground when a hoarse cry, "Halt!" brought us to a stop. Seeing nothing, I was about to start up again when a soldier with his rifle at ready stepped from behind a leafy bush. "You're lucky I didn't shoot." he said. "Don't you know there are Japs up there?"

I could afford to smile, now. "They're all dead, believe me."

The Targets Were on Amboina

The next day we were scheduled to again cover B-25s. This time they were to bomb and strafe targets of opportunity on Amboina, a little island off the southwest coast of Ceram in the Dutch East Indies, and a busy and valuable possession of the Japanese.

The darkness of the morning of July 28, 1944, was filled with the background roar of many powerful engines, and as the horizon lightened with the coming day, this was interspersed with the surging crescendo of the bombers taking off at spaced intervals. In the gray light of morning we sat in the alert tent of the 433d Fighter Squadron. We were waiting for the last bomber squadron to take off.

A terse "Okay, let's go" set things in motion. Jeeps loaded with pilots rushed down the taxi ways stopping at each plane. Tall, short, skinny and heavy American boys got out at each stop, hurriedly climbed into their fighters and in the complicated interiors began the mechanical ritual which gives them life and tremendous strength. Lindbergh was again leading the element in Red flight, this time with Lieutenant Joe Miller flying wing position.

The dust had hardly cleared from the last bomber's take-off as I sped down the runway and into the air. Then, making a wide circle to allow the rest of the fighters to assemble, I could look down at the white coral strip where the Lightnings, two by two, were hurling themselves into the air, and those backed up in the taxi ways were steadily diminishing in number.

Lindbergh had by this time demonstrated to all of us that he was an aeronautical expert. We conceded that he had a tremendous fund of knowledge concerning any aspect of an airplane. Since his arrival with this fighter group, and by following his example on power settings, we were landing from our normal missions with much more gasoline left in our tanks than we ever had before.

However, no one rested on any previous laurels with this crowd of young combat pilots, and they would go to any lengths to try to catch him up. Consequently when Lindbergh was a little slow to retract his wheels after this particular take-off I was far from surprised to hear over the radio: "Lindbergh from Doakes. Get your wheels up! You're not flying the Spirit of St. Louis."

When the last fighter was airborne we made one more circle of the field and then started on course. Low clouds gave us only brief glimpses of the ocean beneath as we flew on toward our rendezvous with the bombers; across the narrow neck of the peninsula at Amboear and out into McCluer Gulf. We passed the fetid swamp holes of Babo, Sagan and Kokas. The weather kept getting worse as we proceeded. Clouds and rain were interfering with the low-flying bombers making a rendezvous.

In a few minutes the bombers radioed that they would have to turn back because of bad weather. The fighters went on over the top of the weather at fifteen thousand feet, across the Ceram Sea, and as we approached Ceram the weather patched up until through the breaks in the clouds below we could see the oil fields at Boela.

We flew down the south coast of Ceram. At Amahai, "Captive" squadron split up into flights of four to search the area. Our flight weaved through the black puffs of ack-ack over Amahai and proceeded toward Amboina. We circled Amboina and turned north to the Japanese airfield at Kairato. Suddenly over the radio we heard that one of the flights had found some Nips in the air. Apparently there were only a few Japs airborne, and the flight which had found them was reluctant to give us their position. They didn't need any help, and they didn't want any other planes horning in on their private show.

We searched feverishly over and under the broken and overcast clouds, trying to find the fight. In a few minutes the tone of the conversation between the members of the lucky flight which had found the Jap planes began to change.

We could hear one pilot say, "Damn! I'm out of ammunition."

A few minutes later we heard another pilot, "This louse is making monkeys out of us. I'm out of ammunition too."

The remarks increased in rage and disappointment as we banked around a mountainous white cloud and saw the air above Amahai strip black with antiaircraft bursts of heavy caliber. Two P-38s were attacking a Sonia type Jap plane.

We jettisoned our drop tanks, switched on our guns, and nosed down. The Sonia pilot was using his amazing maneuverability to great advantage, successfully eluding the attacks of the two P-38s. He didn't see us as we dove down. I was almost in range when he began a violent turn to the left. I pulled through, firing. Major Danny Miller, behind me, couldn't get a good shot. By this time the Jap had completed his turn and was flying head on at Lindbergh, who was in position behind us.

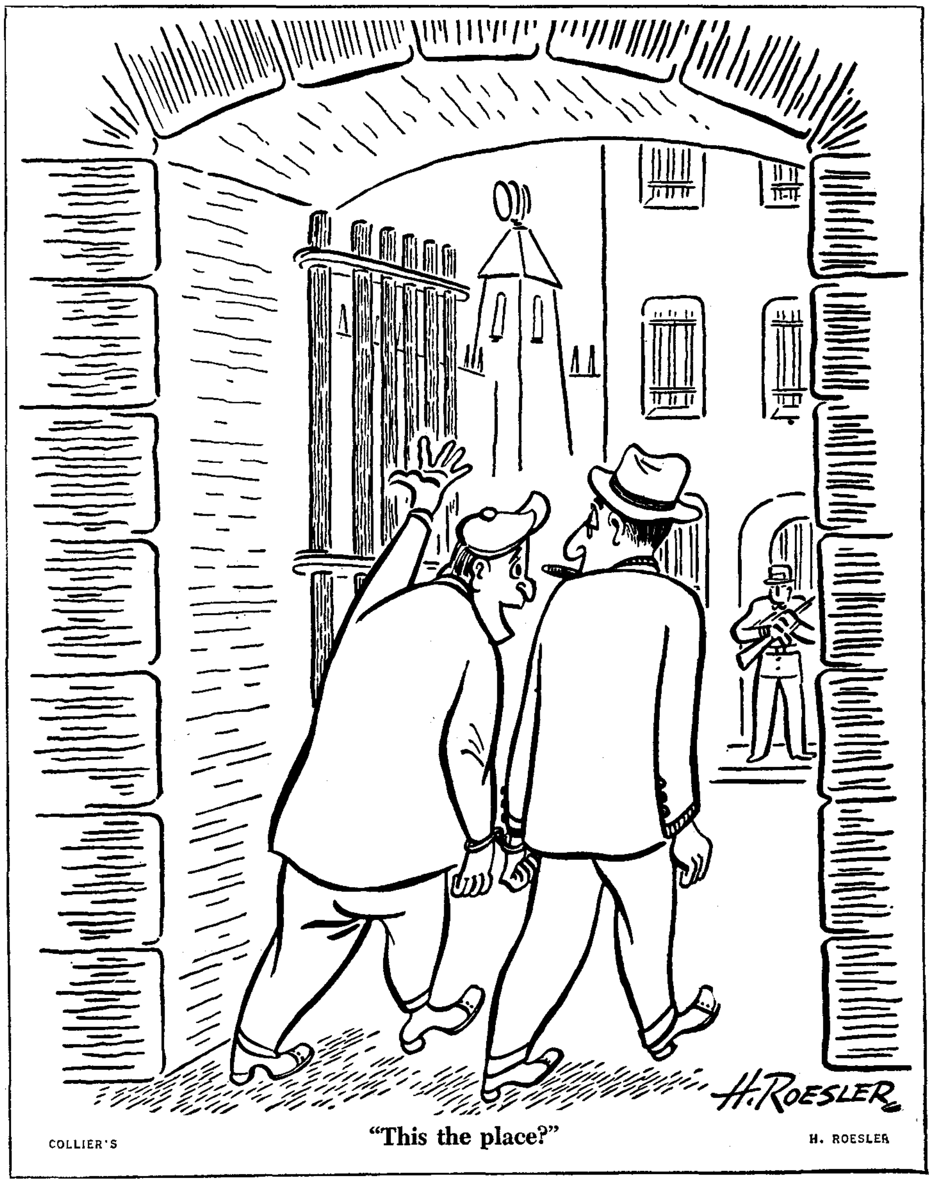
This was Lindbergh's first sight of a Jap plane in the air, and there he was, closing head on, with their combined speeds close to six hundred miles per hour! As I continued my own steep bank, I could see the Jap in a slight climb and Lindbergh in a slight dive, the distance between them lessening rapidly; their guns spitting bullets so fast the muzzles resembled so many acetylene torches.

Jap Suicide Urge a Problem

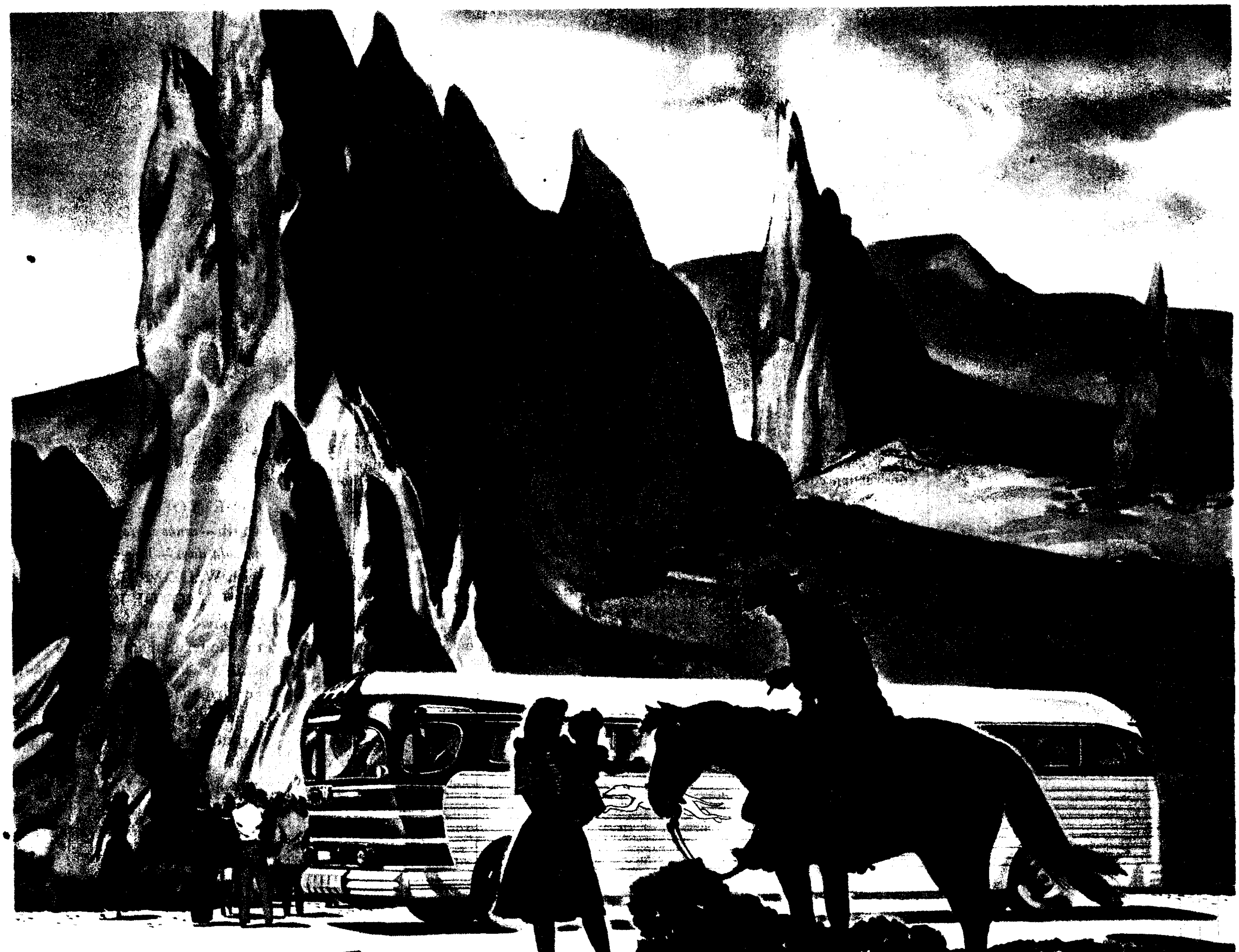
Of all the attacks it is possible to make on a Japanese plane, the one liked least is the head-on pass, for here you and the enemy approach with tremendous speed, each with guns blazing. There is always a good chance for collision, even though both try to avoid it, and against a Japanese one could never be sure to what lengths his suicidal tendencies would push him.

For moments which seemed like years, the antagonists came at each other. Lindbergh's cannon and machine-gun bullets jolted into the Jap. A collision seemed unavoidable. Something had to be done, and quickly. His slight advantage in height prompted him to try to go over the Jap. He pulled back the stick with all his strength. The badly hit enemy tried for a crash. As Lindbergh's plane started up, the Jap, too, pulled up violently. He was too late. Lindbergh's plane caught the shock of air as the two missed by a narrow margin. The Sonia, its mottled green camouflage contrasting with the bright red of the Rising Sun insignia, rolled over like a broken toy and began a long dive that ended in the sea.

The concluding article about Lindbergh will appear next week. It will describe what happened after the Jap plane fell into the sea, and his narrow escape in another encounter with Jap interceptors.



COLLIER'S "This the place?" H. ROESLER



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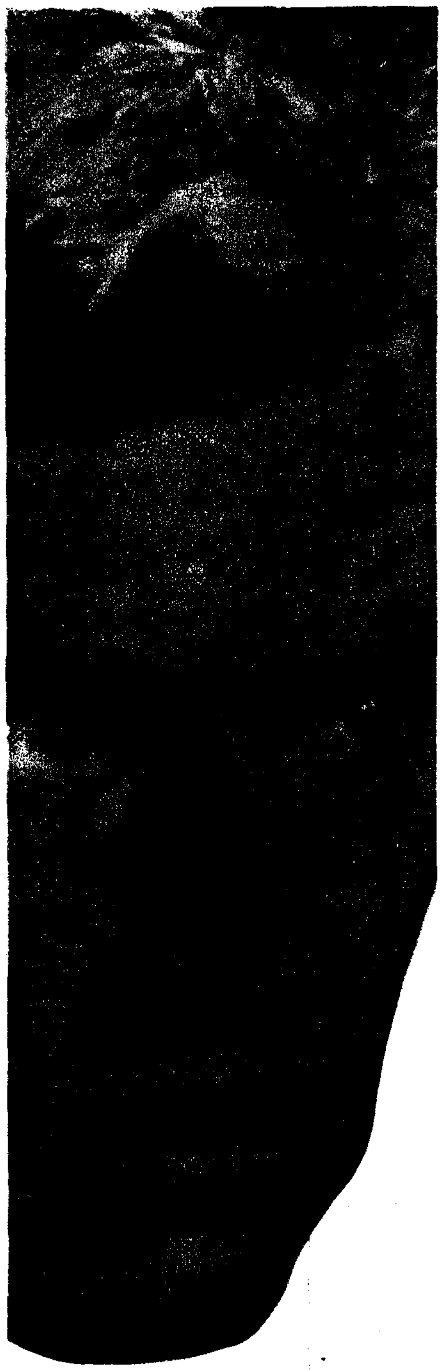

WALTER
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No Place to Live

Continued from page 21

wanted better apartments and houses and were in the market to rent or buy.

Other causes of the housing shortage went way back to World War I, to the building boom of the early twenties, the bust of the late twenties and early thirties and the great backlog of unborn homes of those years. America's housing crisis had its origins then. A little more simple arithmetic is necessary to illustrate the point.

We built an average of 427,000 of what the housing experts call "dwelling units" in the years from 1912 to 1916. If the pace had been kept up during the war, the country should have built a total of 854,000 units. In reality we built only 451,000. This meant that way back then we started out with a deficit of 403,000 homes.

Okay. Then what happened? In World War I as in World War II people made money. This money constituted a demand for houses as well as other durable goods. As the money was spent, prices, unhindered then by such newfangled controls as the OPA's ceilings, went up and up. Construction costs rose by a staggering 189 per cent.

There was, of course, a boom. But with every uncontrolled boom there's a bust. Those unfortunates who bought during the rise and at the peak couldn't keep up the payments on their mortgages. As they lost their jobs they lost their homes. From 1929 through 1934 exactly 1,020,000 foreclosures whisked homes out from under erstwhile owners.

Building activity tobogganed from the 1925 peak of 937,000 homes to a mere 93,000 in 1933. And the building trade, one of the most important of the nation's industries, never really recovered. Homeowners who'd been stung once weren't inclined to risk purchasing another house.

By 1939 the building industry had barely managed to climb back to an average yearly output of 515,000 units, about half the trade's capacity and less than half the number of homes this country needed.

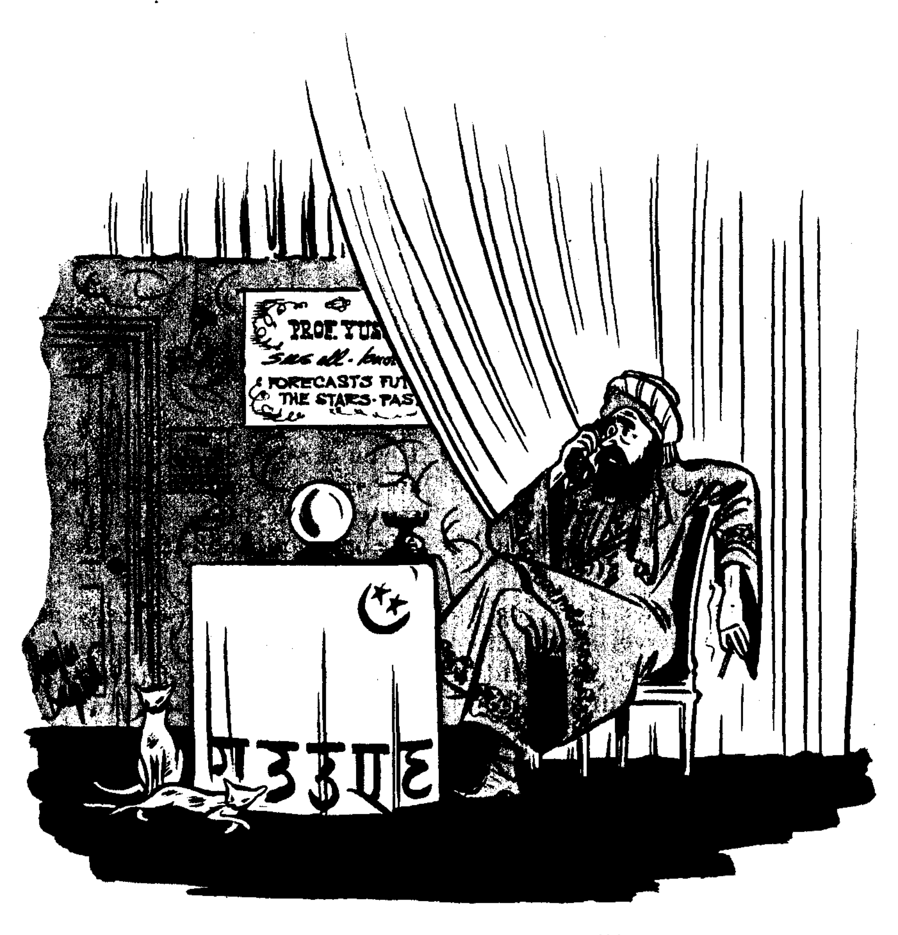
Who was to blame? Guilty, of course, were those selfish, profit-hungry and short-sighted speculators who pushed prices up. No less guilty were the politicians who allowed them to get away with it. Had those past Congresses voted legislation which would have kept the prices of building materials, finished homes and rents down and allowed generous rather than fabulous profits, home construction would have stood a much better chance of remaining on an even, gradual upgrade.

This would have meant continued employment in the building trades, steady wages for carpenters, plumbers, roofers, bricklayers and electricians and a gradually growing reservoir of purchasing power. It also would have meant so many hundreds of thousands more homes today, but equally as important, it would have helped to bolster the nation's economy in the critical postwar period. Some believe that if home building had remained at a reasonably high level, this country might have averted the collapse of 1929.

A Fifth of the Nation's Labor

There is evidence to support this seemingly oversanguine point of view. Certainly if wages had continued to flow into building trades workers' pockets, and into those employed in related industries—bathtub manufacturers and appliance and furniture makers—purchasing power would have been proportionately higher and the demand for goods, houses included, would have kept up. How important the building trades and related industries are to the nation's economy may be seen from the fact that they absorb a full fifth of our entire labor force. Residential construction, directly and indirectly can, according to Labor Department estimates, employ from 4,000,000 to 4,500,000 workers a year. When wartime production was at its peak we only had about five times as many *full-time* workers employed, according to government figures.

The revival of building activity is obviously essential if we are to achieve anything like a high level of employment which ultimately means prosperity and security and a happy land. How to accomplish this was high on the agenda of the administration's unfinished business. And the problem which President Harry S. Truman and the Congress faced was further complicated because they had to find emergency housing for the thousands who roamed the streets, and they had



COLLIER'S "Whaddye mean, 'Guess who?'" DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT

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to put the brakes on inflation in building and real estate.

There were danger signs everywhere of inflation in home-construction costs and rents. If the upward tendency of prices continued there was not only danger of runaway inflation in real estate but in the whole national economy. Finding a home for Earl Eng and his wife and baby was only slightly more (or less) important than preventing the threatened disaster.

Most Washington observers felt that the housing crisis with its social and economic implications was the crucial issue of 1946 and might well be a determining factor in the outcome of the elections of 1948.

As Congress reconvened to consider legislation affecting all aspects of the housing situation, it was evident that heroic measures would be needed. Neither Congress nor the White House, however, appeared to be in the mood to do anything drastic. Congress had before it two vital pieces of housing legislation which if enacted into law would provide (1) the means for overhauling the whole housing problem of the country, and (2) effective brakes on inflation.

The first was the bipartisan Wagner-Ellender-Taft Bill, a long-range program which Senator Robert Taft, the Ohio Republican, a year ago said would "provide everyone in this country with decent housing." The bill would leave the job largely to private enterprise but. said Taft, "if economic conditions are such that a man cannot earn enough money to pay for that housing, we are going to subsidize the housing" with federal aid.

For nearly a year the original version of the Wagner-Ellender-Taft Bill has languished in the Senate. The bill would set up one central Federal Housing Administration to replace the three main and a dozen or so subsidiary agencies now concerned with housing. It represents the first major Congressional effort at slum clearance and the development of healthful, modern communities in thirty years.

Under the bill, private enterprise is entrusted with the job of financing new construction, but the government, recognizing its responsibility in what is essentially a people's problem, pledges assistance to help contractors when their facilities are inadequate and direct aid in clearing slums and providing shelter for low-income groups.

It does this job by attacking the problem from four main angles. The first deals with private financing of houses for which the maximum total loan is $5,000. This allows the new federal agency to insure mortgages up to 95 per cent of the value of the house, instead of the present 80 to 90; sets a maximum interest rate of four per cent; extends the length of the amortizing mortgage from the present twenty to twenty-five years to thirty-two years. It also includes firm commitments to builders of up to 85 per cent of the cost of the house, thus permitting them to build in larger quantities without waiting for buyers.

The second phase permits insurance of privately financed mortgages on mutual ownership projects up to 95 per cent of the full value and up to 90 per cent of value for private rental projects. Maximum interest rate is 3½ per cent and maximum amortization period is forty years. The third point sets up a five-year program for urban redevelopment, using both private and public funds. It allows the federal government to loan $500,000,000 to towns and cities to get projects started, but requires that it be repaid within five years. The government could also loan $50,000,000 annually for the same purpose, to be repaid in forty-five years.

The final phase of the bill seeks to expand low-rent public housing by setting up a four-year program to cost the government $88,000,000, which, Senator Wagner estimates, would provide about half a million additional units.

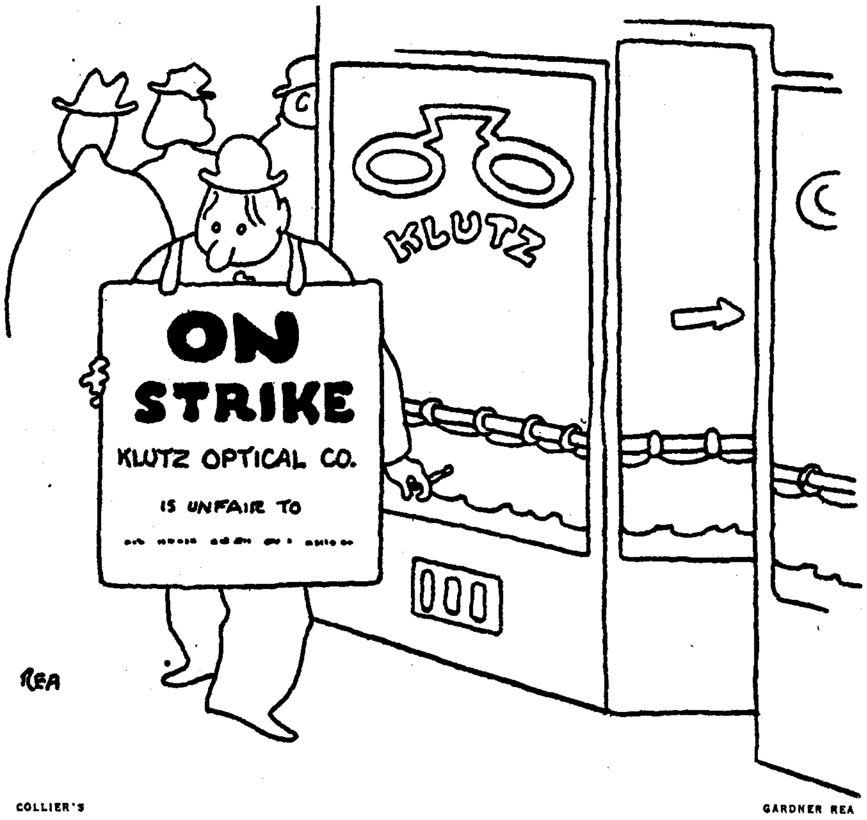
Main foes of the bill are elements fighting government aid for any public project. Loudest in opposition have been the representatives of the National Association of Real Estate Boards.

The Efficiency of One Lobby

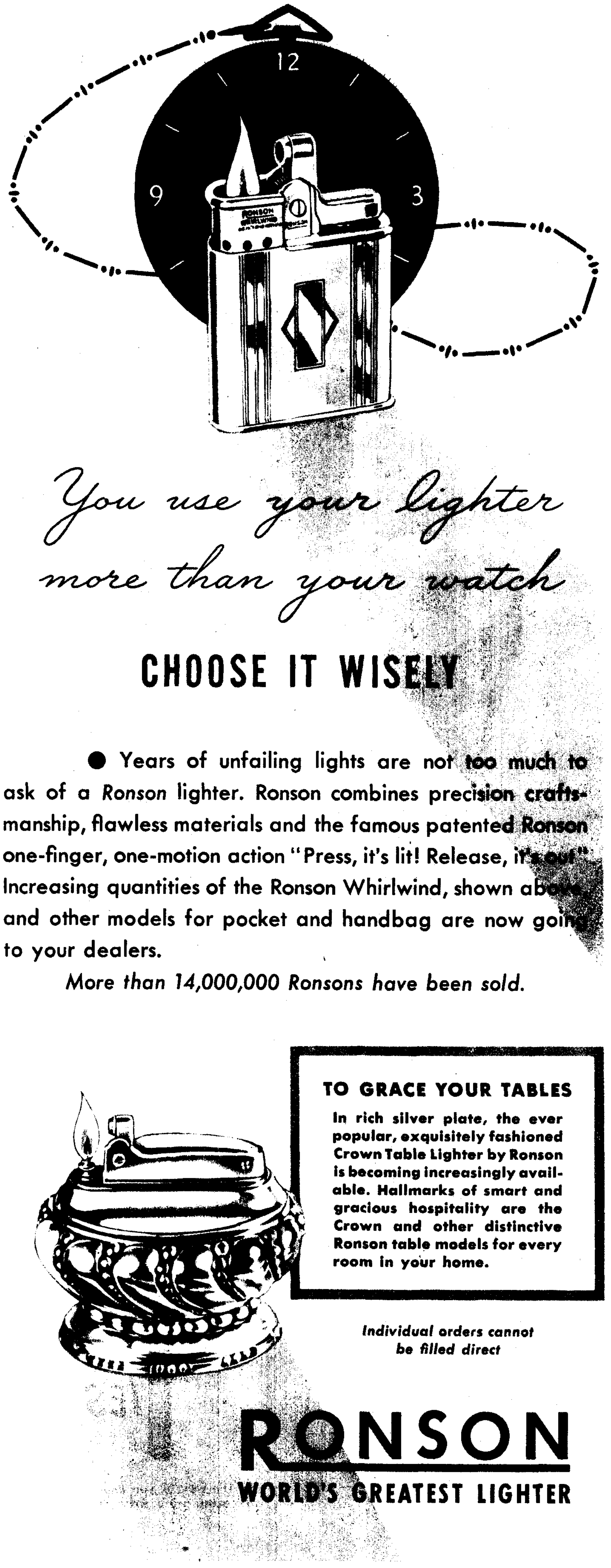
A parade of witnesses has marched through the Senate Banking and Currency Committee's hearings in support of the bill. Those in favor included representatives of the American Federation of Labor and the CIO, the National Association of Home Owners, the National Committee on Housing, and innumerable consumer groups. But their favorable testimony, which fills a couple of dozen volumes thicker than Forever Amber, failed to prevail against the powerful lobby of the National Association of Real Estate Boards.

The NAREB put on pressure with telegrams, petitions and letters urging the preservation of free enterprise and raising familiar charges of socialization. Action on the Wagner-Ellender-Taft Bill was blocked although, judging from reports current in capital circles, the real-estate operators' lobby hasn't even begun to fight. The NAREB had a $500,000 war chest last year and it's aiming at a $5,000,000 slush fund to kill this legislation and any other intended, like the Patman Bill now before the House, to curb home-construction costs and make low-cost housing possible.

The Patman Bill, introduced by Wright Patman, of Texas, was the second piece of legislation on Congress' agenda. Its early



COLLIER'S GARDNER REA



12
9
3
RONSON
You use your lighter more than your watch

CHOOSE IT WISELY

● Years of unfailing lights are not too much to ask of a *Ronson* lighter. Ronson combines precision craftsmanship, flawless materials and the famous patented Ronson one-finger, one-motion action "Press, it's lit! Release, it's out". Increasing quantities of the Ronson Whirlwind, shown above, and other models for pocket and handbag are now going to your dealers.

More than 14,000,000 Ronsons have been sold.

TO GRACE YOUR TABLES

In rich silver plate, the ever popular, exquisitely fashioned Crown Table Lighter by Ronson is becoming increasingly available. Hallmarks of smart and gracious hospitality are the Crown and other distinctive Ronson table models for every room in your home.

Individual orders cannot be filled direct

RONSON

WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

How to keep a Cook

REMEMBER, your cook* gets lonesome at times.

She likes company—the same as everyone else. And one prime way to keep cook's company coming around is to be free-and-easy with the Arrow Ties!

Arrow has assembled—for you and cook's company—the finest choir of color harmonies that ever put a man in tune with Life. Distinctive patterns, gay stripes, entrancing figure designs. What ties! *What ties!* Made with resilient linings to keep wrinkles on the run. $1 up.

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

ARROW TIES

*By the way, if you *know* a cook who wants a job, write us. Please!

passage was recommended by scores of witnesses, including Chester Bowles of the OPA, to prevent a boom and bust in the housing business. Thanks again to the effective work of the realtors' lobby, government controls in this field were weak or nonexistent throughout the war. There were ceiling prices on thousands of commodities but virtually none on homes unless built with materials obtained with government priorities and constructed to sell for about $6,000.

There were OPA controls on all rents in critical areas on unfurnished apartments and houses. Many landlords co-operated but in too many cases dishonest, unpatriotic and selfish landlords managed to circumvent these in a thousand ways.

The existence of the War Production Board's order L-41—which put priorities on building materials—didn't, however, prevent a steadily mounting inflation of real-estate values. In some areas price increases of as much as 200 per cent were registered. Builders in seven key cities, taking a six-room house as their standard, reported inflationary trends in their communities as follows:

In Philadelphia a six-room house which cost $6,000 before the war generally sold for $9,000. In Detroit an $8,000 home brought $12,000. In Cleveland houses which sold for an average prewar price of $7,150 went for $10,000 and more. Washington's $12,000 dwellings sold for $15,000. Prices were up in Chicago from an average of $7,500 to $9,500 and $10,000. The same was true in San Francisco. In Los Angeles $7,000 to $8,000 homes sold for $10,000 and $10,500.

The prices of the homes listed above were already inflated when war came.

Letters received by government bureaus here from veterans told the inflation story far more eloquently.

"We fellows can't possibly pay," wrote a returned G.I. from Mt. Vernon, Ohio, "the outrageous prices some of our so-called good citizens are asking. We looked at a home last night. The building cost of the place wouldn't exceed $3,500 or $4,000. We were asked $8,250.

"We've all heard a lot of talk about giving the G.I. a chance when he returns to civilian life. Do you suppose there's some chance that something might be done to give the ex-G.I. a chance to make a home and also a living for his family?"

Inflated Prices for Old Houses

From Kansas City, Missouri, an ex-Marine reported that old houses built in his town fifty years ago for $3,000 were on the market at from $5,000 to $6,000. A Seattle veteran wrote that a five-room home next door to his which had sold for $5,000 in 1937, recently brought $7,850.

There was one from a Miami vet who said he was re-enlisting. Why? Because he couldn't find a place to live. The Army, at least, would shelter, clothe and feed him.

Nashville reported increases in home prices of from 25 to 125 per cent above prewar values. In Joplin, Missouri, houses sold at from 40 to 200 per cent above 1941 and 1942 levels. In Wilmington, Delaware, prices were up only from 25 to 30 per cent, but Brentwood, Texas, reported instances of 300 per cent inflation in the prices of ordinary dwellings. Collier's correspondents in Columbus, Ohio; Charlotte, North Carolina; Hartford, Connecticut; Burlington, Vermont; Rome, Georgia; Oshkosh, Wisconsin; Dixon, Illinois and other cities and towns reported similar instances of spiraling prices.

The phenomenon was, therefore, nationwide. The degree of inflation reported by reliable correspondents everywhere made the government's own estimate of a general overall rise of 34 per cent in construction costs look like the grossest kind of understatement and indicated a thoroughly inaccurate appreciation of the seriousness of the situation.

There were faint signs, however, that Congress and the White House were waking up to the seriousness of the problem. Just before the legislators went home for the Christmas holiday they voted $160,000,000 to transport some of the wartime emergency structures to critical areas. It would take possibly most of the rest of the winter to knock down the barracks, ship them and set them up again. Congress also extended the War Powers Act until June and enabled President Truman to restore, in part, the controls which existed under WPB's Order L-41. The President ordered half of all available building materials to be channeled into the construction of homes to sell for no more than $10,000 and to rent for no more than $80 a month.

The Presidential action, however, savored of too little and too late. Even such staunch Administration supporters as Representative Outland of Washington lambasted the move as inadequate and foresaw dire possibilities. The $10,000 ceiling—an upward revision of the previous $6,000 and $7,000 ceiling—would become the minimum. The worst aspect of this was that a house actually worth only $6,000 to $7,000 would be sold for the maximum $10,000 because no price ceiling on each individual home is required. The Patman Bill would require such ceiling. Builders would use the materials to make the higher-priced dwellings instead of the cheaper units. To finance a $10,000 home or to pay $80 a month rent a family head needs an income of about $5,000 a year. The President's move would not, therefore, help those whom it was avowedly intended to help—the veterans.

For Quicker and Higher Profits

It was also foreseeable that what materials were available would gradually disappear into the black market and go into the construction of stores, night clubs, race tracks and other nonessential but profitable buildings. It takes about three to five months to build an honest house, but a store can be thrown up in as many weeks. The turnover in commercial construction is greater, profits are quicker and higher.

The halfway restoration of wartime controls on building-material prices and allocation for low-cost housing was a reversal of Administration policy. L-41 was scrapped last September 17th by John W. Snyder's Office of War Mobilization and Reconversion following a persistent campaign by the—you guessed it—National Association of Real Estate Boards and allied pressure groups. Hugh Potter, a former president of the National Association of Real Estate Boards and former construction co-ordinator of an interagency committee on housing in Snyder's office, and others apparently convinced Snyder that the threat of inflation was overestimated and that by releasing all materials (i.e., scrapping L-41) building would be stimulated.

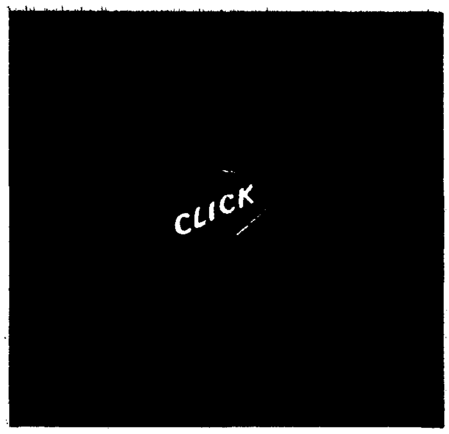
The line that the realtors handed out in Washington ran somewhat as follows:

"Give us the materials and we'll build all the houses the nation needs. The need isn't as great as the government and others believe anyhow. Inflation? We'll keep prices down by voluntary self-policing and when the supply meets the demand, prices will level off."

Representatives of the building trades and the real-estate interests insisted, at first, that they could produce 750,000 to 1,000,000 homes a year. Within a few weeks after L-41 was killed and materials vanished from warehouses and stock piles (mostly into the black market), the builders and realtors revised their estimate downward to 430,000 as the maximum number of homes.

The lobbyists were proved wrong on several other counts. To begin with, there was no "self-policing" of prices. On the contrary, when L-41 was lifted, a percentage of builders and real-estate speculators figuratively shouted hosannas, poured out pamphlets promising everybody a dream home and set out to gouge the customers hip and thigh. They even upped the prices on homes they'd built with wartime priority materials and had pledged to sell for no more than certain stipulated prices. Examples:

Houses in Farmingdale, New York, built to sell under a ceiling price of $4,990 approved by the Federal Housing Administration jumped to $5,690 immediately the restrictive order was killed. A number of homes built in Pittsburgh had an FHA top price of $6,000. These were rented and became eligible for sale to the tenants on October 1st. Within 10 days after L-41 was lifted the tenants received letters inviting them to buy at



You Can Even Tell a Genuine ZIPPO in the Pitch Dark!

Remember, before the lights came on after the all clear signal, that little "click" of the ZIPPO Windproof Lighter was the signal for cigarettes all around. On the islands that homey click followed by the always dependable light meant—"friend approaches".

Today, this same little "click", that comes when the strong lever and the hidden spring opens or closes the lid of a ZIPPO with a feather-touch, is a positive proof that you are getting a genuine ZIPPO. (See illustration below.) It's just one of the many exclusive ZIPPO patented features—that's why we warn you to avoid flimsy imitations.

ZIPPO Windproof LIGHTERS are unconditionally LIFE-TIME GUARANTEED—no one ever paid a cent to repair a ZIPPO.

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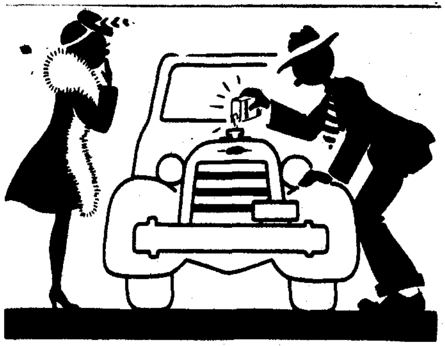

"You mean that's all there is to it?"

"Sure—just pour in this can of Nor'way* Quick Flush, drive a hundred miles, and all the grease, muck, and scum drain out with it!"

If the radiator is clogged, better have your serviceman do the job with Nor'way Cleaner . . . and stop minor radiator leaks with Nor'way Stop Leak. These CSC products are sold by garages and service stations everywhere.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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$8,000. In St. Paul, Minnesota, a prominent real-estate operator received priorities to build houses at ceiling prices of $6,000. Construction was delayed and not completed until after revocation of L-41. The builder immediately jumped the price and sold the houses at $7,500 each.

In Arlington, Virginia, a real-estate firm started building homes last summer with materials obtained on government priorities. It was agreed that these homes were not to sell for more than $8,000 each. The other day the prices had been upped to as much as $9,090.

Whether Truman's corrective measure had come in time to avert disaster in the real-estate field remained to be seen. It was difficult to see how inflation could be prevented from producing, eventually, another depression in this section of the nation's economy—with repercussions in employment and other areas of the national welfare—unless real-estate prices were frozen or otherwise controlled along with rents until new building caught up with demand.

The road blocks in the way of an all-out home-construction program were many. The NAREB lobbyists had maintained, for instance, that lumber was plentiful or would be just as soon as Army contracts were canceled. Army engineers testified before Congressional committees that the contracts they'd canceled were for future deliveries of lumber still in tree form. The Army, in short, had no lumber as of V-J Day.

Some 800 brick plants throughout the country were working at only 20 per cent of capacity due to the lack of manpower and the low wage scales paid by some of the operators. The scarcity of bricks probably will last well into 1946, certainly until late in the spring. Similarly there were critical and not immediately curable shortages in roofing materials, plumbing fixtures, heating supplies, electrical fixtures, plywood, furnaces, siding, lath, wire screens, cement blocks and a score of other items that go into building a house. Most production areas reported that deliveries of these materials would be delayed at least six months. The rest couldn't guarantee deliveries under three months and usually not for six months.

The best estimate of how many new homes the nation needed in the year 1946 was probably that of the National Housing Administration. The NHA put the figure conservatively at 1,260,000 units. With the building trades admitting that they can't produce more than 450,000 and with the existence of the afore-mentioned numerous obstacles in the way of a building program, it was obvious that it would be a long time before the supply of housing could possibly meet the demand or even the need.

While demand remained high it was also obvious that legislation to snip the upward spiral of prices was essential and urgent. Unless Congress passed the Patman Bill or similar legislation putting a ceiling on home prices the inflation in real estate could easily become the disastrous "runaway" variety.

Moreover there was need, the experts agreed, for a housing co-ordinator with powers enabling him to cut across red tape to speed up the production of materials and to allocate them where most needed.

President Truman recently made a move in this direction with the appointment of Wilson Wyatt, youthful former mayor of Louisville, Kentucky, as housing expediter. As this is written, Wyatt had rough-drafted a program which calls for more emphasis on prefabrication—with government assistance in construction and sales; for maintenance of ceiling prices on all building materials with "incentive" prices granted to builders and manufacturers of building materials. In order to bring new homes within the reach of veterans' and wage-earners' incomes, they also agreed, President Truman's ceiling should be revised downward to $6,000 and allowed to go to $8,000 only in those areas where local conditions warranted it. The Patman Bill provided all these prerequisites.

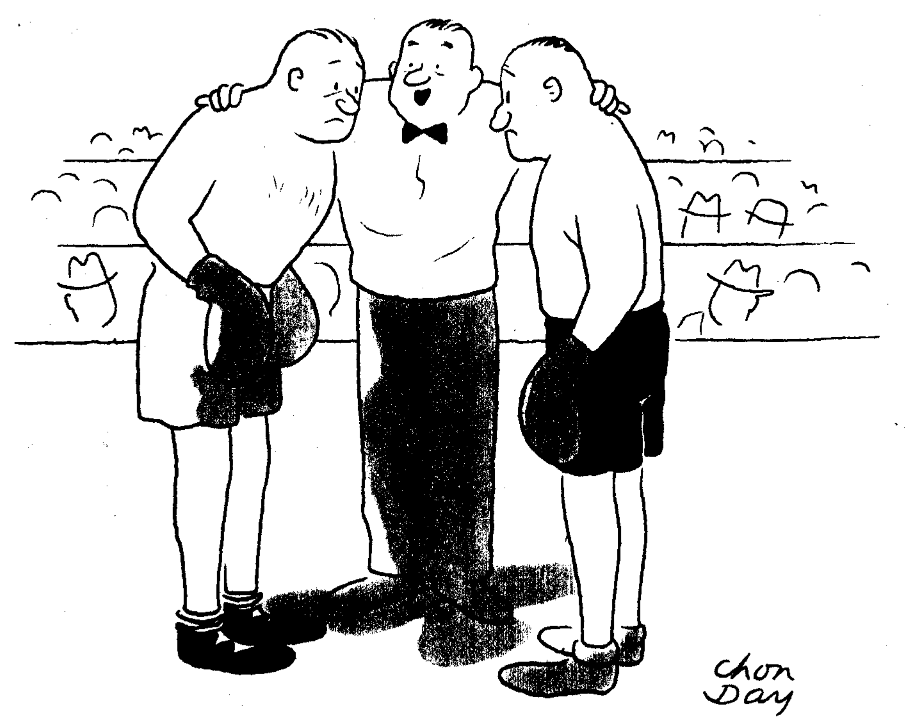
Slum Clearance Can Come Later

Once prices are stabilized and an adequate, efficient production machinery has been set up, the nation could take up the longer task of tearing down its slums, repairing its obsolete or obsolescent houses and building its dream homes. With proper amendments and revisions, the Wagner-Ellender-Taft legislation contained a comprehensive plan for housing America. And this without endangering the sanctity of free enterprise one iota, for the bill clearly limits the extent of federal financing of building projects. Senator Taft, certainly, wouldn't have it otherwise.

The more clear-eyed representatives of labor, private enterprise and government in Washington saw the housing crisis as one which had to be tackled with the same determination, selflessness and ingenuity with which America attacked the problem of winning the war. If, they estimated, Americans invested from 15 to 20 per cent of the effort they put into war production, the crisis could be surmounted.

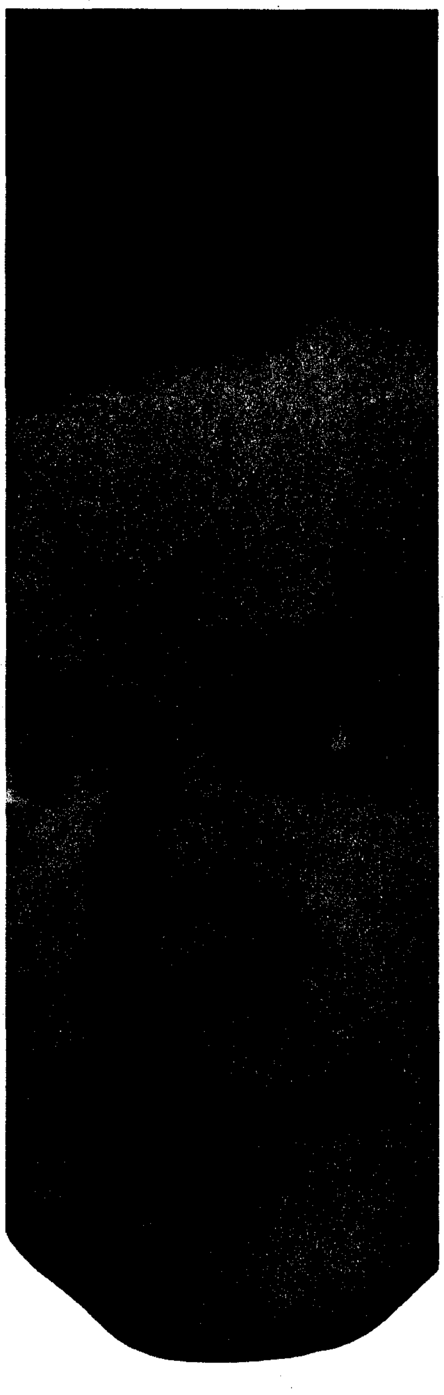
The responsibility for determining where Americans will live this year and in the years to come—whether in slums, in antiquated houses and Hoovervilles or in decent, modern and healthy homes—lay at the door of Congress and the Administration. If the government continued to temporize, neither Earl Eng and his fellow veterans, nor several millions of other Americans had any assurance of sound roofs over their heads and weatherproof walls around them for years to come.

THE END

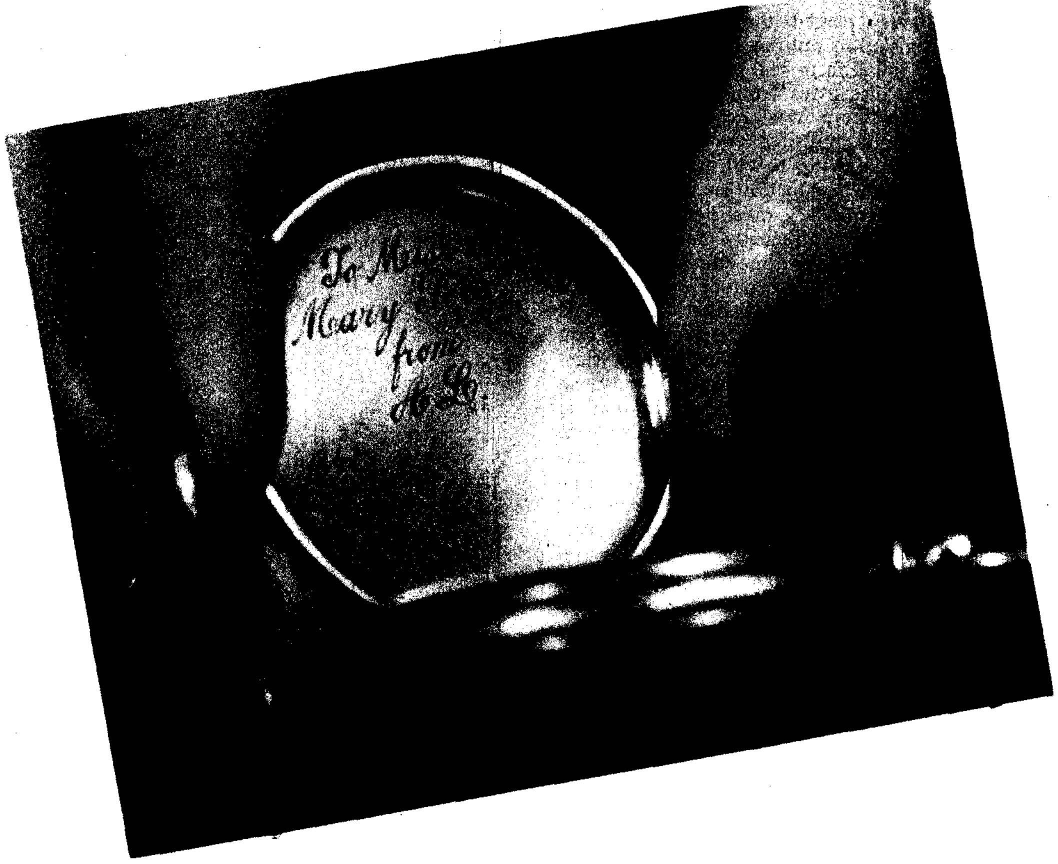


"Now when the bell rings I want you to come out and kill each other"

COLLIER'S CHON DAY



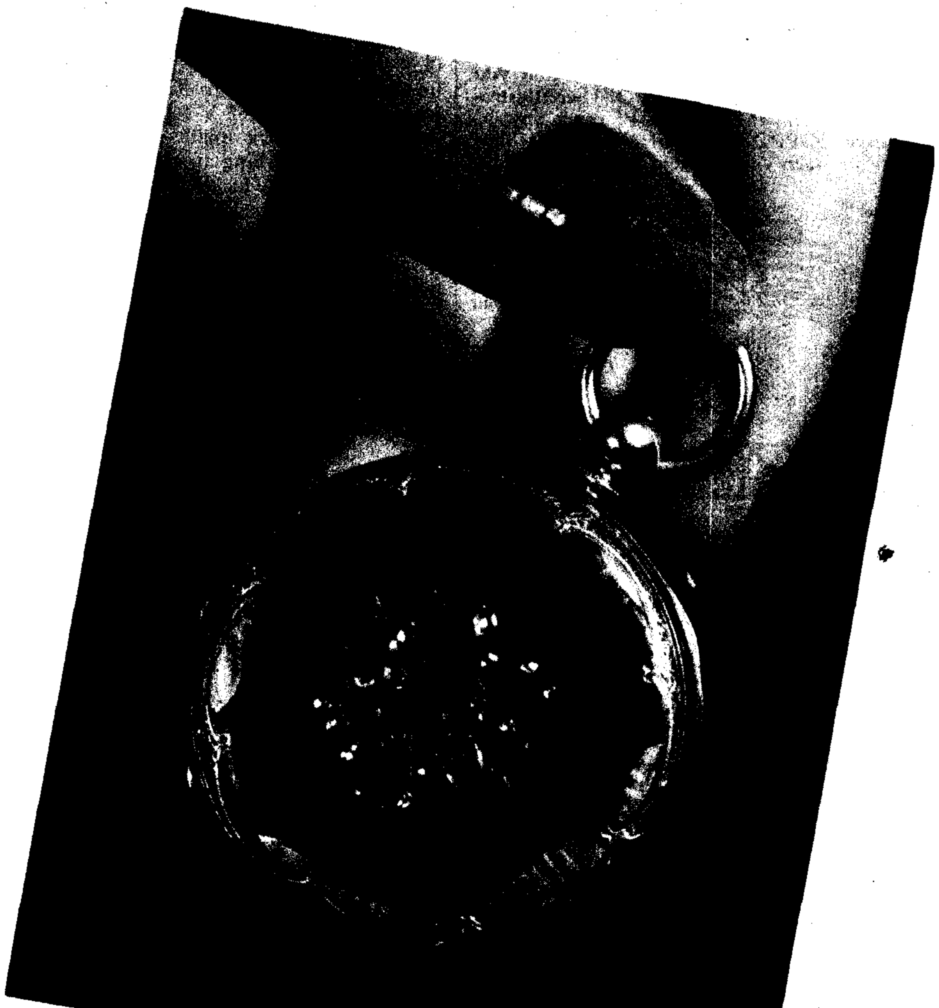
HERBERT MARSHALL
is one of the stars of
DUEL in the SUN
Made by
SELZNICK in TECHNICOLOR



A Watch for Mary

BY ANN CUTLER

The curious and tragic history of the wedding gift that Abraham Lincoln bought for his fiancée—a gift she never saw



A DIAMOND-STUDDED, blue enamel watch that Abraham Lincoln bought as a gift for his fiancée, Mary Todd, and then gave to another girl, has recently been found after being missing for almost a century—thus adding another chapter to Lincolniana.

Lincoln was still a young lawyer in Springfield in 1840 when he bought the watch at a cost of $300—an expensive purchase for a man in his circumstances. The timepiece was to have been a wedding gift, and Lincoln must have wanted something very lovely and enduring. On the inside of the lid was inscribed, "To Miss Mary Todd from A. L. 1841." Lincoln in those days often signed himself with his initials.

But the watch selected with such care was destined to bring unhappiness and disappointment. It was never seen by the woman for whom it was intended, and it has seemed to touch many of its owners with some of the tragedy that shadowed Lincoln's own life.

New Year's Day in 1841 was, according to many historians, the date set for the marriage of Abraham Lincoln and Mary Todd. W. H. Herndon, one of Lincoln's law partners, said in his book that the wedding plans were made, the bride ready and waiting, the guests present. The engagement was broken by Abe Lincoln, says Mr. Herndon, in the most public way possible—by failure to appear. Others claim that no wedding plans had been made; that Lincoln dissolved his engagement at this time, however, is history. Abraham Lincoln always referred to that New Year's Day as the "fatal first of January, 1841."

There are many close friends of Lincoln who claimed he was overwhelmed with thoughts that he was entering upon a marriage that could only end in unhappy disaster. He was at this time moody and depressed.

Lincoln and Mary Todd became engaged in 1840, a year after Miss Todd moved from Louisville to Springfield to live with her sister, Mrs. Ninian Edwards. Attractive, brilliant, witty, with a touch of audacity which added to her charm, Mary Todd took a leading position in Springfield society. She was courted by the town's most eligible men, including Stephen Douglas, James Shields and Lincoln. She fell in love with Abraham Lincoln and they were betrothed.

From the beginning there were difficulties. Their tastes and ambitions differed, and there were frequent quarrels. Lincoln, reflective and melancholy, feared they were incompatible, that he would never be able to make her happy. He knew that Mary Todd loved him deeply—yet he had a mortal dread of the result of the marriage, a harrowing doubt of his own feelings. Says Ida Tarbell in The Life of Abraham Lincoln: "He staggered under a burden of uncertainty and suffering, and finally broke the engagement." The fact that the breaking of the engagement was unpremeditated is revealed by the watch he so carefully selected.

The watch, which has a blue enamel cover, is decorated with a diamond star, while the back has a lovely floral design, the leaves of the flower fashioned of tiny diamond chips. It has a Swiss movement, engraved with the name of its makers—Chrismann Sons and Brown.

The act that seems to confirm the impression that Lincoln suffered considerable mental depression at this time occurred shortly after that notable New Year's Day. Accompanied by his closest friend, Joshua Speed, Lincoln had left Springfield on a trip. Historians remark that he was nervous and distraught at this period. He was gone two weeks, and upon his return on January 14th he called at the home of William Butler, where he boarded. Visiting at the home of the Butlers was Miss Mary N. Curtis, a celebrated Kentucky beauty. Lincoln sat in the parlor chatting with Miss Curtis, whom he had met on several occasions. She later described him as pale and unhappy.

The Presentation Is Made

Suddenly Lincoln rose and, putting his hand in his waistcoat pocket, said, "Mary, I've got something for you." He handed her the blue watch.

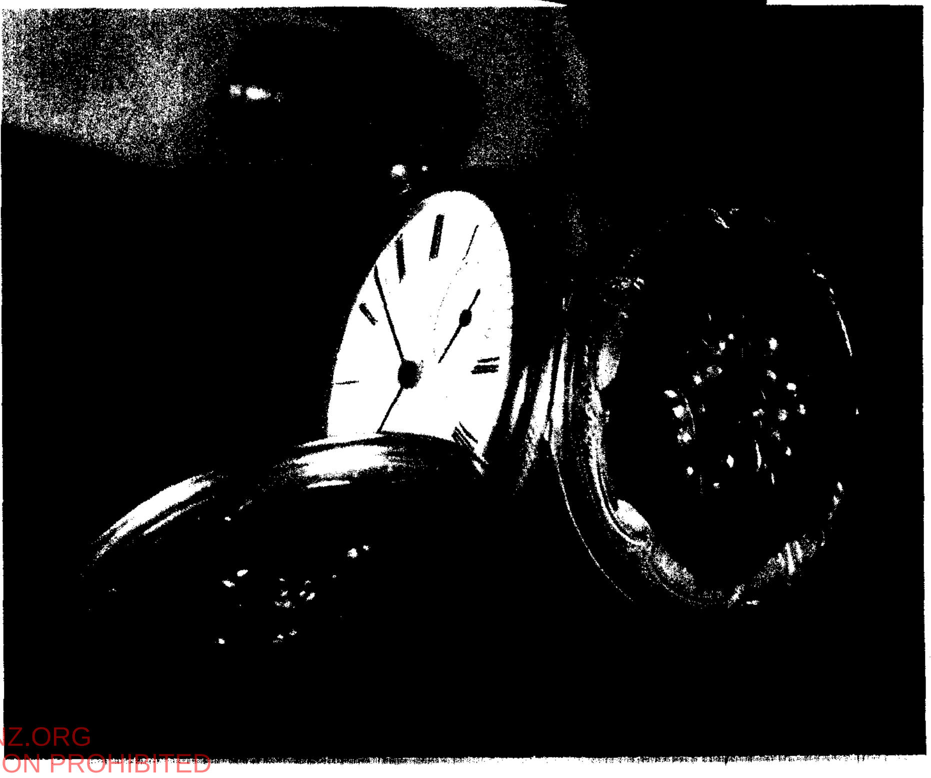
Miss Curtis was overwhelmed as he passed up the stairs. She returned to Louisville, Kentucky, the next morning, taking the watch with her. She did not wear the watch, nor did she mention it to anyone for some time.

It is possible that at this time, as a result of the extraordinary gift, Miss Curtis thought herself engaged to Abraham Lincoln. She has revealed that it was not until she opened the watch to wind it—it is of the type that requires a winding key—that she noticed the inscription to Mary Todd. Knowing the story of the broken engagement, Miss Curtis must have believed that Lincoln had given her the watch to be rid of something that reminded him of unhappiness and frustration.

Lincoln students today point out that Lincoln was noted for his absent-mindedness. They believe that he was utterly preoccupied with thoughts of the Mary he had asked to be his wife, but with whom he had quarreled, and gave the watch to the first Mary he saw.

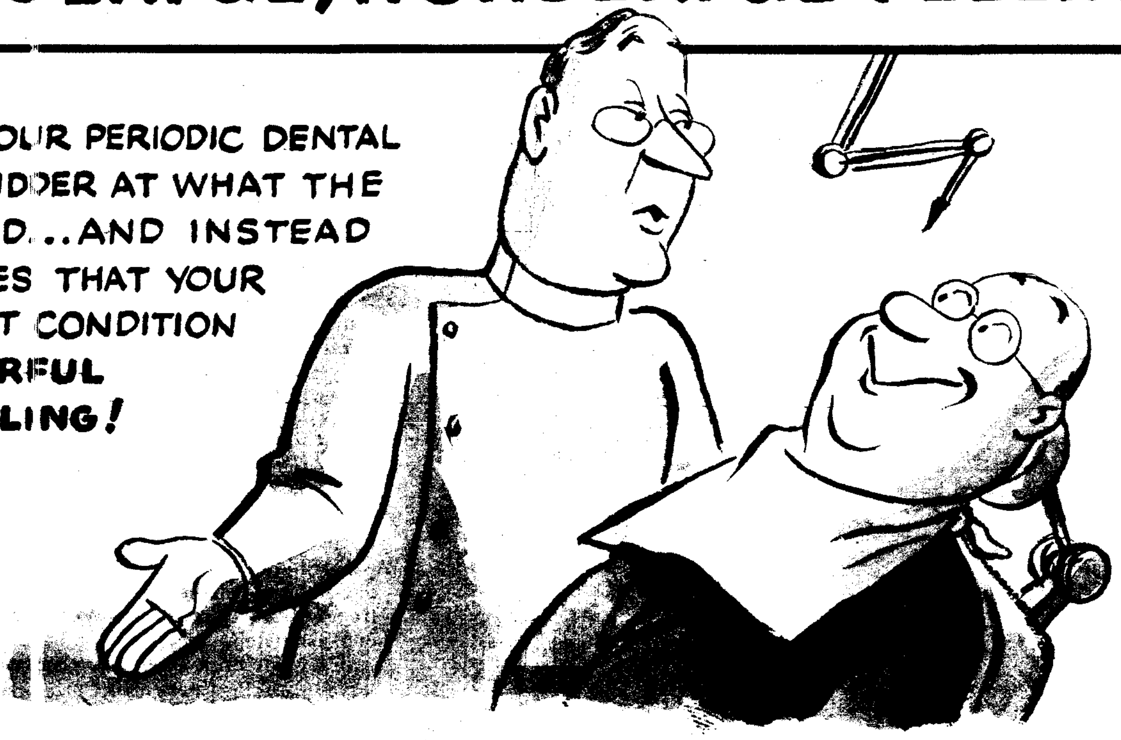
The watch remained in Miss Curtis' possession for thirty-one years, and during these years it remained locked away in a trunk.

Miss Tarbell, who produced much original



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!



WHEN YOU GO FOR YOUR PERIODIC DENTAL EXAM... AND YOU SHUDDER AT WHAT THE BIG BRUTE MIGHT FIND... AND INSTEAD HE SADLY ANNOUNCES THAT YOUR TEETH ARE IN PERFECT CONDITION

...IT'S A WONDERFUL WONDERFUL FEELING!

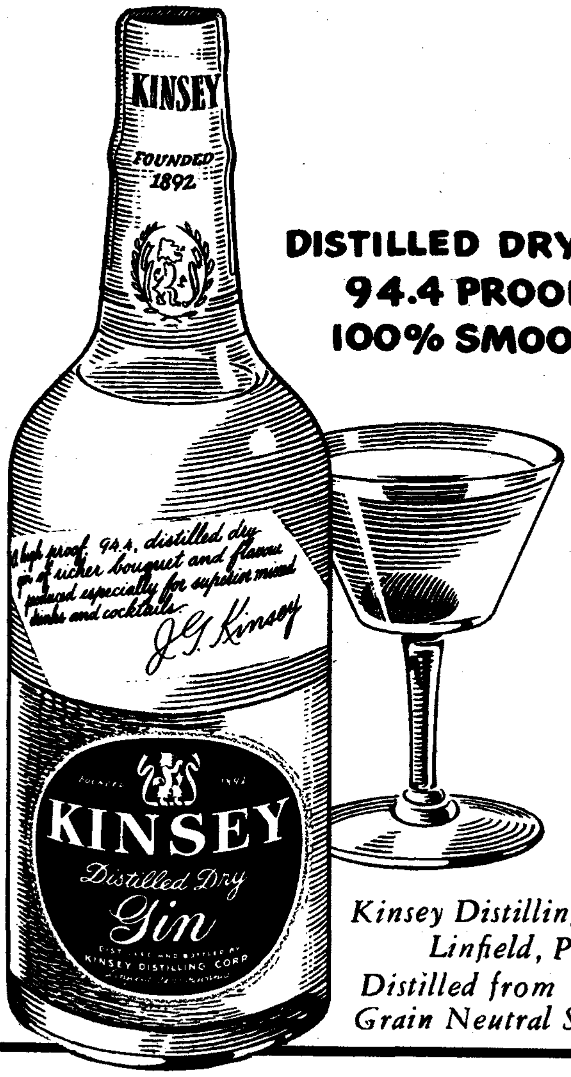
WHEN YOU CELEBRATE YOUR LUCK IN AN UNFAMILIAR TAVERN—AND DON'T KNOW **WHAT** KIND OF DRINK TO EXPECT—AND THEN YOU'RE SERVED A MARTINI MADE WITH KINSEY, THE **GENIAL** GIN—SO SMOOTH, SO GLORIOUS, SO FULL OF GRAND FLAVOR...

IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!

KINSEY

the Genial GIN

MR. WEBSTER (THE BIG DICTIONARY MAN) SAYS: "**GENIAL**: CONTRIBUTING TO CHEERFULNESS AND LIFE; AGREEABLY WARM AND CHEERFUL."


KINSEY
FOUNDED 1892
A high proof 94.4 distilled dry gin of richer bouquet and flavor produced especially for superior mixed drinks and cocktails.
J. G. Kinsey
KINSEY
Distilled Dry Gin
KINSEY DISTILLING CORP.

DISTILLED DRY GIN
94.4 PROOF—
100% SMOOTH

Kinsey Distilling Corp.,
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Distilled from 100%
Grain Neutral Spirits

IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL GIN—*TRY IT!*

Everyday's a Holiday—

since our Doctor recommended double-action **Phillips'**

What a hit this laxative antacid makes!

always so gentle for children, so thorough for grown-ups

Holiday or no holiday . . . all of us over-indulge in eating or drinking every once in a while. Your stomach usually becomes excessively acid and you suffer the annoying symptoms of heartburn, sour stomach, headachy, upset feeling.

That's when you'll be mighty grateful for the speedy action of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. Taken at bedtime with water, Phillips' helps end that restless, fretful feeling caused by acid indigestion. You sleep soundly, perhaps better than you have in years. And in the morning you wake up feeling refreshed and full of life.

It's this *double-action* of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia that does the job:

1. As an acid stomach alkalizer, Phillips' is one of the fastest, most effective known to science. 2. As a laxative, gentle Phillips' can be taken any time without thought of embarrassing urgency. Caution: use only as directed.

Get the economical 50¢ size; contains 3 times as much as the 25¢ size. Also in tablet form: 25¢ a box, less than 1¢ a tablet.

GENUINE
PHILLIPS'
MILK OF MAGNESIA
ANTACID LAXATIVE
SHAKE WELL BEFORE USING
PHILLIPS'
MILK OF MAGNESIA
TABLETS

PHILLIPS'

MILK OF MAGNESIA

Liquid or Tablets

material on the life of Abraham Lincoln, stated that a curious incident which arose the next year (1842) did much to restore Lincoln to a more normal view of his relation to Miss Todd. In the summer of 1841, his friend Joshua Speed became engaged. As the time for his marriage approached, he in turn was attacked by melancholy and misgivings not unlike those from which Lincoln had suffered. He confided his fears to Lincoln, who, full of sympathy for his trouble, consoled and counseled him. Speed married in February, 1842, and jubilantly wrote Lincoln that he was far happier than he had ever expected to be.

In the summer of 1842, a clever ruse on the part of friends threw Lincoln and Mary Todd unexpectedly together. An understanding of some kind was reached. During the season, they met secretly at the house of one of Lincoln's friends, Dr. Simeon Francis. On November 4, 1842, Lincoln and Mary Todd were married in an impromptu ceremony. Only a few friends attended the simple wedding which took place at the home of Miss Todd's sister, Mrs. Edwards.

Mary Curtis never married. All her life she treasured the watch which rightfully belonged to Lincoln's wife. It wasn't until after the Great Emancipator's tragic end that Miss Curtis revealed possession of the wedding gift. Ill, and realizing that she was soon to die, she handed the watch on to a girlhood friend, Miss Elizabeth DeWitt, then living in Washington.

In a manuscript letter which has been preserved with the watch, Miss Curtis wrote:

June 7, 1872.

My dear Elizabeth . . . With the return of Spring, I am so happy as I love the flowers and all nature in her new coat of green. Most of all I long for the time when I will see you again and we will talk of the times so happily spent together. Only a sweet memory, dear Elizabeth, cherished so fondly.

I wonder do you still draw; we could make some drawings together. I still cling to my Art. I know you used to do very beautiful things.

Dear Elizabeth, your Birthday is on the 29th. You see, I remember it always and I want you to make me very happy this year and accept a present that will give me much happiness in the giving, as it was a very happy and sad remembrance.

Do you remember the beautiful blue watch with the diamond stones our beloved President Lincoln gave me that memorable afternoon of January, 1841, with the inscription inside: "To Miss Mary Todd from A. L. 1841"? Well, I want you to accept it from me and keep it as a remembrance of me, when I pass to the great beyond, dear Elizabeth.

I feel sure you will do this for me as it will make me very happy. I will send the watch by Harry upon his return. Doctor Whi feels that my cold is improving and I will b well again this summer.

Goodby, dearest faithful friend. I so hop to see you soon. . . . With all my love, Mar

Elizabeth DeWitt kept the watch for eighteen years. Financial reverses forced her t sell many of her most cherished possession and at last she parted with the Lincoln watc In the spring of 1890, Miss DeWitt sold th historic timepiece to Mr. Hugh J. Grant, the mayor of New York City, who had an excellent collection of Lincoln mementos. O May 10, 1890, Miss DeWitt wrote Mr. Gran

My dear Mr. Mayor . . . It gives me grea personal pleasure to feel that the watch o our great President, Abraham Lincoln, sha rest in your collection. I only could fee happy in knowing it was appreciated to th full extent of its historical value. This I kno you do. Thanking you sincerely for you check which is so much appreciated as Thre Thousand of it goes at once to Mr. Prescot Only the greatest necessity would permit m to feel satisfied in parting with it. Could w expect the great honor of having you for dinner at your pleasure next week? . . . Believ me very sincerely, Elizabeth Cob DeWit

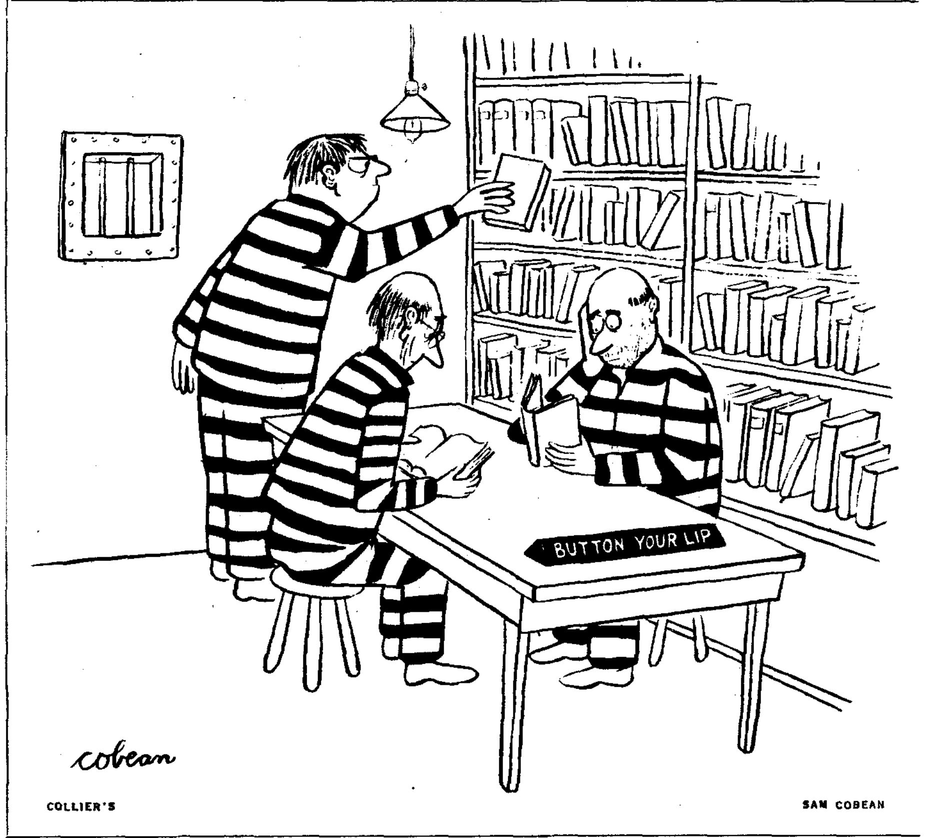
More Historical Evidence

Another manuscript letter which accompanies the watch is dated May 3, 1898—addressed to a Mr. Scott and signed by J Reynolds, Sr. The watch at this time was i the collection of John D. Simmons. Mr. Reynolds in his letter said: "Mr. John D. Simmon has directed me to say that the watch presented by Abraham Lincoln to Mary Curti is not under any circumstances for sale."

For a time after that, the historic timepiece seemed to have disappeared. On December 8, 1931, when the depression was a its worst, an aged woman came into the sho of a collector of rare documents, coins an stamps in Washington, D. C. She carried a inlaid box, which contained the legendar Lincoln watch and several manuscript letter in frames. Exacting a promise from the collector that her name would not be divulged she explained that dire necessity forced her t part with it. It was put on sale and purchase a few weeks later by Mano Swartz of Baltimore, an art collector. Shortly before he died the watch passed into the hands of Josep Kruskal of New York City.

The lost watch, shown publicly only onc at the Life and Time of Abraham Lincol Exhibition in New York in 1936, sheds a ne light on Lincoln's broken engagement—on of the many unhappy incidents that shadowe the personal life of the Great Emancipator

THE END



COLLIER'S SAM COBEAN

Still Waters

Continued from page 13

carrying a tray of drinks to a booth where a man sat with two fat, sunburned women in men's shirts and rumpled slacks. Alf grinned to see the contrast. Janie, the waitress, also wore slacks, but they were trim at the hips and fitted her waist, he thought, the way his two hands would fit it.

"Hi, there, Swede," the barman said. "What'll it be?"

"Beer," Alf said.

The barman had merry bright eyes, but thin lips betrayed the hardness in his twinkle. He put the beer in front of Alf and said, "Take anybody out today, Swede?"

Alf shook his head. He drank some of the beer and glanced at the bulletin board, over by the clam bar, where his sign was tacked up among the cards of the fishing captains.

The barkeep grinned. "Tell you what you ought to do, Swede. You ought to get yourself a good engine in your boat and you'll do all right. Take a party out every day."

Alf scowled. "I got an engine."

"Yeah, a put-put. Take you all day to get out to the fishing grounds. What good is that?"

"A sailboat is for sail," Alf said. "Not for hurry. Not for fish."

As he picked up his beer he heard a low voice saying, "You own that boat I see you sitting on every day?"

He turned his head. Janie was at the bar beside him.

"That's right," he said, and smiled at her. "You like my boat?"

"Sure," Janie said. "But what's the matter with her? You never take her out."

"I take her out," Alf said. "Maybe tomorrow." He drew in his breath and met her blue eyes. "You want to come?"

Janie considered only an instant; she nodded brightly. "Sure, why not?"

Alf was smiling. "Okay. Early tomorrow morning you meet me on the dock. Six o'clock, yes?"

"Six o'clock, no!" Her eyes studied him. "I'm never up before eleven."

Alf shrugged his shoulders. "Okay, eleven o'clock."

"Make it noon," Janie said, and moved away with her tray.

"What do you know?" Mort said. "I never knew Janie liked sailboats."

"Is a beautiful boat, the Mistral," Alf said proudly.

"Or Swedes," Mort said. "Maybe it's Swedes she likes."

Alf pushed his beer across the bar. "One more, please," he said. He shook his head slightly. "I ain't Swede, Mort. I'm Norwegian."

"Okay, squarehead," Mort said, and Alf saw the angry glint in his eyes.

ALF saw her coming along the dock the next day, at noon on the minute. Her smile answered his and she waved her hand, pointing at a basket she carried. "I brought some lunch, Swede."

"Fine," Alf said. He had put up some sandwiches that morning, and as soon as she was aboard he took the basket from her and ducked down into the cabin to put the sandwiches out of sight.

"You live on this boat?" she asked him, looking into the trim cabin with its immaculate galley and carefully made berths.

"Yep," Alf said. "The Mistral is my home."

"Kind of cramped, I'd say."

"Cramped?" he said. "She sleeps four, she carries thirty gallons fresh water. Got big ice locker. What else you want?"

"A big bed in a big room," Janie said, "And closet space as big as this boat."

Alf grinned and went to cast off. He called over his shoulder. "You know how to sail?"

She smiled. "I've been out a couple of times, that's all."

"I show you," Alf said. "You're my crew. You got to do what I tell you."

She smiled and spread her hands. "Okay, Captain."

"Good," he said. "Call me Captain. I don't like Swede."

"Say," she said. "I don't know your name."

"Alf Ambro," he said. "Norwegian, not Swede."

"Okay, Alf," she said. "Tell me what to do."

He thought that he should tell her just to stand in the bow, a figurehead for the Mistral. She was as slight as a very young girl, in slacks and a soft yellow shirt. She wore a leather and silver bracelet around her trim waist and silver bracelets on one arm.

The wind was right and Alf stood out without using the auxiliary power. No powerboat could slip away so gracefully, he thought, as the Mistral put out of the tiny harbor and picked up the southeast breeze. No power but the wind could drive a hull so proudly. The silence was a part of the beauty of it, with only the splashing of the waves. He grinned at her. "Stand in the bow."

"Why?"

"It's nice up there," Alf said. "I like to see you there, I think."

His simplicity embarrassed her. She looked at his face, then glanced away. She took a cigarette from the pocket of her shirt and lit it; she did not go to the bow.

FOR a long time neither spoke, and Alf enjoyed the silence, his hand on the tiller feeling the pull of the Mistral, his ear tuned to the faint creaking and the flap of canvas.

The girl had been thinking, and when her cigarette was finished, she flipped it overside into the water and asked, "What do you do in the wintertime?"

"In winter?" Alf said. "How do you mean?"

"Well, you can't live on a sailboat in winter, can you?"

Alf chuckled. "Maybe I sail south this winter."

She was frowning slightly. "But what did you do last winter?"

"Oh," Alf said. "I got good job. My trade is toolmaker."

"I see. So you live on your boat in summer and work in the wintertime?"

"Maybe no more work this winter," Alf said. "Maybe I live all year on my boat." He grinned at her. "I always like the water. My father was sea captain, and even when I got good job I think some day I have a boat, so I save money and now I have the Mistral."

Janie pulled out another cigarette. "You're a funny guy," she said as she struck a match. "I've been watching you. You don't say much. You come in the bar and have a beer and you let Mort rib you and you don't seem to care. You just grin and look happy."

"Sure, I'm happy," Alf said.

They were two miles offshore now, and a haze hid the shore line. The haze enclosed them and gave the water a hard shine, yet dulled the high lights on the mast. The haze moved in on them intimately.

"Another guy," she began carefully. "Well, another guy would be different. He wouldn't put all that money in a sailboat. He'd get a powerboat for charter."

"I'm a boatman," Alf said. "Fishing I don't like. I like boats."

"Sure, but what I mean is if you had a charter boat you'd be making money. You could have a nice home ashore and a car," Janie said. "You wouldn't have to have a job in winter if you didn't want to." She saw his frown and asked, "What's the matter?"

"No more wind," Alf said.

She glanced briefly at the slack canvas overhead, then turned her blue eyes back to him. "You ought to be practical about it, Alf," she said. "You'll never get ahead giving sailboat rides."

"I like to sail boats," Alf said. "I work a long time to get what I want, and now I'm gonna keep it."

She shrugged her shoulders and smiled at him. "Okay."

The Mistral rocked gently in a slow swell, and as she felt the motion she realized for the first time the meaning of the lack of wind. "Oh, Lord," she said. "Becalmed?"

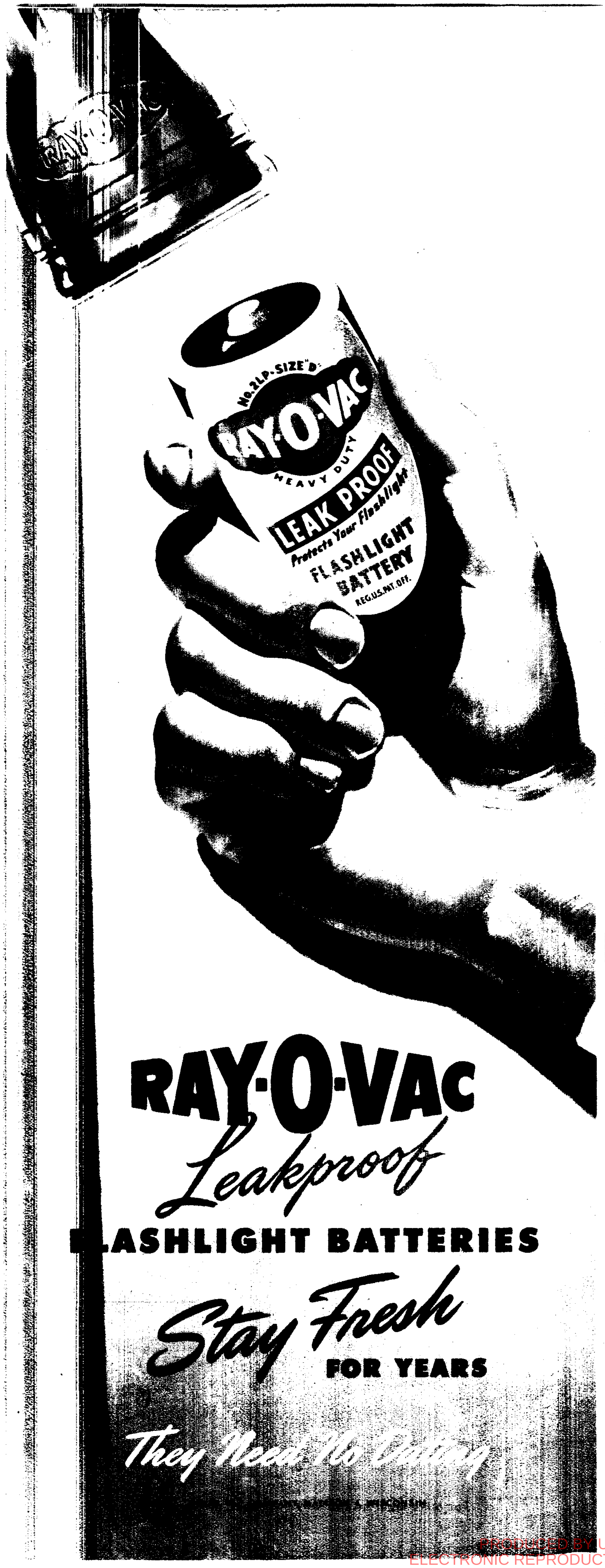
He nodded. "We just wait. Comes a wind pretty soon."

She asked anxiously, "But you have a motor, don't you, just in case?"

"Yep," Alf said. "But no gasoline, Janie." He watched her face. "I keep just a little in

PATENT APPLIED FOR

For More Light on this Adv



the tank, enough to handle her when I dock. Not enough to take us home."

She shook her head. "You know, I think you're nuts, Alf."

"So I have plenty gasoline," Alf said. "Poof, poof. Go where I want. Never pay attention to the wind. Never even *feel* the wind. What fun you got that way? If we wait a little for the wind we appreciate it more."

"Well, I can't wait all day," Janie said. "Tonight's my night off, and I got a date with Mort."

Alf said nothing. He took out his pipe and filled it.

"As long as we're stuck here," Janie said, "suppose we eat."

Alf started to his feet. "I get the basket."

"Oh, no." She pushed him back again. "Let me fix it, Alf."

He leaned against the tiller, watching her as she stepped down into the cabin. It was good to have a woman aboard; it was good to have her in the cabin, setting out the lunch. His hand closed hard on the tiller. He felt very good. He felt rich today, like a yachtsman. He sucked his pipe, and the old friend reminded him that he was no yachtsman. She was right enough. He couldn't afford a sailing yacht. With all that investment put into a powerboat he could put aside thirty-five dollars every day the sun shone.

He brought beer from the ice locker and they drank it with the sandwiches. It was very quiet on the water, and the sun came down intensely through the mist. After lunch she was sleepy and went into the cabin for a nap. Alf sat alone at the tiller, waiting for the wind.

IT WAS a good life he had, Alf thought, but it was sometimes lonely. He went into the bar occasionally just to hear the people talking and to hear the sound of glasses rattling and the roar of the juke box—and to see Janie moving quickly from booth to booth, always so serene and poised. It was a good life, he thought, but sometimes it was lonely. Now, becalmed, he thought so. The Mistral rolled sluggishly in the swell.

Later, when Janie came out of the cabin, the sail still hung limp and the mist was denser. She frowned and asked, "Goodness, what time is it?"

"Five o'clock," Alf said.

"Mort will be sore, all right." Janie looked concerned. "He don't like you. He was sore because I came out sailing today."

"So," Alf said. "You his girl, Janie?"

"Me?" Her eyebrows went up. "No." She smiled and looked down at her clasped hands. "Well, we go out a lot and all that."

"Maybe, then?" Alf said.

"Sure, everything's maybe."

Alf nodded wisely. "I been thinking maybe, too. I been thinking maybe I talk to Mr. Hargraves."

"Mr. Who?"

"Rich fella," Alf said. "Charters Joe Burt's boat. He asked me today did I want to sell the Mistral."

She sat up straighter, gazing at him.

"I sell him the Mistral for maybe six thousand dollars," Alf said. "Maybe I sell, I mean. Then maybe I take that six thousand and find me a nice powerboat to buy. What do you think about that?"

"It's a nice maybe," Janie said. She got up suddenly and moved away, toward the mast. She stood with her back against the mast, her chin raised to show the sweep of her throat, and gazed into the mist. It was the way he had wanted to see her, and his throat tightened.

His fist was clenched on the tiller. He loosened his fingers and stood up. He followed her slowly forward, and just as he reached her side she turned her head and smiled.

Alf looked down into her blue eyes and nodded. "Yes, I think that's what I do," he said. "For you I do it, Janie."

His palms touched her waist, one on each side, and he bent forward. He saw her eyes close, and her lips were gently smiling when he kissed her. Then her arms went around his neck.

She was very slight in his arms, this little figurehead of a woman. She was like the wind for which he waited, the wind in his arms. His hands closed around her waist and the thumbs and finger tips nearly, very nearly, met. Not quite, but so nearly. His hands pressed hard, thumb straining toward thumb, and she gasped.

"You're hurting me, Alf."

"I'm sorry." His voice was a whisper in her ear. Her golden braids were pressed against his cheek. "You're such a little woman, Janie, such a little breeze of a woman."

"A breeze of a woman?" She laughed. "What kind of woman is that?"

"Like the wind," Alf said. "So big and so little. Something to reach for and something to slip away through the fingers." He laughed softly.

She stepped back, putting up her hands to arrange her braids. "You're the big wind around here," she said, and giggled.

A flat, rasping sound came over the water, through the mist, the sound of a horn. Janie gasped and said, "A boat! Lord, I hope they didn't see us."

"Who cares?" Alf said. He recognized the Sea Hawk, Joe Burt's boat.

"It's Mort," Janie said. "I bet it's Mort. Lord, I hope he didn't see us."

A hail came through the mist. "Ahoy, Swede."

"It's Mort, all right," Janie said. "You suppose he saw us?"

Alf did not answer. The boat came nearer and he saw Mort staring at them. Joe Burt throttled the engines down and called out, "Saw the wind had give out, Swede, and Mort was kind of itchy, so we came out to give you a tow."

"Well, thank heavens," Janie said. "I was getting ready to swim."

The Sea Hawk came alongside and Mort's tight voice said, "You got a date with me tonight, Janie."

"Sure, I know it."

"I came after you," Mort said.

Janie grinned. "That motor sure sounds good."

"Stand by, Swede," Joe Burt said. "I'll heave you a line."

"I don't think so," Alf said. "I think a wind comes along pretty soon."

Jane turned quickly. "Now say, Alf, I'm not going to park out here indefinitely waiting for a wind. I'm riding back on a boat that can go places when you need it."

"Better let me tow you in, Swede," Joe Burt said.

Alf smiled and shook his head. "We wait here," he said. "The Mistral and me. Pretty soon a wind comes."

"You're nuts," Joe Burt said.

"Alf, I *think you are* nuts," said Janie.

His eyes found hers. "It's maybe my last sail in the Mistral," he explained. "We come home together, with the wind."

"Make up your mind, anyhow," Mort said. It was the first time he had looked directly at Alf. "You coming with us, Janie?"

"You bet." She jumped to the Sea Hawk, his hands steadying her, then turned her smile to Alf. It was a warm smile, assured by the throb of machinery under her feet. "See you ashore, Alf."

He grinned and nodded and Joe Burt gunned the engines. The explosions were loud and flat on the still water and above the noise Alf heard Janie's call, "Don't get too lonesome, Alf."

HE SHOOK his head, and watched the boat move into the mist. He knew that he would not be lonely. A gull swept by, low to the water, and he watched its swift flight, turning his eyes from the Sea Hawk. He sat down and put his hand on the tiller, waiting for the first tug of wind, and he knew that it would not be his last sail on the Mistral. He felt strong and at home here on the water, and he grinned, remembering that they had not quite met, his thumbs and finger tips, around her waist.

The Mistral rocked in the swell and he heard the slosh of gasoline in the tank under the seat cushions. The tank was nearly full and whenever he wished he could start the auxiliary motor and move on into port, but he was in no hurry, he thought, no hurry at all. His hand closed caressingly on the tiller as he sat waiting for the wind.

THE END

Greetings, Pal!

Continued from page 70

Sisters and Sunbonnet Sues. And the paramount idea of spreading good cheer persists in such titles as the Tonic Friends, Cheer Friends and Sunshine Pals, to name a few.

Even the Greeting Card Industry, which represents 58 of the larger card publishers, can't explain all the whys and wherefores of the secret pal popularity. All it knows is that in the early 1930s dealers began to get quantity requests for secret pal titles from already established organizations, which indicated their members had been using regular greeting cards, and signing them with a question mark instead of a name. The publishers were skeptical at first, and refused to invest in any such unheard-of title as secret pal. But by 1933 investigation had proved there really were secret pal clubs.

From a survey conducted recently, the industry deduces that the groups first sprang up in smaller Middle West communities, where they still are most numerous. But even the salesladies behind New York's five-and-dime greeting-card counters report a brisk business in secret pal titles in the big city.

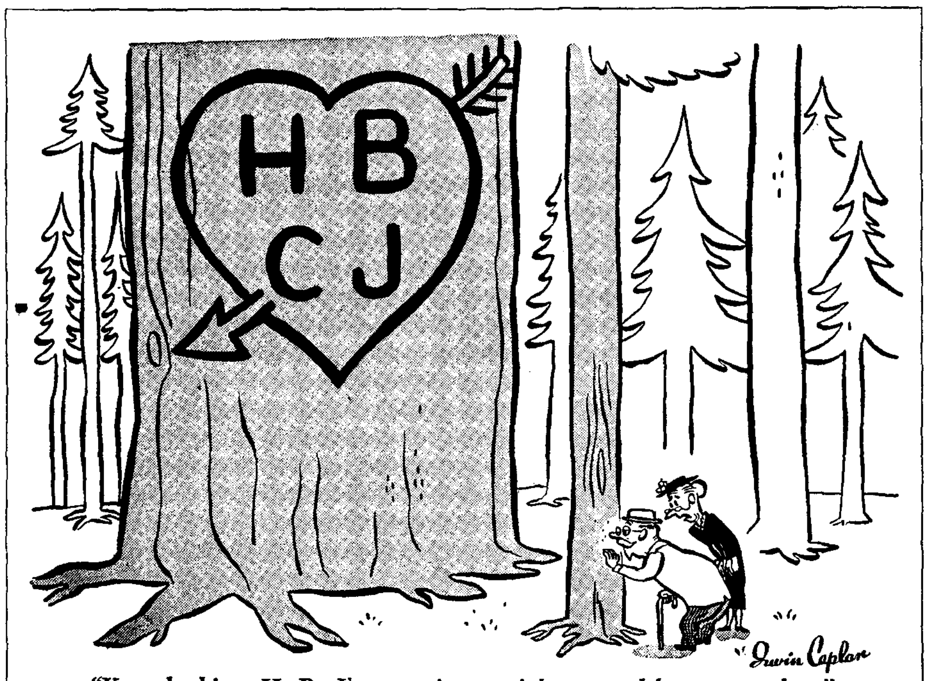
What is the psychological motivation that prompts people to join such groups? Dr. Goodwin Watson, head of the Social Psychology Department, Teachers College, Columbia University, believes that the secret pal clubs are "an indication of the tendency of modern life to make people feel lonely and isolated, and of the excessive individualism of today." The clubs' strongest psychological appeal, in the opinion of Dr. Watson, is the building up of fellowship among otherwise lonely people who might not get such signs of affection if they didn't belong.

"Also," he says, "the card senders have the pleasant feeling that they are doing something for someone, that they are being unknown benefactors who eventually will be properly rewarded. Then there is the excitement and mystery of the game, and an element of escapism, playing the princess when you're really out of a job."

So far, women dominate the secret pal scene and no one has discovered any male secret pal societies. As a matter of fact, women dominate the whole greeting-card industry. They buy more than 78 per cent of the cards sent in the United States. They represent 85 per cent of the industry's 23,000 full-time and 500,000 part-time workers, and do everything from the original sketch designs to writing card verses.

Secret pal titles represent better than one half the special title (mother, father, sister, brother, etc.) cards produced by at least one large publisher who sells a year-round line of greetings. And there are at least 50 other year-round publishers, while the rest of the industry devotes itself primarily to Christmas cards, which account for 48 per cent of the industry's $70,000,000-a-year business. Counting secret pals, Mother's Day, Easter, and all the other occasions which today call for a card instead of the personally penned note of yesterday, the industry estimates that each person in the United States spends about a dollar for twenty cards a year.

THE END



"Keep looking, H. B., I'm sure it was right around here someplace"

COLLIER'S IRWIN CAPLAN

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

speed with conventional stacks. The Convair 240 hopes for as much as 20 miles an hour speed increase free, by special attention to the Double Wasp exhaust outlets.

Glenn Martin's entrance into the airliner manufacturing market with his 202 is his first determined effort to go commercial since he built three China-Clipper-type four-engined flying boats for Pan American Airways nearly ten years ago. He was always regarded as an exclusive manufacturer of military aircraft since that day in 1913 when he opened shop in a Los Angeles abandoned church and was listed in the telephone book under "Amusements."

Martin is the dean of America's aircraft builders and his name is synonymous with bombers. It was his high-speed twin-engined bomber of 1931 that pointed the way to current types and for this he was awarded the Collier Trophy the following year by the National Aeronautic Association. Martin Marauder B-26 Army bombers made a brilliant war record and so did the Martin Mariner twin-engined flying boats for the Navy. His Mars is the largest operational flying boat in the world.

Consolidated Vultee, through its predecessor company, also had a venture in commercial airliners when it built a fleet of twin-engined Commodore flying boats for a line which Pan American absorbed in 1930. The Commodores performed meritorious service on Pan Am's Latin-American runs and was the father of the famous Catalina or PBY Navy patrol bomber and the granddaddy of the four-engined Coronado flying boat, both of which, along with another famous Consolidated Vultee product, the Liberator B-24 heavy bomber, proudly hold a share in our victory. Convair now is building the mammoth six-engined XB-36 global bomber, the commercial version of which is intended to carry more than 200 passengers.

Martin's famous war planes have fancy names beginning with "M," but he has decided to let his airliner be known as just Two-O-Two. And Consolidated Vultee has picked no flossy name for its new plane, preferring to call it just plain Convair 240.

THE END

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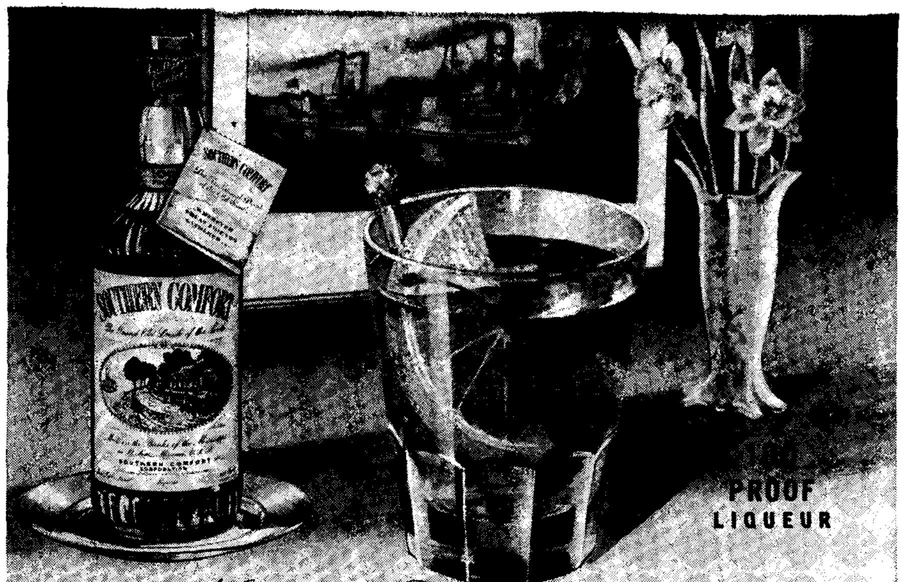

None as Delicious as a Southern Comfort Old Fashioned

Try the Southern Comfort Improved Old Fashioned. Pony Southern Comfort. Pony bourbon or rye. Dash of bitters. 2 cubes ice. Dash syphon. Garnish with cherry, twist of lemon peel, slice of orange. *No sugar.* Other intriguing recipes on request.

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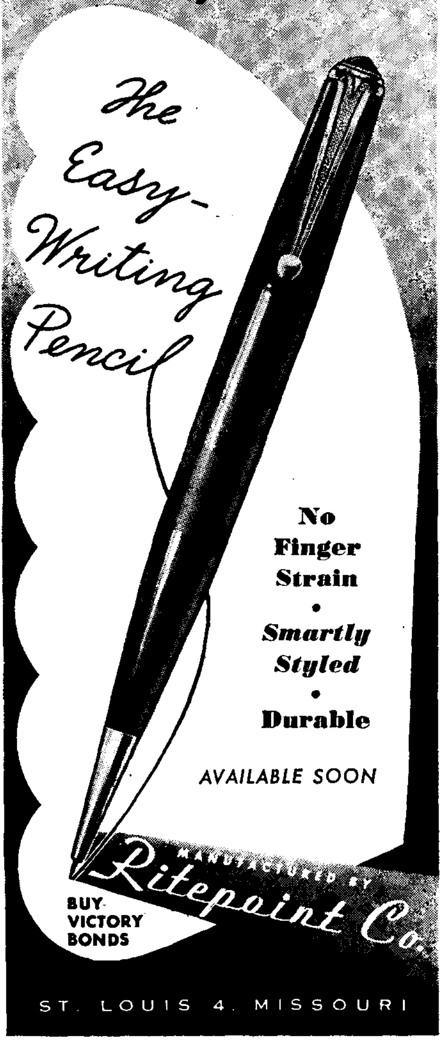

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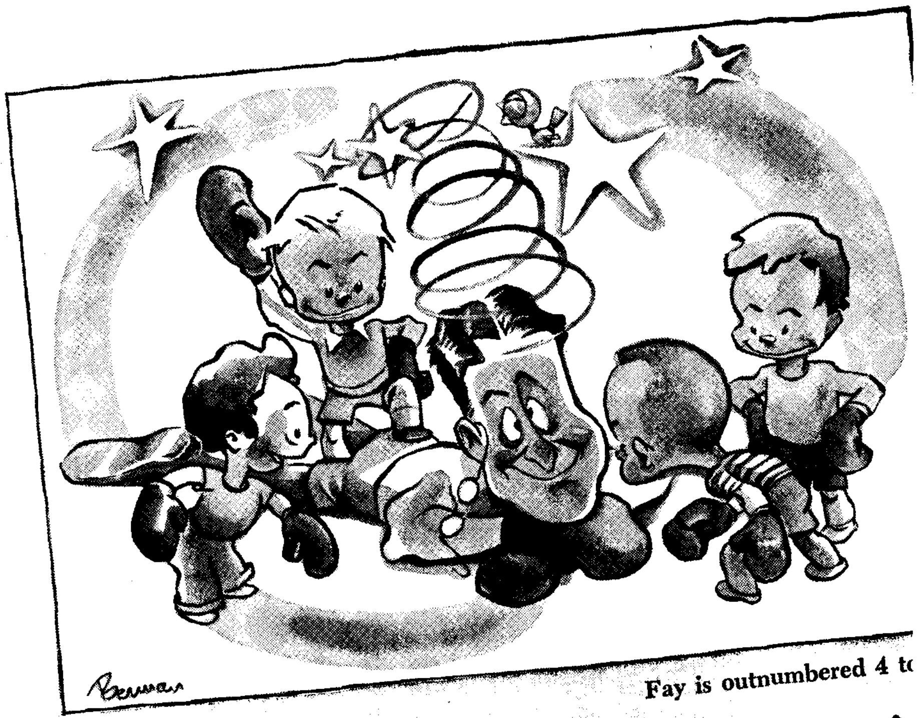

Fay is outnumbered 4 t

The Week's Work

CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN

THE wartime flying adventures of Charles Lindbergh (p. 11) are told by Colonel Charles MacDonald who is the leading, living Army Air Force ace from the Pacific. He downed 27 Jap planes. The two men who topped his record—Richard Bong, with 40 planes, and Tom McGuire, with 38—were killed.

In Mac's family, they know him as the "hard-way kid." He was the youngest of the seven children (three boys and four girls) of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Alexander MacDonald of Du Bois, Pennsylvania. All of the brothers wanted to get into the armed services. The two elder brothers got there via Annapolis, and Mac was headed for the same place. He passed his exams, but the congressman who nominated him, learning that his brothers had gone to the Academy, asked his father, "Do you want the government to educate all your sons?" and canceled the appointment.

In lieu of Annapolis, Mac went to Louisiana State University, and then hurried to get into the Army Air Corps to gratify his lifelong ambition to fly. Today he outranks his Annapolis-taught brothers.

Mac was at Wheeler Field, Hawaii, when the Japs attacked Pearl Harbor, and was one of about a dozen Army pilots who managed to get their P-40s into the air that day. He and another pilot got into the only airworthy craft left on the field after the Japs had finished bombing it. He was scared to death, he says. Coming around the edge of a cloud, he sighted another plane and dived on it. He was about to open fire when he recognized the plane as the other P-40.

Mac thinks his first fight was his closest shave. That was when Jap dive bombers, early in MacArthur's drive back to the Philippines, attacked a New Guinea base in a surprise raid. MacDonald took to the air and got on the tail of a bomber. He was about to start shooting when he looked back and saw a Zero on his tail. The Zero fired. Mac could hear the bullets pinging into his armor plate as he crouched behind it.

The Jap shot out his left engine, his electrical system, his hydraulic system. His right engine was hit. He couldn't get up high enough to bail out. He was helpless. The Jap left him for a goner. "I looked like a dead duck even to myself," says MacDonald. But with about 50 feet altitude he struggled back and crash landed on the field.

After Pearl Harbor, Mac was sent back to the United States to organize the first P-47 (Thunderbolt) squadron. They trained for cold-weather flying but were sent to Australia to fight with MacArthur over the hot New Guinea jungle.

Mac married Dorothy Bryan, an Engl girl he met in Hawaii, and they now hav son, Braid, age two and a half.

Mac's two elder brothers both are N commanders. Harold was held to desk j during the war because of physical disabil while Donald made one of the most dis guished combat records in the Navy. was commanding officer of the U.S.S. O'B non, a destroyer that went through most the major Pacific engagements without a n getting hurt.

AUTHOR WILLIAM FAY, who gives another of his fight stories in Wait the Sun Shines, Kelly, p. 14, doesn't any more himself except with his childr But a few years ago he was quite a gladia in New York's amateur circles. He was entrant in a Golden Gloves tournament, a rated professional status once, just once, w a fight which netted him $25 and a beati

He decided then that he'd prefer a liter career to cauliflower ears, got himself a porting job with International News Servi and went on to writing fiction. Twenty his stories have appeared in Collier's.

He now lives in Westchester County, "i house full of children and my charmi wife." The children number four and wh people exclaim, "So many!" Fay replies, " feel deprived. We want more."

Fay works at home, children and all. tried renting an office, but found it too lo some. Offices without people in them are a ful, he says. He would like to write a no but can't afford to stop long enough to do he says, with the family eating its way i all his checks.

This week's cover: Artist Ronald McLe probably could make anyway 50 cents o radio quiz program, with a bit of inforn tion he dug up while doing the Lincoln cov but he's willing to pass it on to you free.

Or do you already know who was Vi president during Lincoln's first term? M Leod didn't know, and he couldn't seem find the answer in the library, and nobody asked knew. His son, Pvt. William McLe who graduated from Culver Military Aca emy last June, said he believed he could fi the answer in his history book, and d There's a clue in the lettering on the ca paign poster, where the last three letters the man's name appear. All right—it w Hannibal Hamlin of Maine.

McLeod drew his young campaigning Li coln from an early portrait, executing it wood carving for a rugged effect. The ru away slave handbill in the background typical of the period. A.

A Message from President Truman

It is of the utmost importance that the American people understand the status and significance of our new Regular Army. It will be the duty of this volunteer Army to help protect the freedoms and maintain the peace we have won at so great a cost.

Atomic power has increased rather than decreased the necessity for our preparation, both in manpower and material. In the coming atomic age, the United States must maintain its military strength — to insure our national security and to promote world order.

Such grave responsibilities obviously cannot be met by anything less than the highest caliber of men. For this reason, I asked Congress for legislation to increase the opportunities of the soldier in the Regular Army. This legislation has been passed and signed by me, and is now in effect.

In serving his country, a man can now get good pay, education, travel and security — with family allowances for his dependents and a new 20-year retirement plan that compares with or excels anything in American industry. These, and the many other advantages of the new Regular Army, should be made known to all our service men and their families.

The Army has embarked upon a worldwide campaign to enlist enough men so that, in demobilizing, we shall not strip our services below the peacetime need. It is imperative that public support be given to this program. We must replace as soon as possible men who have served long and arduously, and who wish to return to civil life. We must also build an Army of volunteers adequate to all our requirements—at home and abroad—until the long-range peace terms and military policies are worked out.

I hope that every individual and group will give earnest and enthusiastic co-operation to this great effort to rebuild our Regular Army. The success of this campaign is vital to the performance of our tremendous task of securing the peace.

Harry Truman PRESIDENT

* * *

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5. 20% extra pay for overseas service.
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PAY PER MONTH — ENLISTED MEN

In Addition to Food, Lodging, Clothes and Medical Care

	Starting Base Pay Per Month	MONTHLY RETIREMENT INCOME AFTER: *20 Years' Service*	*30 Years' Service*
Master Sergeant or First Sergeant	$138.00	$89.70	$155.25
Technical Sergeant	114.00	74.10	128.25
Staff Sergeant	96.00	62.40	108.00
Sergeant	78.00	50.70	87.75
Corporal	66.00	42.90	74.25
Private First Class	54.00	35.10	60.75
Private	50.00	32.50	56.25

(a)—Plus 20% Increase for Service Overseas.
(b)—Plus 50% if Member of Flying Crews.
(c)—Plus 5% Increase in Pay for Each 3 Years of Service.

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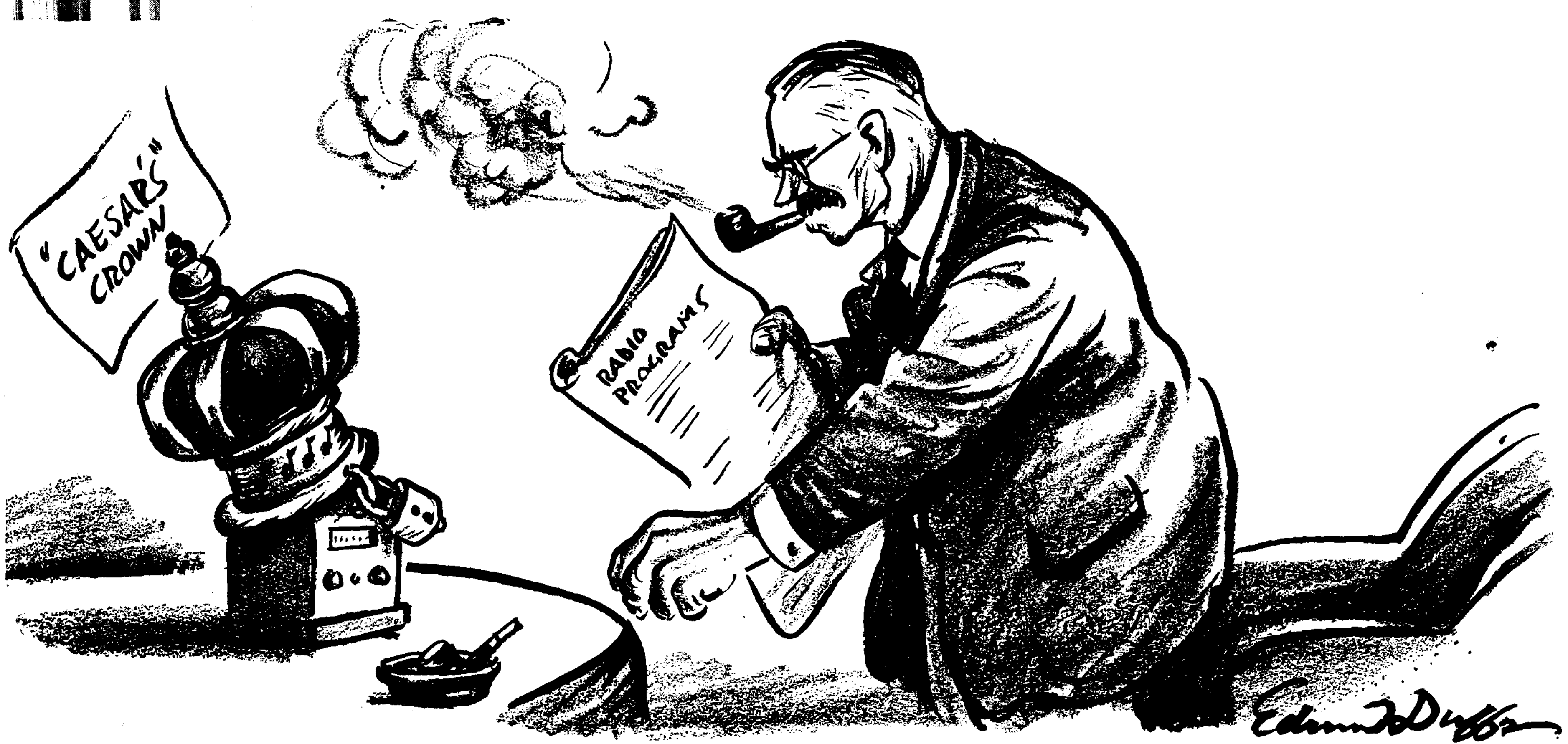

PETRILLO vs. THE PEOPLE

LEGISLATION is pending in Congress to compel James C. Petrillo to consider the American people even if he doesn't respect them. Petrillo (middle name Caesar, and he inhabits a swank suite in one of New York's finest hotels) is chief of the American Federation of Musicians (A. F. of L.). This labor union has rounded up all, we believe, of the 138,000 professional musicians in the United States, and many of those in Canada.

Within reason, that is a fine thing. Few musicians are astute businessmen, to put it mildly, and before this union got on its feet the profession was pretty generally gypped, underpaid and trodden upon.

Petrillo, however, has carried the thing beyond reason.

His latest, as we go to press, is a flat order to the broadcasting companies to stop airing any foreign programs containing music, except those originating in Canada. This, at a time when it is widely agreed that unless the peoples of the various nations can come to understand one another there is little hope for an enduring peace, but rather there is a brilliant, indeed a blinding, prospect of an atomic finish for the human race.

This is only the latest in a long string of acts aimed at making J. C. Petrillo the czar of professional music in the United States. He forces creation of unneeded jobs for his union members and in other ways abuses the essentially healthy principle of labor organization.

One of his smelliest acts of dictatorship to date was the forcing off national networks a while ago of the National Music Camp at Interlochen, Michigan, a noncommercial group of children studying music.

The time has come to trim this little fellow down to his correct size. He is overdoing the legitimate work of his union, appears to take delight in it and shows no compunction about defying all public authorities from the President of the United States on down. The proposed legislation we have mentioned would make Petrillo, whenever he gets too big for his hat, liable to as much as $5,000 fine or two years or both.

If any of Petrillo's musician followers suffer by the enactment of such laws, that will be just too bad. They didn't have to let him get by with his Little Caesarism. The interests of 140,000,000 Americans are and must be kept paramount to those of J. C. Petrillo and of such musicians as he has muscled into unjustifiable benefits and perquisites.

EX-PRIVATES AND JOBS

The man's the gowd for a' that.
—*Bobbie Burns (1759-96).*

"GOWD" was Bobbie Burns' Scotch way of saying "gold."

We're reminded of Burns' immortal line by a G.I. gripe which is cropping up in our esteemed contemporary, the Infantry Journal—a G.I. gripe which, unlike some of them, appears to be eminently sound and to deserve wide publicity.

This one is to the effect that too many personnel managers, employment directors, etc., are giving heavy preference in hiring to men who were officers in the war, and are perfunctorily passing up ex-privates and ex-noncoms.

The reasoning is that any man who was an officer must have the ability to think for himself and to handle other men, while any man who didn't rise from the ranks must be a lug who has no initiative or capacity for advancement.

It is bad logic, and therefore is more than likely to backfire on any personnel director who falls for it.

The fact is, as almost everyone knows, that merit does not always mean advancement in the armed forces any more than in civilian life; that many other factors are involved in many cases.

This isn't said to detract from the average high caliber of our officers in the war. It is said in an effort to combat what can grow into a widespread and very dirty deal for a lot of ex-servicemen, and as an urgent hint to all employers to give rank no more than its proper weight when hiring veterans. As always, before the war, and probably for all time to come, you'll get better results by sizing up the entire man for what he is and may become, after careful investigation of his personality, background and equipment for the job.

OCCUPATION ETIQUETTE

GENERAL JOSEPH T. McNARNEY has recently worked out a definite plan for reduction of our German occupation forces to 300,000 by July 1st. As this is written, our forces in the European theater total more than 600,000. All this is good news for overseas G.I.s with low point totals. McNarney feels that 300,000 men can do an adequate occupation job, and that perhaps the force can be still further reduced next year.

Now that this matter is definitely arranged, we move that General McNarney and others in authority in occupied Germany and in Washington take the necessary steps to clean up another matter. We refer to the inexcusable conduct of some U.S. occupation soldiers toward German civilians.

Stories keep coming back to this country about American soldiers sticking up Berlin restaurants, or beating up German citizens, or looting German homes. How much of this stuff goes on, we don't know. We do know that some of it goes on, and that any of it is too much. Not that we believe in sobbing unduly over the German people. They let themselves be razzle-dazzled into the war by Hitler and his mobsters. But that does not excuse U.S. occupation troops for conduct which can only spread around the world the impression that Americans are given to talking like preachers and acting like thugs.

Occupation corrupts the occupying force—true. But such corruption can be combated by the government at Washington and by the officers in charge in Germany. Replacement troops for Germany and Japan should be thoroughly indoctrinated with the fact that they are not going on a looting foray, but to do a job which may be distasteful but must be done properly.

We came out of the war the most revered nation in the world, because of the colossal part our fighting men and our war goods played in winning the war. We can on no account afford to let U.S. occupation troops—mainly, now, replacements who saw no fighting—smear our national reputation. An unknown percentage of the boys are doing just that. It is time to step on them as hard as is necessary to cut such dirty work to the irreducible minimum.

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